FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. IX.—No. 1. JANUARY, 1880. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

ICEBERGS, AND DANGERS ENCOUNTERED AT SEA.

By Captain Edward Barrett, U. S. N.

There is no greater danger which besets the course of the mariner to and from Europe and America than the proximity of the icebergs, nor none which should excite a more vigilant lookout; for the positions of the rocks and shoals on the route have been well located. The dangers of floating ice would be lessened, were it not for the fogs and mists which they produce.

Ice appears in various forms—field ice, floes, islands, etc. In the North Atlantic they drift from the Arctic regions with the polar currents, and in some frequented

REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF THE STEAMSHIP "ARIZONA," NOV. 7TH, 1879.—RECOIL AFTER STRIKING THE ICEBERG.

regions they appear almost every year. The cold currents which float them to the southward incline toward the western limits of the ocean—this is due to the diurnal rotation of the earth's surface: therefore it is about and near the Banks of Newfoundland that the ice-currents cross the track of vessels bound to Europe from America, and *vice-versa*. The quantity of floating ice varies according to the temperature and length of the seasons. Ice has been seen as early as January, and as late as November, though it is seldom seen later than September.

In September, 1859, Captain Williams passed a berg in latitude 42° 30′ N., further south than the usual latitudes in which they are met. From March to July is the common season of meeting ice-floes—that, too, between the longitudes 44° W. and 52° W.; in rare cases, bergs are seen nearer Europe and America. The following data was taken from a Berg Chart published in 1868, by the Bureau of Navigation at Washington, D. C. It indicates the greatest iceberg limits reported up to that time:

"June 18th, 1842. ship *Formosa* passed an ice-berg one hundred feet high. Latitude 37° 30′ N., longitude 47° W.—furthest south on record at that date and up to 1868.

"July 7th, 1836, H. M. packet *Express* passed an iceberg in latitude 42° 50′ N., longitude 61° 30′W.—greatest western limit.

"April 28th, 1844, ships *Isabella* and *Sylvie de Grasse* passed icebergs, latitude 42° 50′ N., longitude 39° 30′ W.—greatest eastern limit."

It will thus be seen that the danger of a ship's meeting icebergs is confined to well and distinctly defined parts of the northern Atlantic, and that it is by no means so general or universal, either as regards time or place, as is commonly supposed.

The subject of Arctic and other currents by which ice is affected has been so frequently and scientifically discussed, that we will not refer to it. Our object is to give the ocean limits where ice is likely to prove an obstruction to safe navigation, and to treat of the manner to avoid the dangers arising therefrom, and to which the public ascribe the loss of the *City of Boston*, and which we know came near proving fatal to the Guion steamship *Chicago*, and to the *Arizona* on her last voyage from this port.

One of the most marvelous escapes from a wholesale destruction of life occurred on Friday night, November 7th, when, without a moment's warning, the new Guion steamship *Arizona* ran into a huge iceberg, three days after sailing from New York for Liverpool. Including the officers, crew and passengers, the vessel had on board three hundred persons. The weather had been so fair that Captain Jones felt justified in running his ship at full speed, making an average of fifteen miles per hour.

On Friday, at dinner-time, the vessel was in latitude 47° N. and longitude 53° W. After dinner, the ladies sat in the saloon and whiled away the hours with gleeful song, while a number of the gentlemen occupied "Social Hall" (the smoking-room), and amused themselves selling pools on the run, at auction. Captain Jones quit the bridge at nine o'clock, leaving the ship in charge of the officer of the watch, John Wynn Jones. All was then safe, and as the night, though overcast, was not dark, no danger was apprehended. Ten minutes later the ship, going at topmost speed, plunged head-on into a mountain of ice. The huge ship trembled like an aspen-leaf, and recoiled, but again advanced and struck the iceberg, but fortunately with diminished force.

The first blow had stove in her bows, crushing them as though they were made of pasteboard. Tons of ice fell upon the decks or were forced through the gaping hole in the bow. Full fifteen feet of the ironwork had been broken, bent, twisted and forced inward, leaving an awful chasm, through which the waves dashed. It was as though a huge cutter had chopped off the bows, leaving the hull exposed. The shock of the collision was felt in the saloon even more severely than on deck. At the moment it occurred, Miss Goslett was playing the accompaniment to the glee, "See our Oars with Feathered Spray," which was being sung by some ladies and gentlemen. In the midst of the song, the shock threw the occupants of the saloon violently from their seats.

On deck the scene was full of terror. Groups of silent passengers were gathered, expecting every moment to be engulfed in the dark waters. Towering above the vessel's prow was the huge, shadowy mass of the monstrous iceberg. It extended some five hundred feet across the bows, and three tall pinnacles rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet. Should one of these ice-steeples topple over, the fate of the ship and passengers would be sealed. The crash of the collision, the rush of the passengers to the deck, had occupied but a minute. Captain Jones had not retired, and immediately rushed to the bridge. His first words were:

"My God, men, where were your eyes?"

He was perfectly cool, and at once gave orders to back the engines, and, calling all hands on deck, ordered the helm to be put hard to starboard. A few moments later the ship parted company with the iceberg, which floated away with its three tall pinnacles distinctly visible against the night sky. As it faded into the gloom it presented the appearance of a phantom three-masted vessel.

The ship was hove-to for the night, and a thorough examination of the fore-hold showed the *Arizona* to be water-tight. This fact considerably tranquilized the minds of the passengers, and gradually they returned to the saloon. When they were all assembled, the Rev. J. M. Ross rose, and, in a few feeling words, suggested that prayers should be offered to God in thanks for the mercy He had so graciously shown. Scarcely had the suggestion been uttered when the assembled passengers knelt and joined in appropriate prayer. Then the hymn, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," was sung with an impressive earnestness but seldom witnessed in cathedral aisles. Heartfelt sobs mingled with the chant, and tears stood in strong men's eyes.

The *Arizona* was headed for St. Johns, Newfoundland. She reached the harbor on Saturday night, and went to wharf under pilotage on Sunday morning.

The first detachment of the *Arizona's* saloon passengers embarked at five o'clock on the afternoon of November 13th, on board the steamship *Caspian*, of the Allan Line. There were thirty-four adults and three children in the party.

At the time of the collision, the *Arizona* was well on the Banks of Newfoundland, in about latitude 43° N. and longitude 53° W.

The accident to the *Arizona* will make manifest the importance of discipline. We will quote from the reports given:

"The weather was calm, the night overcast, but not dark; objects were clearly visible at a distance."

This was proved, for when the *Arizona* was backed off the berg, which extended 500 feet across her bows, and rose in pinnacles seventy feet high, "the berg was *clearly defined* against the night sky."

In addition to the exclamation, "My God, men, where were your eyes?" Captain Jones might have added, Where were the deck officers? The men admitted to Mr. Roper, and to others, that they were off their posts

XUM

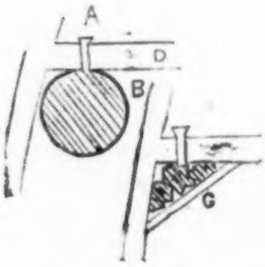
when the collision occurred. Are not the "lookouts" in sight of the officer stationed on the bridge? "The difficulty of lowering a single boat on a *mill-pond* sea," again, reflects on the management of the crack ship *Arizona*. "It was the universal conviction of the passengers that, had the *Arizona* sunk within an hour after the collision, not a soul would have escaped."

The above quotations will show the importance of strict attention to what follows:

When within the limits of ocean *ice-drifts*, note the temperature of the sea as frequently as possible. It is a *useful precaution*, and it may be *admonitory*, but if relied on entirely it will be found *deceptive*. The *only effective* safeguard is a *bright look out*, day and night, by men made aware of the signs of an iceberg, and the danger of encountering it. They should look out for fragments of bergs, which may be discerned by the roll of the sea over them, as if breaking on a small, sunken rock.

The sight of the men selected as *lookouts* should be thoroughly tested by the surgeon of the vessel. No color-blind man nor near-sighted one should be intrusted with that duty. I have frequently noticed that out of the eight night lookouts on board of men-of-war, not more than one or two would report a bright light, clearly visible, to the officer of the deck, or quartermaster; and when they did so, there would invariably arise a discussion as to its color.

Mariners are more liable to color-blindness than landsmen. I am convinced it is due to the reflection of light on the blue sea-surface. I have been told by "masthead lookouts"—the men who are stationed on the topsailyards during the day, and who constantly scan the horizon and surrounding waters—that on "coming down from aloft," the objects on deck, particularly those painted white, appear of a bluish tint. The night lookouts are frequently confused as to the color of white lights, which they represent to be bluish. I have also noticed, when reading, and occasionally glancing at the water through the port-holes, and again casting my eyes on the book, the leaves appear of a bluish white. These observations should be made matter subject of an investigation, which will prove interesting, and may be the means of lessening danger afloat and ashore.



TUBE FOR INFLATING DECK; RUBBER BALSA FOLDED.

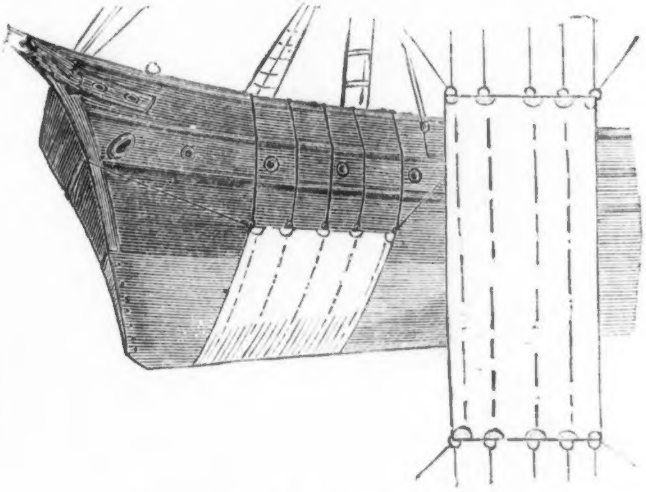
Lookout stations, to protect the men from the spray or bad weather, could be solidly erected on the bows of vessels, or so constructed as to be movable when in port. They should have tubes or telephones leading to the bridge, and thus remove the necessity of communicating *vica voce*—by yelling out. Every fifteen minutes the lookouts should repeat the *alert* or *watch hail*, such as "Starboard," or "Port bow." Mechanism must be resorted to, to insure a correct report.

But the most prudent way of avoiding ice-bergs and field-ice is to take the southern route, out of the ice regions. True, the voyage would be lengthened, but the result would be less risk of shipwreck.

The electric light can be used to great advantage on board ship. It should be frequently flashed around the horizon, and over the water surface. It can be used to show the whereabouts of a man overboard, and positions of boats, life-buoys and other appliances resorted to in life-saving. But the adoption of the light must be international and imperative, otherwise it is objectionable, as it could be used *à l'outrance*, and thus mislead vessels nearing a harbor or coast where there are light-stations. For instance, we cite the complaints made last Summer by captains of steamers and coasters, on the occasion of the display of brilliant lights on Coney Island, Manhattan and Brighton Beaches.

If the obligation to adopt the electric light was international, conventional signals to prevent confusion and to indicate the right of way could be composed.

The electric light was tested on board of two steamers of the French Transatlantic Line, but with such results as compelled the captains to dispense with them. On the banks of Newfoundland, and on our coast, when the light was flashed, vessels would make sail and hasten away, while others would steer for the steamer and cross her track. Some vessels, in fogs and mists, stood for the light, believing the steamer was on fire. Last Summer, several crafts tacked off shore, the captains believing they were within the visible circumference of lighthouses. Nevertheless, the electric light, with the improvement to revolve it, and direct its rays at will, would be an excellent and advisable help to the lookouts, particularly in the ice regions of the Atlantic. What a magnificent sight would be its reflection on an iceberg!

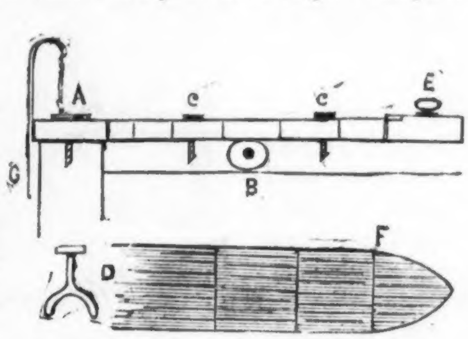


TARPAULIN SYSTEM FOR STOPPING LEAKS.

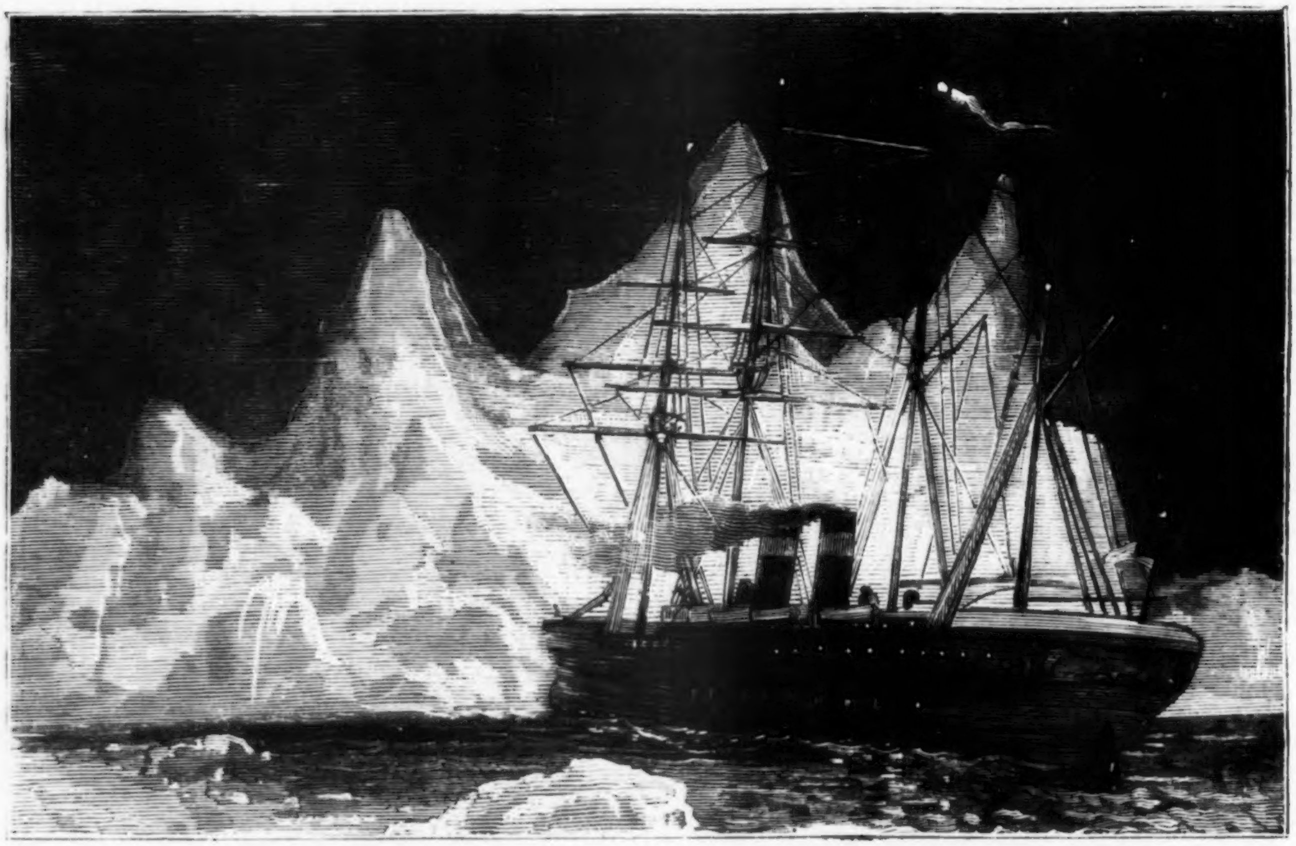
From the earliest days of iron ship-building, the value of the water-tight bulkhead compartments has been admitted, and they have been applied to vessels. That they have clearly demonstrated their utility as a safety measure, is undeniable; yet, as they are now constructed, they have not answered the expectations of the public. Indeed, they are defective as to water-tightness, and also as to capacity, as they admit too great a quantity of water when, through collision or otherwise, the plates are started.

The vessels thus far saved by compartments are few, and the exceptions to the rule of casualties. The French steamer *Amerique* sprang a leak; she was abandoned at sea; she was finally towed to port; her compartments had not filled, to which was attributed her safety. The *Chicago* and *Arizona*, of the Guion Line, both of which collided with icebergs, owed their safety to water-tight compartments.

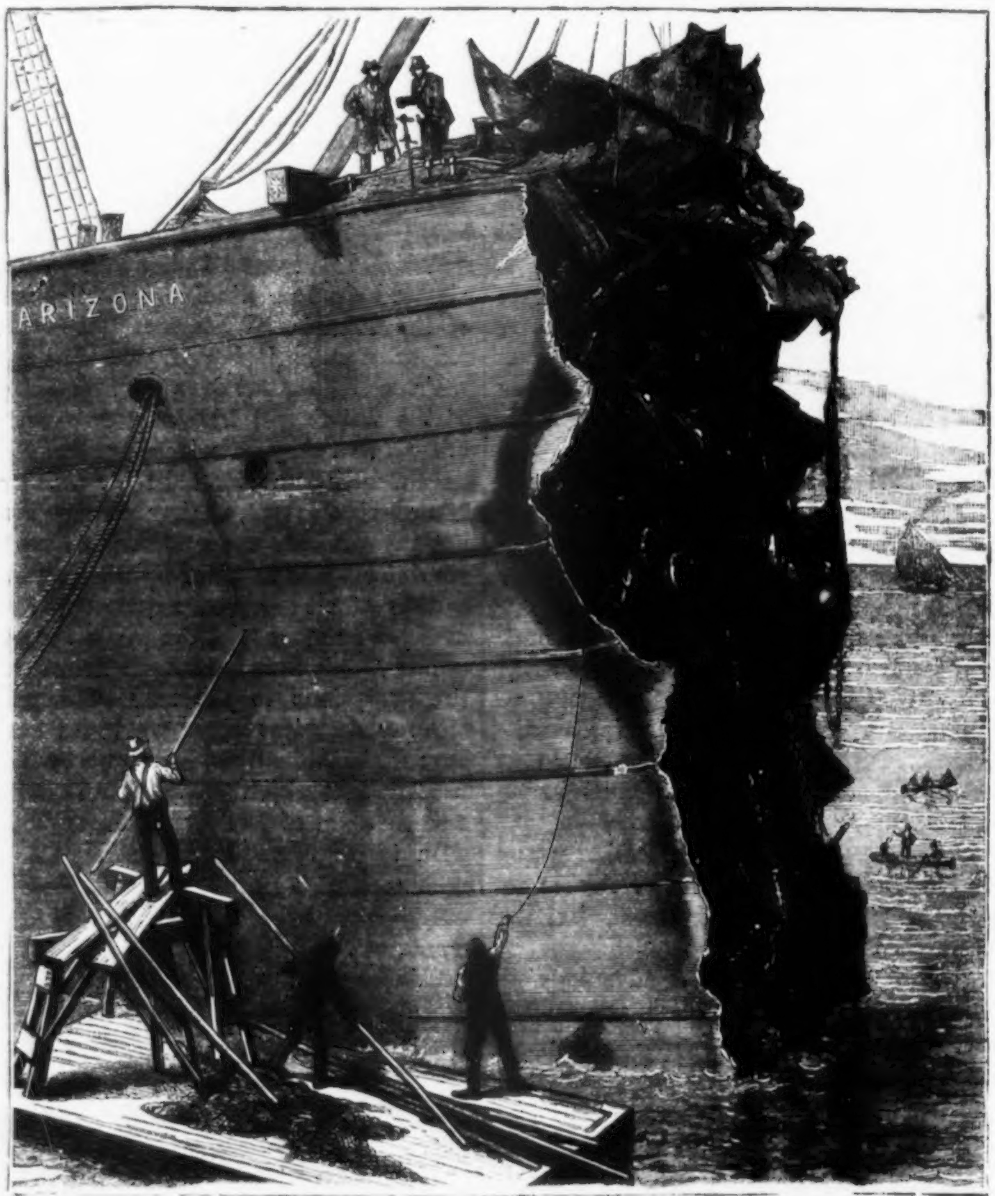
When the wreck of the *Arizona's* bow plates was cleared away, it was ascertained that the damage sustained by the collision was a breach twenty feet broad by thirty feet deep.



TACKLE AND DAVIT FOR RAISING DECK.



THE "ARIZONA" STRIKING THE ICEBERG.



THE STEAMSHIP "ARIZONA" AS SHE APPEARED ON HER ARRIVAL AT ST. JOHN'S.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. H. PARSONS.

Further aft, the plates were sound, and the material stowed in the compartments underneath the forecastle was perfectly dry. "The bend in the iron bulkhead seems due to the action of the water, though it may have been caused by ice forced through the opening in her bows. It suggests the propriety of strengthening the forward partitions in ocean steamers, as in similar accidents the safety of human life must depend on the solidity of watertight bulkheads." The *Arizona* had seven watertight compartments.

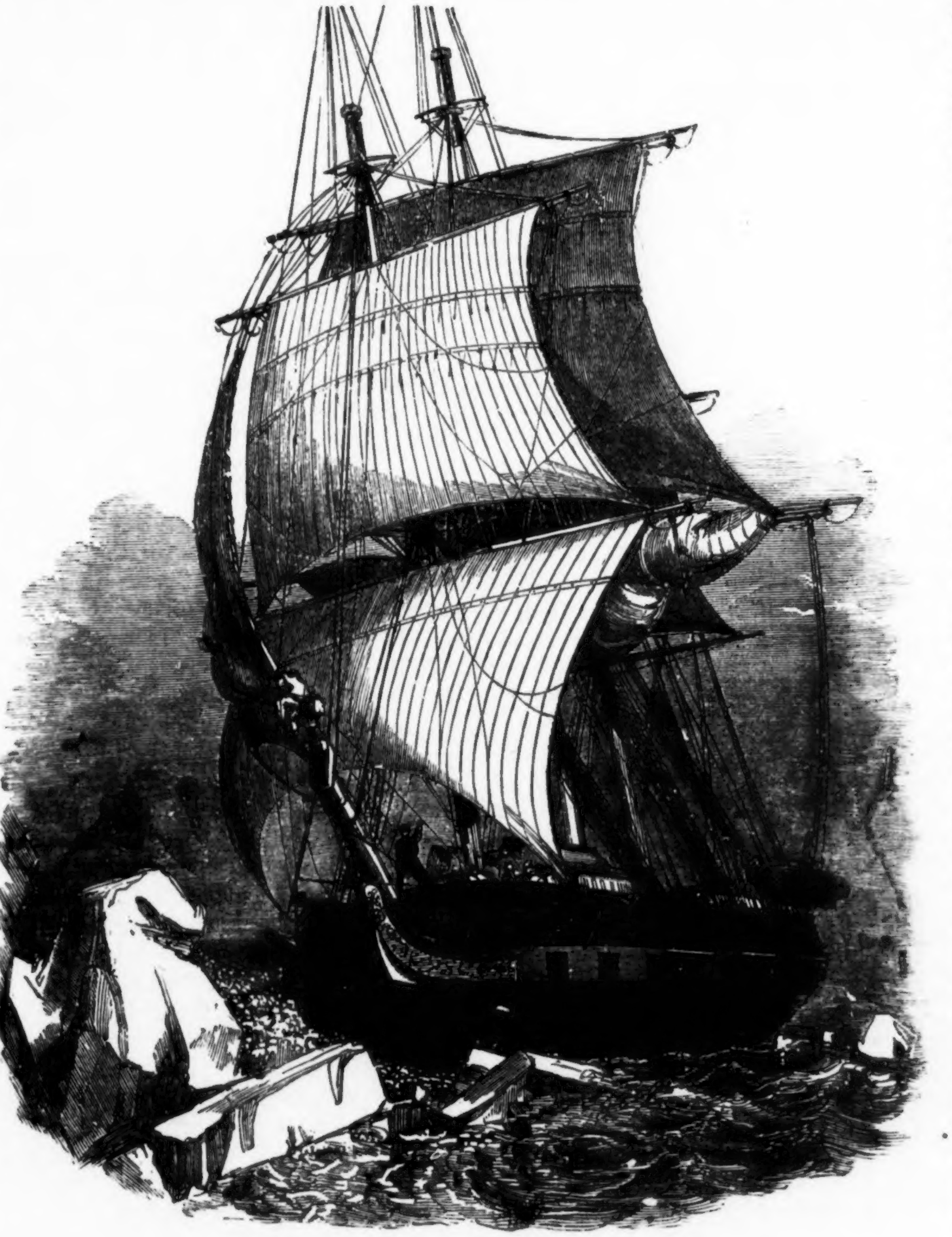
As now constructed, the water-tight bulkheads are athwartships. A fore-and-aft one, which would divide the athwartship bulkheads, would add to the safety of the vessel, and not diminish her cargo space. It would strengthen the vessel, and give her a greater buoyancy, if stranded, because of less water which would be admitted in the half-compartment. The only objection to the fore-and-aft bulkhead is the stowing of the cargo, but with proper hatch construction this could be remedied.

Among the many plans proposed to lessen the dangers of foundering, is that of air compartments above the water line. The cylinders, or chambers, according to the construction, should be of sufficient capacity to admit of the cubic feet of air necessary to float the weight of the vessel. A vessel constructed on such a plan would have less carrying capacity, and therefore would lose on the freight; but it is to be supposed that passengers would pay higher passage rates to secure greater safety against accidents to life. A sketch of a vessel constructed on this idea is here offered. The square-chamber system is the best, as it would cost less, could be easier repaired, and would require less space.

Another safety suggestion, based on the manner of raising submerged vessels by inflation of rubber balsas, and the displacement of the water in the hold, is the following: Gutta-percha cylinders secured under deck, in the wing of the vessel, and kept rolled up by means of gaskets, such as are applied to sails when furled. The cylinders should be provided with rubber tubes, which can be mechanically closed when the cylinders are inflated, by bellows such as are applied to the Monitor balsas.

A good but very ancient idea is to keep always at hand an old sail, or, better still, a tarpaulin or painted canvas, of sufficient size to cover at least sixty square feet. Have tackles at hand to hook to the cringles at the clews and head; also guy-ropes. In the event of a leak, throw the sail over the bows or stern of the vessel, draw it over the spot by guy-ropes and tackles, tauten them, and belay. The water pressure on the canvas will check the leak.

But of all ideas, that of making *rafts* of the bridge and upper decks of the vessel is the best. It will not cost much. They could be quickly detached and launched. The decks should be in sections, secured to the bulkheads by means of heavy copper screws, compressors, etc.; they must have eccentric rollers, levers and davits to raise and launch them off the carlines, which can be used as rails. (See drawings).



THE "JOHN RUTLEDGE" WRECKED BY AN ICEBERG.

If the vessels are to be provided only with safety gear, independent of the construction of the craft, the following will offer such advantages as are not possessed by the system at present in vogue in our merchant service:

The best raft known, and the one which should be supplied to every vessel, is the *Monitor raft*—so named because it was first supplied to these vessels during our late unpleasantness. The raft consists of four separate gutta-percha cylinders, connected by lashings or a gutta-percha strip. In each cylinder is a small tube, closed mechanically, and to which the bellows are applied to inflate them. By such means the raft is filled and ready for launching in three minutes' time. On the top of the cylinders are secured cross and fore-and-aft pieces to walk on, and a frame to hold the rowlocks for propelling or steering the raft.

On a Christmas night, off Morris Island, a gale blowing at the time, an officer, sixteen men and a howitzer were dispatched to the island, passed through the surf, and landed with safety on the beach. The most thorough test was that of a voyage to Europe, and this was actually made. Hearing that the *Nonpareil*, a Monitor raft, was to depart for Europe, I called to wish her captain a pleasant passage. I recognized in him an advocate of a system he intended to test thoroughly. Through a stormy passage he reached England in safety. When General Sherman arrived at Savannah, he borrowed the Monitor rafts to cross the river, and found them such admirable pontoons that they were never returned to the navy.

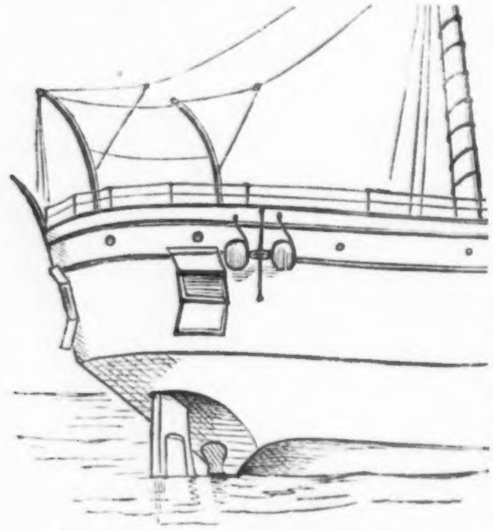
One of the handiest life-preservers or rafts, which should be supplied to every vessel afloat, is a small, portable one,

XUM

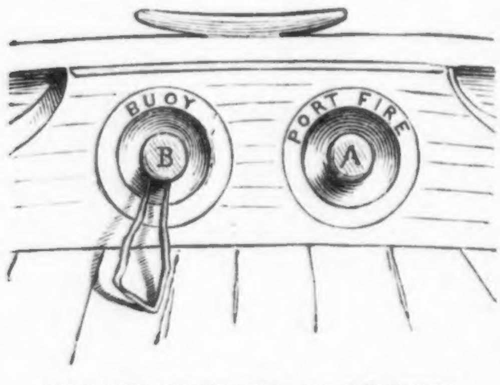
which consists of two gutta-percha cylinders connected together, and provided with a very light frame, to which the rowlocks are attached.

It is handled by one man to lower it, and another to row it when afloat. It is slung by span-ropes, with a toggle which is shipped in the splice of the lowering-line. This balsa was hung on board of the U. S. S. *Plymouth*, to the port after-davit. It was the means of saving over ten lives in two years' time. It was so quickly lowered and handled that it invariably reached the man overboard before he was a ship's length off.

Every boat supplied to vessels can be made a life-boat by applying a Monitor balsa to its sides—a balsa of greater air capacity at the centre than at the extremities. They should be attached to the boat by screws, and protected from contact with other objects by metallic bands. In port the balsas and securing gear could be removed and kept in the boat at hand, to be applied to it in the event of a heavy sea or bad weather; but at sea they should be shipped. The present system of air-chambers in the bow and stern of life-boats is a dangerous one, which tends to capsize the boat by giving too much buoyancy to the extremities, thereby diminishing the same on the midship sections. The air-chambers or apparatus should be on the sides, thereby preventing the boat's submerging when being lowered.

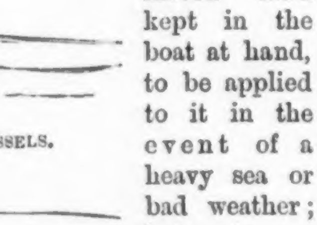


POSITION OF PORT FIRE ON VESSELS.



APPARATUS FOR IGNITING AND DETACHING PORT FIRE.

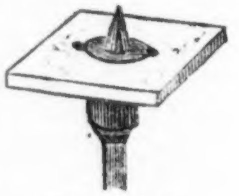
Particular attention should be given to the detaching and attaching gear of the boat's falls, so as to prevent the accident of one fall being cast off while the other is still hooked on. There should always be a bow-line belayed on board, and so secured to the bow of the boat as to be easily cast off.



PORT-FIRE PAN.

The Navy buoy, with port fire, should also form a part of the *sauvetage* of ships. It is slung over the quarter or stern, and is "lighted" and "let go" by means of triggers.

There should be grab-ropes, with turk-heads worked on them, hanging over the ship's side forward, amidships, and aft. Also life-preservers, with long lanyard, or grab-ropes attached to them. By each preserver there should be placed a "Holmes patent inextinguishable marine and storm signal," and a knife at hand. As soon as the alarm is given of "Man overboard!" if at night, throw over the preserver, cut off the sharp end of Holmes's storm-light, and dash it over the side; the water will ignite it and show the whereabouts of the preserver or buoy.



STORM-SIGNAL.

The Ammen raft, adopted by the surveyors, is, in my opinion, of doubtful value. In the Navy it is used in moderate weather by the copper-cleaners, and is called the "Catamaran." One of them got adrift, and was last seen rolling over in the surf and somersaulting across the beach at or near Chagres.

As to the cork-mattress preserver, the following anecdote will doubtless settle its value—at least, the value of those which were supplied to the Navy:

During the drills in the Bay of Florida, at the time of the *Virginius* excitement, Admiral Case ordered a Board to report on the efficacy of the cork-mattress. The Board met on board of the *Ticonderoga*. When the test was about to be made, a *soi disant* representative of the party interested suggested his idea of how it should be done. One asked him if he had full faith as to the weight the mattress was supposed to float. "Oh, yes, sir," he replied, mentioning near 300 pounds. "How many pounds do you weigh, sir?" "One hundred and forty." "Then," said the captain, addressing the members of the Board, "we will lash this gentleman in the mattress, attach a rope to it to prevent an accident, and then pitch him overboard." The gentleman disappeared. A nine-inch shot was lashed in the hammock, which was thrown overboard, and sank.

The reader whose memory dates back, will recall several accidents of the sea which have been ascribed to collisions with icebergs such as so nearly proved fatal to the *Arizona*. The lack of watchfulness and want of proper means of preserving the lives of those on board were at the time supposed to explain the loss of the fine steamer *Pacific*, of the Collins Line, which left Liverpool in February, 1856, and of which no trace was ever found. Her captain, crew and forty-five passengers were long hoped for; but at last conviction came that all had perished.

On the morning of the 20th of February, in the same year, the ship *John Rutledge* came in collision with an iceberg. Her crew and passengers, to the number of 120, took to the boats, but only one person was finally saved, whose terrible tale of exposure and danger amid the ice thrilled every one. Young Nye was rescued from a boat filled with lifeless bodies, by the *Germania*, Captain Wood.

We have hitherto spoken of the iceberg region of the northern Atlantic. But the southern Pacific has similar dangers. In 1859, the *Indian Queen*, while on her way from Melbourne to Liverpool with a cargo of wool and gold, encountered an iceberg of immense size. The ship was running eleven to twelve knots, when, on the 1st of April, all were aroused by a violent shock, succeeded by the crash of falling spars and a grinding sound along the starboard side. The *Indian Queen* was lying broadside on to an immense iceberg, which towered above her like a mountain. All the spars and sails above the lower masts were gone. The foremast, snapped off at the deck, hung by the rigging; the bowsprit hung broken alongside, and only the mizzenmast stood comparatively unhurt. Most of the crew put off in the boats, leaving the passengers to their fate. When they found that the vessel was still whole, they endeavored to regain her, but could not.

The second mate took command, and, clearing the wreck, raised what sail he could, and, while all watched with deepest anxiety, the wind bore the good ship from the dangerous neighborhood of the berg.

Then order was established, and the brave mate turned the vessel's head to Valparaiso. After great danger, encouraged and aided by vessels that he encountered, he succeeded, in forty days, in taking her to the desired port.

Only a few years since, the *City of Boston* was added to the list of missing vessels, and her fate, too, was ascribed to those beautiful but dangerous formations which, from the days of Brendan and the Northmen, figure in the stories of peril on the waters.

MAN OVERBOARD.

By Richard B. Kimball.

Of all modes of death—of all shapes in which we meet the inevitable event, to fall overboard in mid-ocean and sink alone in the wild waste of waters conveys to me the most painful impression. I have been more than once on board ship when such an occurrence has happened.

The first time was in 1842. It was on the vessel (the *Independence*) which conveyed Washington Irving to Europe as our Minister to Spain. With two or three other young gentlemen, I accompanied him to England. It was a pleasure voyage, and we thoroughly appreciated the privilege of an intimate association with the author of the "Sketch-Book."

Mr. Irving's attention was from the first attracted to everything noticeable about the ship. He observed each individual sailor, and discovered at once any peculiarity of look, gesture or habit, and gave us youngsters the benefit of it.

The second day out, Mr. Irving called my attention to a young sailor lad who had shipped as "boy." It was evidently his first voyage. His clothes were new, his face bright and hopeful, and his bearing manly. Mr. Irving very soon found out all about him. He was fifteen years old—an only son; his mother was a widow. She had, at much sacrifice, managed to buy his outfit. His woolen stockings she had knitted herself, besides contributing many comfortable articles to his "chest." Further, she took pains to procure an introduction to the first mate, who had promised to look after the young fellow, and bring him safe back.

We were all of us on deck one squally day, the third out, when Frank received from Whitfield, the second mate, the order to go aloft for the first time. It was blowing moderately hard, and he was told to do some trifling thing in the main-top. Frank hesitated only long enough to give a glance aloft, then, springing forward, he commenced with alacrity to climb the shrouds.

We looked with keen interest to see if he would reach the main-top sailor fashion (rather a nervous affair on the first occasion), or creep through the "lubber's-hole." To our delight, he mounted in the regular way, performed his work, and came down.

The second mate was a perfect old "salt," but he did not disguise a grim satisfaction at the way Frank handled himself, which was manifested by growling at him, in a good-natured tone, about his shoes, which were too new and well-made to please him. I thought nothing of this at the time, but recalled the circumstance afterward. I can see now, after so many years, Frank's proud look as he struck the deck in safety (he knew we were watching him), and recall perfectly the gesture of the mate, made entirely for our benefit, which showed plainly that, in his opinion, the boy would *do*.

Frank, from that time, advanced rapidly in sailor-craft. In four or five days he aspired to go aloft and help reef topsails. He began to assume the bearing of a regular tar, and so far won on the crew that they stopped playing tricks on him. In fact, at the end of ten days Frank was "ship's favorite."

We had had a spanking westerly breeze ever since we left New York, with glorious weather. The morning I now speak of was remarkably fine. We were running along under full sail, ten or eleven knots an hour, with a heavy sea following so close on our stern that one moment it was engulfed, and the next raised so high in the air that it made us giddy. We had breakfasted, and nearly every one of the passengers was on deck. I had just stepped into my stateroom, but had scarcely reached it when I heard a confused sound, which, I know not why, filled me with apprehension.

There *are* sounds which are charged with terror. This was one of them. I hurried on deck. There was a gathering on the larboard side, and a hoarse order from the mate to bring the ship to struck my ears. At the same time I heard the command given to lower the boat.

"What is it?" I asked of the steward, who stood next to me.

"Poor Frank, sir," was all he could say, as he pointed astern.

I looked, and saw *something* in the distance. I could not have told what, but they said it was our brave "sailor boy." It seemed he had stepped over the ship's side to cast off a rope that was foul, and had slipped, lost his footing, and was gone.

"Lower away the boat!" shouted the chief officer.

A dozen men sprang forward to obey. At the same moment the gaunt form of Whitfield, the second mate, was seen striding from the forecastle (it was his watch below) to take command of the boat. He wore nothing but his woolen shirt and pantaloons; barefooted, his hair streaming in the wind, without looking to the right or left, he sprang into it.

"Lower away, will you?" he exclaimed, fiercely.

"Easy, now—carefully!" was heard from the captain, who had come to superintend the delicate work of launching that little shallop on that terrible sea. Could it strike the wave in safety? and if so, could it live afterward? Despite the excitement of the scene, I could not but admire the gallant conduct of those tars, who never gave a thought of the danger in their haste to save a shipmate.

The boat was lowered, and now danced over the heavy seas. The skill of the mate was apparent in the way he handled her. All eyes were now turned on the little thing. He struck off in the direction where Frank was last seen. The excitement was intense. The seas were so large that we would lose sight of the boat as it descended into the awful gulf; again we could see it as it was tossed on the crest. But the boy?

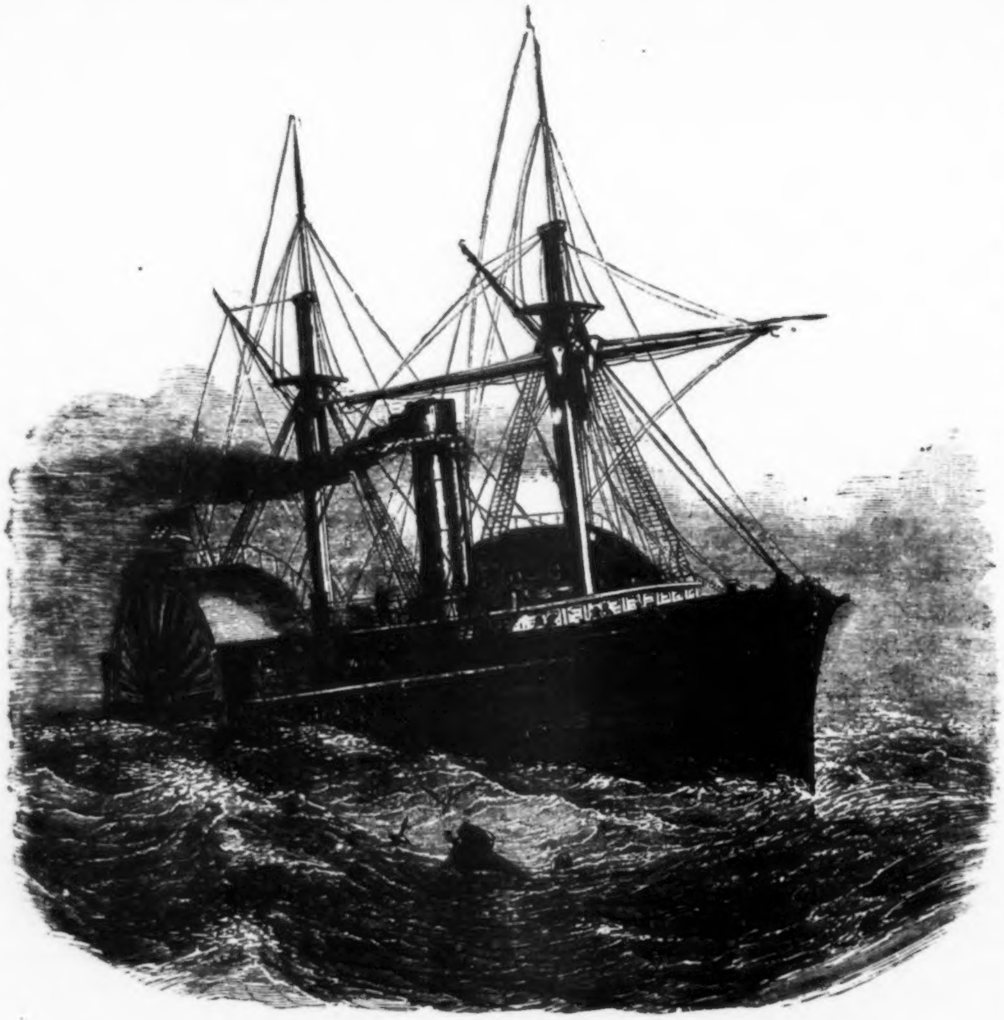
We watched and watched, hoping to observe from the boat some sign that he was found. It was in vain. After pulling in various directions for an hour, long after any possibility remained that they could find him, the sailors came back to the ship. The watch on deck went to duty; the watch below turned in; the ship was put on her course, and that scene closed.

"How can I ever look his mother in the face?" said the chief mate. "I ordered Frank over the ship's side."

"That was not it," said Whitfield. "'Twas them new landlubber shoes the boy had on."

XUM

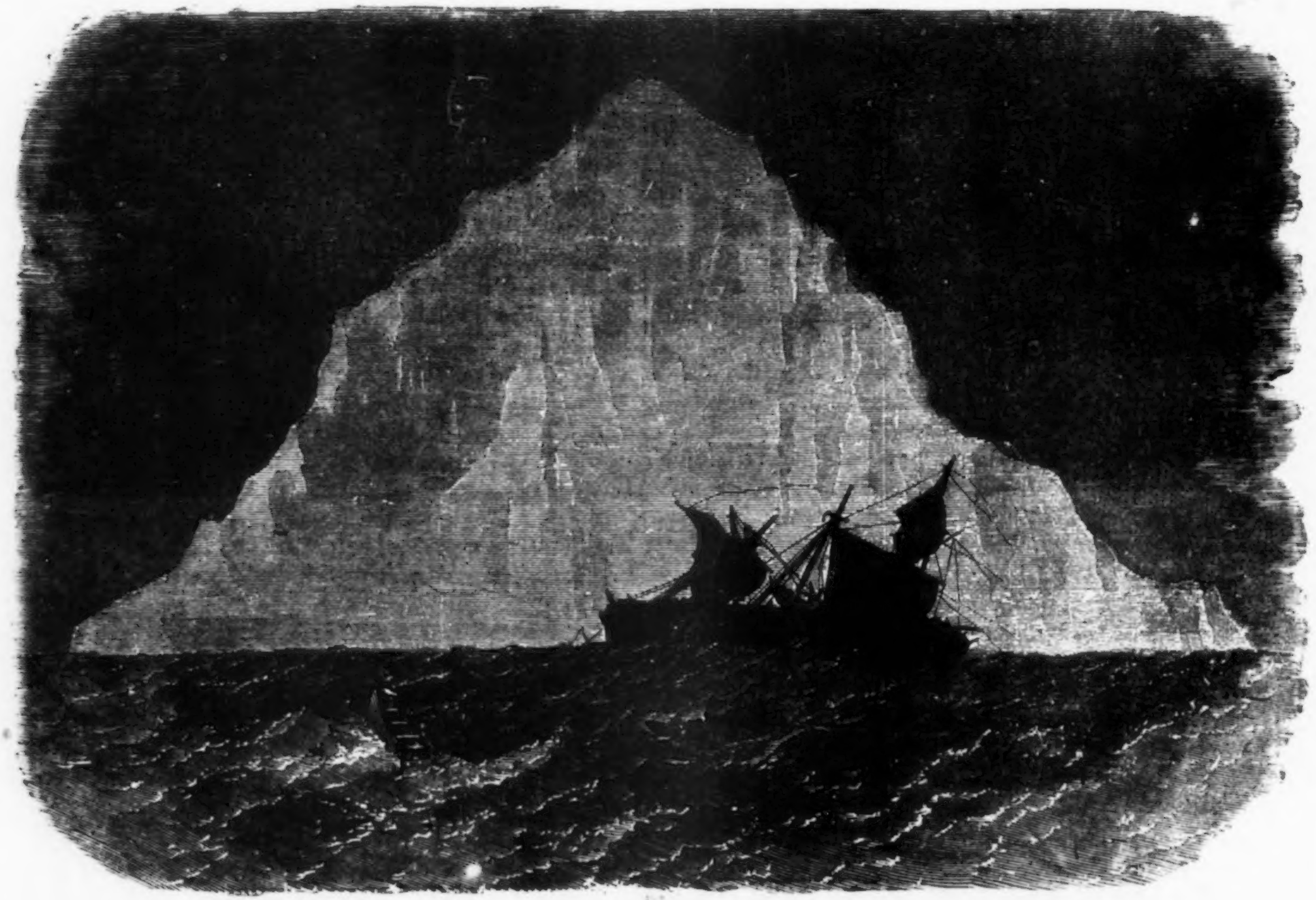
Ten years later, in 1852, I was crossing in the steamer *Pacific* to Liverpool. It was in the height of the glory of the Collins Line. The boats ran full, beating the Cunarders in every trip, proving what we could have done, had the Government continued its aid. Indeed, nearly as many foreigners as Americans could be found aboard. The trips were performed so regularly, that people counted almost on the hour of receiving their friends at the dock.



THE STEAMER "PACIFIC," SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN STRUCK BY AN ICEBERG.

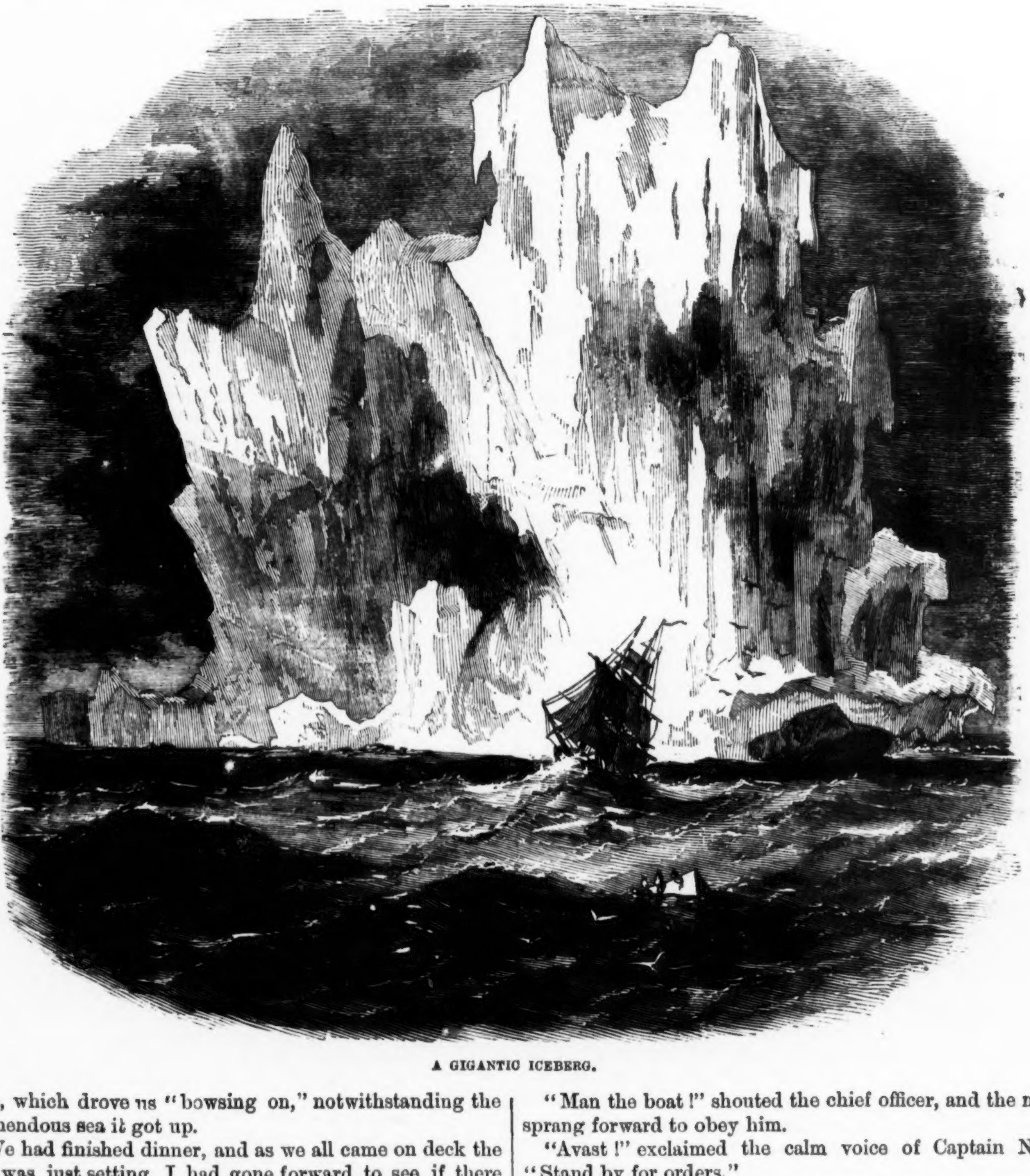
On this voyage we had a mixed company of English, French, Germans and Yankees. One of these was a Liverpool merchant—a frank, genial man, who never was seasick, and who exhibited the hearty good nature, the confident air and ready flow of spirits which comes from a strong, robust frame and uninterrupted health.

"I wrote my wife," he said to several of us one day, "that I should be home on Saturday to dinner, and I asked her to invite a few friends to



ICEBERGS, AND DANGERS ENCOUNTERED AT SEA.—THE "INDIAN QUEEN" STRIKING AN ICEBERG, IN 1859.—SEE PAGE 1.

meet me, and have the carriage waiting for me at the Prince's Dock."



A GIGANTIC ICEBERG.

This would make a ten days' passage for the *Pacific*, her usual time when the weather was not too adverse. We naturally became interested in the result, for very trifling things occupy our attention at sea; so that when we lacked but a day of making the Irish coast, it was evident, if no ill-luck befell us, that our English acquaintance would not be late to dinner. In fact, we had everything in our favor, in the shape of a northwester blowing half a gale, which drove us "bowsing on," notwithstanding the tremendous sea it got up.

We had finished dinner, and as we all came on deck the sun was just setting. I had gone forward to see if there were any signs of land, which many were talking about. As I stood near the galley the Englishman passed me with a lighted cigar. He gave a friendly nod, and proceeded to mount to the small forecastle-deck. This was done by means of three or four steps on either side of the ship. The sea was so rough that locomotion was very difficult, especially forward and aft. I suppose he must have laid hold of one of the ropes with his left hand—such is the theory—and that a sudden lurch of the ship literally turned him overboard. I did not see it. I heard an exclamation—another terror-sound. I looked. The poor fellow had apparently had the presence of mind to attempt to strike out clear of the paddles. At any rate, he escaped them. As the steamer swept past—she was going twelve knots—standing as I was looking anxiously over the side, my eyes met his. I can never forget the agonizing look of despair which was concentrated there. The next moment he was far astern.

"Stop the engine!" was the cry, and stopped it was.

"Man the boat!" shouted the chief officer, and the men sprang forward to obey him.

"Avast!" exclaimed the calm voice of Captain Nye. "Stand by for orders."

He went deliberately up the shrouds, and stood in them, looking carefully westward. In this way ten minutes probably elapsed; it seemed to me an hour. Then the captain descended to the deck, pulled the bell for the engine to turn forward, and said one word to the quartermaster, "*Course*," and that was over.

Expressions of indignation were abundant at what was termed the indifference of Captain Nye on the occasion. "Even if there was no chance of finding the poor man, a

XUM

decent regard to a fellow-creature demanded some attempt to lower the boat, and try to save him." So many said. I, who knew Captain Nye better, was not so ready to blame him. He said to some of us afterward, "Mr. ——— was killed in three minutes after he fell overboard. I saw a 'comber' strike him. He never breathed after that. As to launching a boat, there is not one chance in ten it could have lived, if not swamped instantly, and there was no possible chance of saving him. I could not peril five lives at such a hazard."

We reached the dock at five o'clock Saturday afternoon. A neat brougham, with servant in livery, was in waiting. A lady sat in the carriage, in eager expectation, while a footman came on board to say "dinner was ready."

"I had rather be in the worst hurricane I ever encountered," said the captain, "than walk up to that carriage—but I must do it."

Once more, late in the Summer of 1867, I took the *Scotia* for the other side. Among those of both sexes who were at the table where I was seated, I observed, nearly opposite, an English gentleman, who was not disposed to converse, but who was to be remarked for the faultless style of his dress, and the scrupulous neatness which marked it—a rather unusual thing, let me say, to witness at sea. Beyond this, the gentleman did not attract my attention, till a young merchant who sat next me told me he was a person of immense wealth, who did business on a large scale in Liverpool, and who had made him a most liberal offer to join him. The terms were so extraordinary that my suspicions were excited—though I had not the remotest idea of the truth.

Regarding the man with some scrutiny, we happened to look each other full in the face. A sudden shiver shot through me, quite impossible to have resisted, for it came and went almost before I was conscious of it. The gentleman at once looked in another direction, and soon rose and left the table. What did it mean? The next day, while listening to some of the ship's gossip, an acquaintance remarked to me:

"Do you know we have a lunatic on board?"

"No," I said. "Where?"

"He is at your table—in fact, nearly your *vis-à-vis!*"

"I thought so. Has no one charge of him?"

"Oh, yes—a young physician. Many think he should be kept in his stateroom, as he sometimes becomes very violent. Besides, he frequently wanders about the ship in the night."

"Pleasant idea, that," was my reply; and on the strength of the information I made up my mind to give the unfortunate gentleman no cause of offense by looking inquisitively toward him, and to be generally on my guard.

We were nearly across the Atlantic. I came down late that day to lunch. No one was at my table but the English gentleman opposite. He was finishing a glass of sherry, and rose shortly after I sat down. I observed he was in his shore suit, and dressed elaborately.

He left the cabin and passed up the companion-way. In one half-minute I again heard what I call the "terror-sound." I rushed up. The poor man was overboard. He had come up, and though the officer on deck was observing him closely, he had sprung swiftly forward, and, darting between the iron railing at the stern, was in the water in a twinkling. We could see him distinctly making a bold swim of it. Perhaps reason returned to him as he struck the waves—who knows?

The ship was stopped, a boat lowered, and a long time spent in search; all in vain.

I was told that he had made every preparation to go ashore that morning, even to changing some money at the purser's office. He had an idea that the Queen had requested his attendance, and he went in obedience to her summons!

IN THE OLD CONFESSIONAL.

By Nellie C. Hastings.

The dusty sunshine rolls its flood
   Along the carving rare and old,
And turns, as in th' alembic's heat,
   The ancient oaken grain to gold.
The gnarled and bearded hermit-saint,
The baby-angel—carven quaint,
With rounded cheeks and wind-tossed hair—
Or lily-sceptred Virgin fair,
Smile from their vine-wreathed niches there.

The latticed door swings on its hinge
   As if a-weary, creaking slow;
That tangled web of leaf and flower
   Was twined five hundred years ago.
The priest's lean fingers fixed the hasp,
Then folded in their listless clasp,
While in his ear—a drowsy song,
Dull as the Summer days were long—
Poured Life's old rhythm of Right and Wrong.

Here on this narrow bench they kneeled—
   The smooth oak polished as a glass;
The gray old burgher, shrewd and wise,
   Trim page and rosy peasant lass—
Fair Gretchens, with their pleading eyes
And mocking Fausts in knightly guise;
The sleepy granddame droned her tale—
The high-born lady, pure and pale,
Whispered behind her folded vail;

Or, calm in stolid certainties,
   The full-fed matron rambled o'er
Her petty round of daily sins;
   These three walls and the creaking door
Shut in the muttered horror, told
Through lips from murder's curse scarce cold;
While, grim behind the latticed grate,
The listening priest sat dumb as Fate.

On this worn ledge what trembling hands,
   As to Christ's rood, have clasped and clung!
What storms of passion swept these bars,
   As spray against the stern rocks flung!
Here in this narrow cell and low,
Life's tides had room to ebb and flow
And break, five hundred years ago!

If I the "Mea culpa" breathed,
   What would they learn—those saints so old
And wrinkled in the yellow oak,
   And the calm virgins, chaste and cold?
The same old mystery's tangled skein—
The same old web of bliss and bane—
The weary secret, told once more,
That, thrice a hundred years before,
Some quaint-coifed maiden faltered o'er!

And do I wonder, as I kneel,
   What prayers were said, what vows were sealed,
What shadows melted from their souls,
   By priestly benediction healed?
The solemn wardens over me,
Who hold the old confessional's key,
Give answer sure, but silently—
"The strife that ended long ago—
The secret of all human woe,
Look in thy heart, and thou shalt know!"

A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should always carry home.

THE MOST POWERFUL TELESCOPE IN EXISTENCE.

By E. Neison, F.R.A.S

Which is the most powerful telescope in existence? Define the meaning which ought to be attached to the adjective "powerful" in this question. The most powerful telescope in existence is that existing telescope which can do the most work. The work of a telescope may be said to be to enable you to see and to enable you to measure. Therefore, that telescope with which you can see most and can measure best, is that which can do the most work, and is unquestionably the most powerful telescope in existence.

Which is the most powerful telescope in existence?

Every one has heard of the two giant telescopes which were constructed nearly forty years ago by the late Lord Rosse, and which were erected at his residence at Parsontown, about fifty miles from Dublin.

The first great telescope constructed by Lord Rosse was a reflecting telescope with a speculum three feet in diameter and twenty-six feet in focal length. It was carried in a ponderous tube moving in a massive iron mounting by means of ingenious machinery. When it was finished in the year 1840 it was considered the grandest instrument in existence, and from its employment in the study of the heavens enormous advantages were expected to be gained for astronomy. Scarcely, however, was this telescope out of the hands of its maker, than Lord Rosse resolved to construct a second telescope of still larger dimensions. With enormous skill, patience and ingenuity, Lord Rosse carried out this intention, and by the year 1846 had finished his second grand telescope, the instrument commonly known as "Lord Rosse's Telescope." It has a metal speculum six feet in diameter and fifty-four feet in focal length.

This enormous mirror, which weighs nearly four tons, is placed in a great tube eight feet in diameter and fifty feet in length, and this tube is carried by a massive iron mounting supported by two lofty castellated buildings, each nearly sixty feet in height. The weight of the telescope and its mountings is enormous. By ingenious methods the observer who is using the telescope is placed in a kind of cage, suspended in the air from the mounting of the telescope, and carried up and down along with the instrument.

To this day this giant telescope of Lord Rosse's retains its position as the greatest telescope in existence. In its enormous size it has still no rival, in its massiveness and weight it is long likely to retain its pre-eminence.

Which is the most powerful telescope in existence?

Lord Rosse's giant telescope, of course, will be the answer of most people; it will be the answer of the great majority of scientific men; it would be almost the unanimous answer of the British Association, of that Section A which is supposed to keep the world informed of the great achievements of astronomy and of optics.

Is this the true answer? No.

To most people, to most scientific men, this answer will come like a shock, for to them it has long been a cherished tradition, an article of faith, almost an axiom, that Lord Rosse's giant telescope was the most powerful telescope in existence.

To those astronomers who are observers—astronomers, not star-gazers—it is well known that for years this giant telescope of Lord Rosse's has been beaten in power by far smaller and more compact rivals. In fact, it is doubtful whether in real power it is much superior to its smaller companion, the three-foot telescope.

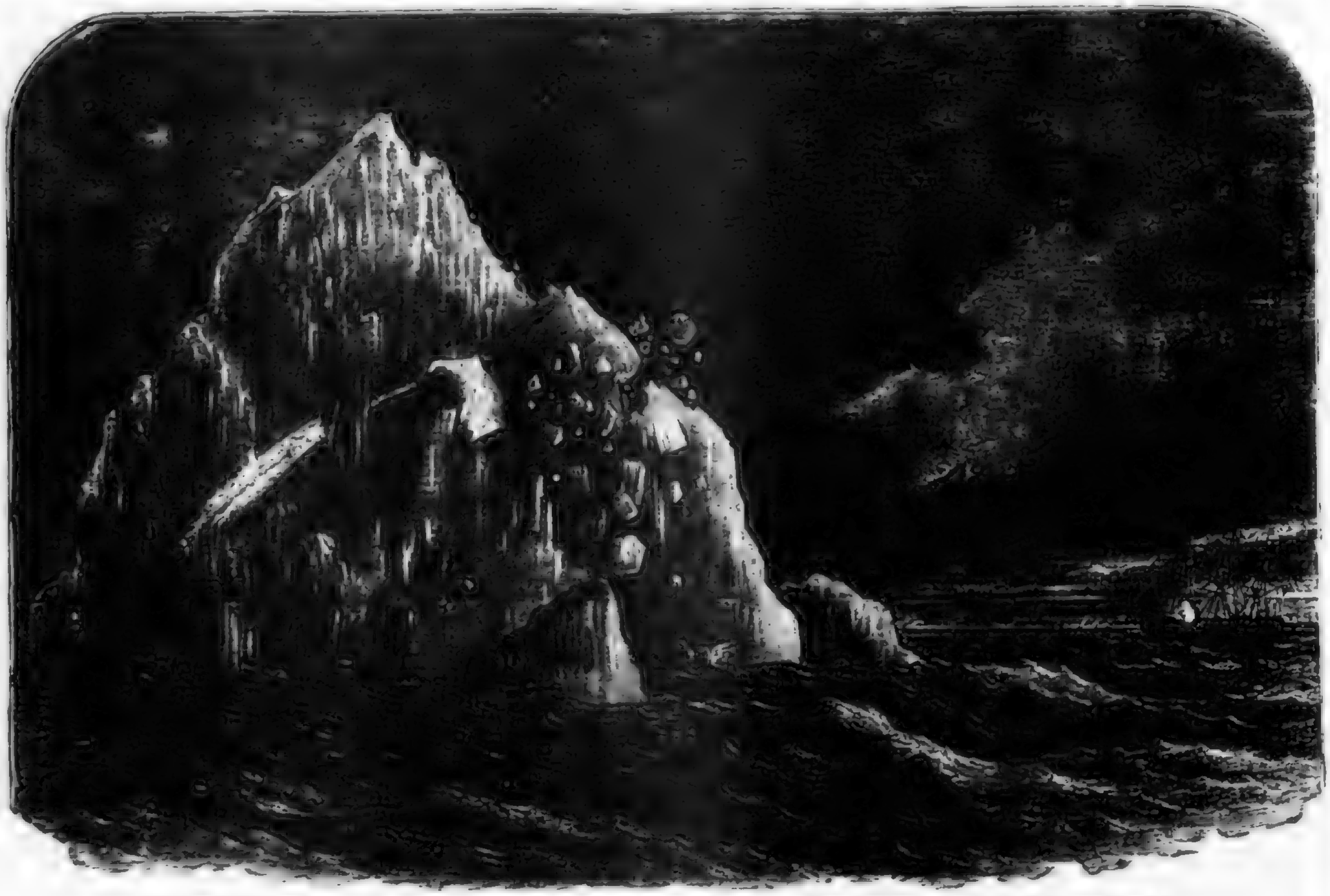
There are many who judge a telescope by its size alone, who compute its excellence by aid of a two-foot rule and a knowledge of its cost in pounds. With them a telescope with a metallic speculum weighing four tons and measuring six feet in diameter, with a tube fifty feet long, and costing a thousand pounds, ought to give so much light, have such and such separating power, and show this or that object.

It is true with small telescopes a great deal may be done in this way, but experienced observers know that the real power of a telescope can only be ascertained by a study of what it has done. Tried by this test, the giant telescope of Lord Rosse breaks down. It has not the accuracy of definition which constitutes the real power of a telescope, for it is mainly upon this that depends its capability for doing work. Compared with the metal specula which were made at the time when Lord Rosse's telescope was constructed, the great speculum of Lord Rosse's instrument might come out with credit. But great improvements have since then been introduced into the manufacture of reflecting telescopes, and the present silver-on-glass reflecting telescopes successfully rival the finest achromatic telescope in definition and in power.

In days gone by repeated reference was made to the wonderful things which could be seen upon the surface of the moon with these two giant telescopes of Lord Rosse's. Picturesque descriptions were given of the minute features which were visible, amazement was often expressed at the small objects which could be seen. Still more interesting accounts were given of what *ought* to be visible—a carpet of pronounced pattern as big as Lincoln's Inn Fields, the castle at Dublin, the courthouse at Cork, a house, or even a man, provided he were big enough. All these *ought* to be seen if they happened to be on the lower surface.

Yet when we come to consider what it really is which is described as being seen; when we calmly examine the various drawings which have been made by the aid of one or the other of these great telescopes, then we find that they show nothing which cannot be distinctly seen and drawn by the smallest astronomical telescope of high excellence. An enormous blaze of light is gathered by the telescopes, but all this light reveals nothing which cannot be seen with far greater ease in a far smaller telescope. There are in existence a number of drawings of the planets, and observations of their satellites; there are also observations of close double stars, or faint companions to bright stars, all made with one or the other of these two telescopes. Yet nothing has been seen which is beyond the power of a good astronomical telescope of comparatively moderate aperture. It is only in observing the dull, ill-defined nebulæ that Lord Rosse's great telescope has any exceptional advantage, though even in this respect it is probably much overrated. As an astronomical telescope, either of Lord Rosse's telescopes would be fairly beaten by either of the fine eighteen-inch reflectors which are now in existence.

If, then, Lord Rosse's great telescope is not the most powerful in existence, what answer is to be given to the question with which we commenced? Which *is* the most powerful telescope in existence? There are the great refractors of Pulkova and of Cambridge, U.S., each of 15 inches in diameter and 23 feet in focal length. There is the still larger refractor of Chicago, with an aperture of 18 inches and a focal length of 23 feet. All these instruments are of high excellence in defining power, the essential point where Lord Rosse's breaks down. There is the reflector of Mr. Lassells, with its metal speculum of two feet in diameter and its tube twenty feet in length. There



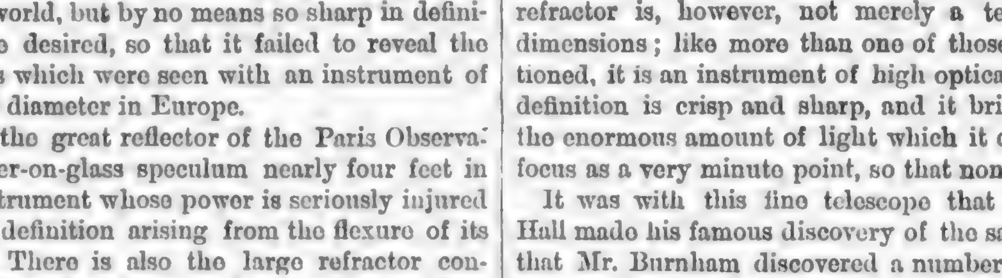
THE ENGLISH SHIP "GALATEA" FIRING AT AN IMMENSE ICEBERG OFF NEWFOUNDLAND IN 1865.—SEE PAGE 1.

is the great Melbourne reflector, with its great metal speculum of forty-eight inches in diameter, the second largest telescope in the world, but by no means so sharp in definition as might be desired, so that it failed to reveal the satellites of Mars which were seen with an instrument of not one-sixth the diameter in Europe.

There is also the great reflector of the Paris Observatory, with a silver-on-glass speculum nearly four feet in diameter—an instrument whose power is seriously injured by the imperfect definition arising from the flexure of its thin speculum. There is also the large refractor constructed for Mr. Newall, of Gateshead, with an object-glass twenty-five inches in diameter mounted in a tube nearly thirty feet in length.

But all these instruments must yield the palm to the great refractor of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, a splendid instrument, with an object-glass 26 inches in clear aperture and 33 feet in focal length. This magnificent instrument is equatorially mounted and driven by clockwork, so that it is complete as an astronomical telescope. The Washington refractor is, however, not merely a telescope of great dimensions; like more than one of those previously mentioned, it is an instrument of high optical excellence. Its definition is crisp and sharp, and it brings every ray of the enormous amount of light which it collects to a sharp focus as a very minute point, so that none is wasted.

It was with this fine telescope that Professor Asaph Hall made his famous discovery of the satellites of Mars; that Mr. Burnham discovered a number of the most minute companions to the brighter stars, and that Professors Newcomb, Holden and Hall have observed and measured the smallest satellites of Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. It is this magnificent instrument which is supposed by most astronomers to be the most powerful telescope in existence. Then our answer to the question with which we have commenced ought to be—the great

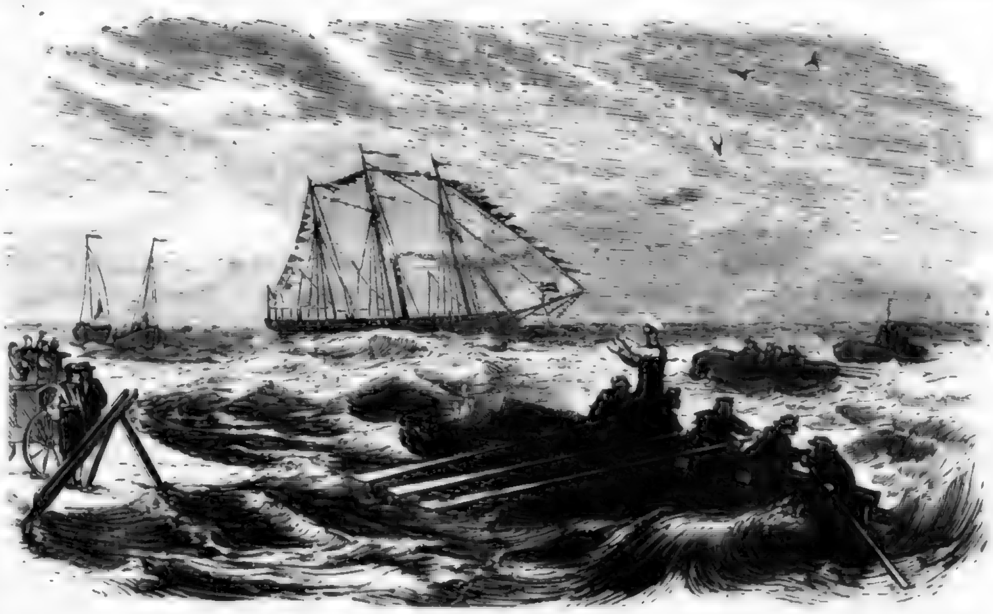


THE MONITOR RAFT "NONPAREIL" MAKING A VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

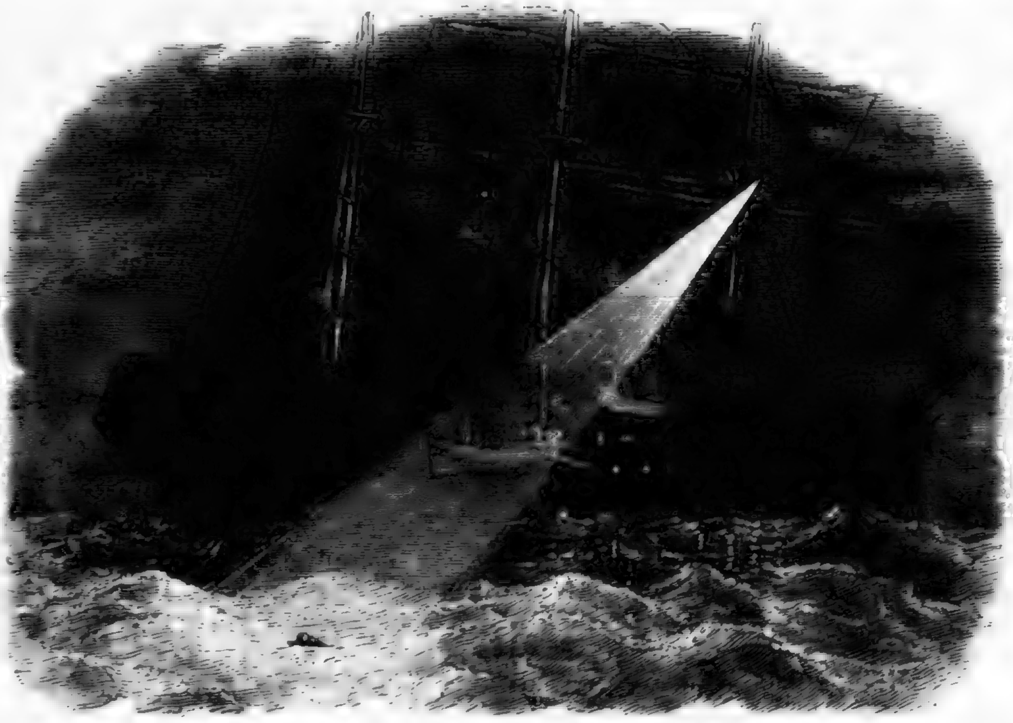
refractor of the Washington Observatory? No!

Then which is the most powerful telescope in existence?

The most powerful telescope in existence is the magnificent new reflecting telescope which has just been finished by Mr. A. Ainslie Common, and is erected at his residence at Ealing. This telescope has a silver-on-glass speculum, 37½ inches in diameter, and a focal length of just over 20 feet. It is equatorially mounted in a novel but most efficacious manner, and is driven by a powerful clock controlled in an ingenious way by a method invented by Mr. Common. This new telescope, which has only been finished about a month, has turned out a great success, and is unquestionably the finest and most powerful telescope which is in existence.

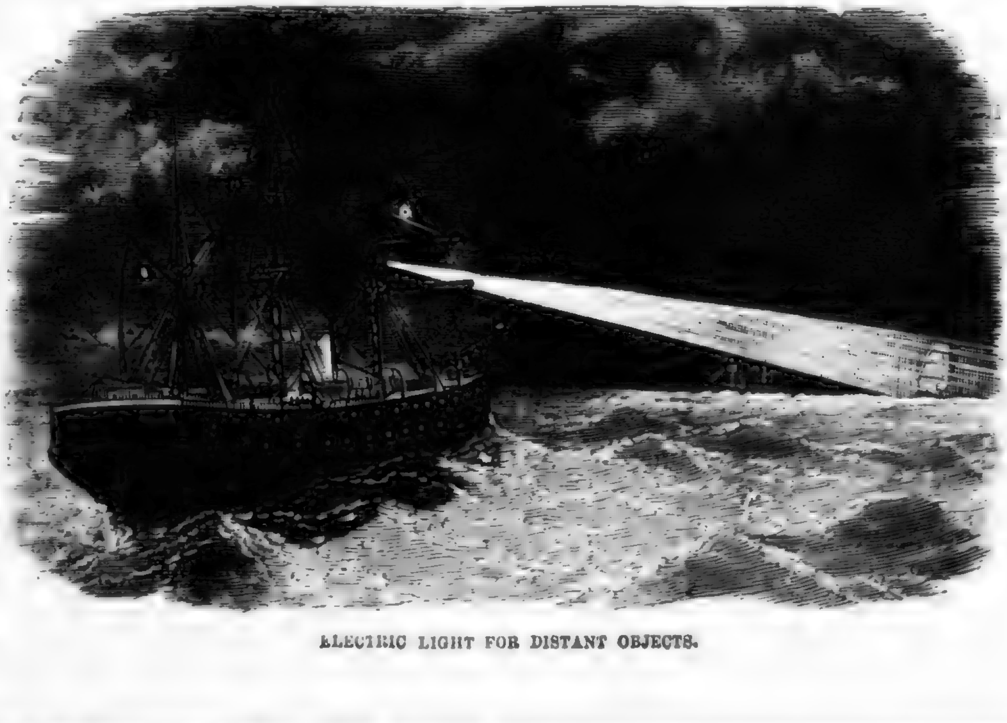


TRIAL OF PERRY'S LIFE-RAFT BEFORE THE KING OF PRUSSIA, IN 1869.



USE OF ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR OBJECTS NEAR THE VESSEL.

For the last three years Mr. Common has had in his observatory a fine silver-on-glass reflector with an aperture of eighteen inches and a focal length of nearly ten feet. This telescope was mounted by him on an equatorial stand of his own design, on what is known as the "Sissons" principle. For efficiency, power and excellence, this eighteen-inch reflector is as yet without a rival in England, and was only beaten perhaps by the great refractor of the Washington Observatory. With this instrument were made a number of observations of the faint satellites of Saturn and Uranus, which rendered the Ealing Observatory a familiar name to all astronomers. When, in 1877, the astronomical world was electrified by the announcement of Professor Asaph Hall's discovery of the two satellites of Mars, it was to Ealing that astronomers looked for systematic observations of these faint objects; and it was from Ealing Observatory that came the only systematic series of measures of these objects which has been furnished by England. Astronomers may congratulate themselves, therefore, upon this new telescope being in good hands, and in an observatory where it will



ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR DISTANT OBJECTS.

not be allowed to rust in idleness, like so many of the finest instruments in England.

Satisfied from the performance of his eighteen-inch Newtonian reflector that it would be possible to successfully construct much larger instruments of this kind, it seems to have been about two years ago that Mr. Common first seriously thought of constructing a very large reflecting telescope with a silver-on-glass speculum.

It was obvious that this would be a serious undertaking, and one which would require much thought and ingenuity to carry it out successfully. Many difficulties would require to be boldly faced and successfully overcome. The expense alone would have been sufficient to deter most men. Experience, skill, courage, perseverance, money—all would be required if success was to be won.

It was decided to first undertake the manufacture of a telescope with an aperture of thirty-seven and one-half inches and a focal length of about eighteen or twenty feet, This was a much shorter focus than had usually been thought essential for an instrument of this large aperture. Generally instruments of this kind are made with a focal length of from nine to ten times their diameter. This would correspond to about thirty feet focus for a speculum of the given size.

The fine performance of his eighteen-inch telescope had convinced Mr. Common that it was not necessary to give a greater focal length than fifteen or sixteen feet. But there were two conflicting interests to be reconciled. The shorter the instrument the easier it would be to mount, and the easier to observe with; but, on the other hand, the longer the focus the better it would be for taking photographs of the heavenly bodies, and this last was one of the main uses that the new telescope was intended for. With the view of best reconciling these two views, the instrument was designed with a focus of some twenty feet.

The very first step to be taken was to undertake the manufacture of the glass speculum, and here at the outset an enormous difficulty presented itself. To make a speculum of the required dimensions, it was necessary to have a disk of good crown glass about thirty-eight inches in diameter and from six to nine inches in thickness. Well, purchase such a disk; or rather, as it was not likely that such a thing could be bought ready-made, why, order one. This seems feasible enough. But there was not a firm in England who would undertake to make such a thing. In fact, at the time, the opinion was freely expressed that such a thing could not be made. This was a serious obstacle, for nearly all the glass used for optical purposes came from England.

Determined not to be baffled, Mr. Common applied to a French firm, and they produced the disk of glass which was essential before a single step could be taken. The first difficulty was faced and overcome.

After mature consideration, the grinding and polishing of the speculum into which this glass disk was to be turned was intrusted to Mr. G. Calver, of Widford, a well-known maker of glass specula. From its enormous size, over twice as large and ten times as heavy as any speculum which had ever been manufactured before, it was necessary to construct new and more powerful machinery, and even a new building. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Calver agreed to do his best to turn this great mass of glass into an excellent speculum, though, of course, he could not guarantee anything, the entire risk necessarily remaining with Mr. Common.

This settled, the greater portion of the task remained to be faced. Given a speculum of the specified size, how was it to be mounted, and how was it to be used? Firstly, the glass speculum must be mounted with such care that, despite its enormous weight, it must nowhere bend by as much as one ten thousandth of an inch. Secondly, the glass speculum and the iron cell which supports it must be fastened at the end of a tube some twenty feet in length, and this tube must be supported by an elaborate mounting by which it can be pointed to any desired part of the heavens, and moved by clockwork so as to follow the apparent motion of the celestial bodies. Thirdly, arrangements must be made so that an observer can always use the telescope, and be enabled to look through the eyepiece of the telescope whatever position it may be in—no slight task, seeing that the said eyepiece must in some positions of the instrument be over twenty feet from the ground. Lastly, the telescope must have an observatory which will shield it from the weather, and yet permit any part of the heavens to be examined with the telescope.

When the instrument has a metallic speculum, like the large reflecting telescopes of Lord Rosse, and Mr. Lassells, and that at Melbourne, it is much easier to satisfy the first condition than when the speculum is made of glass; for it is possible to cast the speculum with grooves, projections and recesses in its back, by means of which the task of supporting it is much simplified. With a glass speculum it is not practicable to have these aids, so that the back of the speculum is cast quite flat, and usually rests on a flat piece of metal. By an ingenious method of balanced arms Mr. Common has contrived to support the speculum so that it is perfectly free from flexure. Thus the first point was secured.

The second point, of the method by which the telescope should be mounted, was a problem which required long and serious consideration. Mr. Common devised a new and most ingenious method which, after long consideration, he thought would furnish a means of steadily supporting the telescope. In this, steadiness is most essential, as the slightest vibration—vibrations absolutely invisible to the eye—would ruin the performance of a telescope. The weight of the moving part of the telescope amounts, probably, to four or five tons, and this has to be kept in motion by a clock, yet it must not be liable to the least tremor or vibration. The difficulty of the problem is evident.

His plan of mounting was submitted by Mr. Common, for criticism, to several well-known astronomers, who might be supposed competent to advise on this subject. As might have been expected, very diverse opinions were expressed; at most, one seemed to decidedly favor the plan, others seemed doubtful, and more than one were decidedly adverse. The result was to leave that matter much as it stood at first, so that Mr. Common decided to persevere in his original design. The success which has crowned his labors shows that he was correct in his judgment.

It would be impossible to describe the method of mounting employed without the aid of several detailed drawings, but reference may be made to one ingenious point. As in all equatorial mountings, nearly the entire weight of the moving part of the telescope (in the present telescope five tons) rests on the bottom pivot of the polar axis. This pivot, therefore, is exposed to enormous friction, and is a common cause of vibration. To obviate this, Mr. Common, by an ingenious arrangement, supports the whole polar axis in mercury, thus taking off nearly the entire friction, and the whole instrument moves as if it were floating. By this means he is enabled to drive the whole telescope by means of an ordinary train of clockwork, regulated by the governor, which he had invented for his smaller telescope.

The last two points specified above are obtained by making the observatory itself the ladder by which you approach the eye end of the telescope, and the whole observatory revolves on iron wheels running on a circular railway. By means of a wheel on your left, you can raise or lower yourself at pleasure, and observe with the telescope in any position. The whole observatory only requires moving about once in two hours, and can be moved with ease by one hand.

Within a year of its being begun, the telescope was rapidly approaching its completion. The great speculum had been brought to the right shape, and was partially polished, and every day the announcement was expected that it was completed, or at least only required the last finishing touches. Suddenly a telegram arrived—an ominous thing. Was it to announce an imperfect figure? This would be a most annoying thing, for it would require the whole to be reground and repolished. But no; it was very brief, but it announced a terrible misfortune. It was a pressing request to come down at once. *The whole speculum had burst into a thousand pieces!*

It was a terrible blow, for it was the very misfortune which had been prognosticated by the English manufacturers and by the greater number of astronomers, including those who had had much experience in the construction and use of specula.

The explosion had been terrific. The whole workshop was covered with jagged, torn masses of glass, varying in weight from ten or twelve pounds to an impalpable dust. Mr. Calver had had a narrow escape, but he and his workmen escaped without serious injury. The monetary loss was great, and bid fair to be greater, for with the loss of the speculum the rest of the telescope became useless. It might well seem that they were right who held the view that large silver-on-glass specula were impracticable, as, from the difficulty in annealing large masses of glass, they might be expected to break at any moment.

Within an hour or two of receiving the telegram announcing this terrible mishap, Mr. Common was in the library of the Royal Astronomical Society. While there he was met by a friend, a fellow-astronomer, who, being aware that news was daily expected of the completion of the great speculum, asked him for the latest intelligence. Mr. Common calmly handed him the fateful telegram. He was thunderstruck, for it was so unexpected, and he was one of those who had looked for much gain to astronomy to accrue from the construction and subsequent employment of this grand new instrument. After expressing, no doubt imperfectly enough, his sorrow, sympathy and disappointment, he naturally put the question:

"What can you do now?"

"Do? Why, I have telegraphed over to Paris to see if I can't get two more disks of glass. It will be one to spare in case of another explosion."

Success must crown indomitable courage like this. The new disks arrived, and were duly transferred to Mr. Calver. One was selected, and, after much labor, ground, polished and finished. The remaining portion of the instrument and the observatory were pushed on as quickly as possible. On August 1st, 1879, the instrument was complete, and the grandest and most powerful telescope in existence stood finished before its maker, designer and owner.

An instrument of this large aperture will take a long time to thoroughly test, but it has stood triumphantly all the tests which have been applied hitherto. It has been tested on the moon—a most crucial test in experienced hands—on Jupiter and Saturn, and on faint companions to bright stars. In all cases satisfactory results have been obtained. This proves that the telescope must be at least of fine quality, and it bids fair to turn out of the highest excellence. It has been used to take photographs of the moon, with results very satisfactory to those who are experienced in these matters. There can be no doubt, therefore, of its claims to be a success, so that ere long it will take its place in the eyes of most astronomers as the greatest optical instrument in existence; and the credit of having manufactured and of possessing the most powerful telescope in existence has now passed from America back to England.

It may be legitimately asked, What will be the future work of this grand instrument? Will it be used to increase our knowledge of astronomy, or will it be allowed to rest in idleness, like so many other fine instruments? It is to be trusted, and it may be safely anticipated, that the former will be its fate. It will wear out, not rust out. There is much in astronomy which this grand telescope can do. It can be used for observing the faint and difficultly visible satellites of Mars, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. All these pressingly want observing and measuring, and there are few telescopes of sufficient power and excellence to do the work wanted. It can be easily done with the new one. Then there is the important question to be settled: Are there other satellites to those planets than those known? To this telescope will fall the task of searching for a third and more distant satellite of Mars, for a fifth satellite to Jupiter, for a ninth and tenth satellite to Saturn, for a fifth and sixth satellite to Uranus, and perchance half-a-dozen new moons of Neptune. Moreover, there are the extremely interesting problems connected with the minor planets. Does Vesta, Juno or Pallas possess a satellite or satellites? If so, their discovery would be a great thing for astronomy. Astronomers suspect that away beyond Neptune there may be still another giant planet, still another member of the solar system. If so, it will be very faint, and it will require a powerful telescope to search for and discover it.

There is yet another field in which this new telescope may reap great advantages for astronomy. It is suspected that more than one of the stars—those distant suns—may be attended by opaque dull planets. Mathematical analysis has already pointed to the existence of these attendants. It remains for the telescope to discover them. If the new Ealing reflector be really of the very highest excellence, it will be with that instrument we ought to look for these attending planets—these members of a foreign solar system.

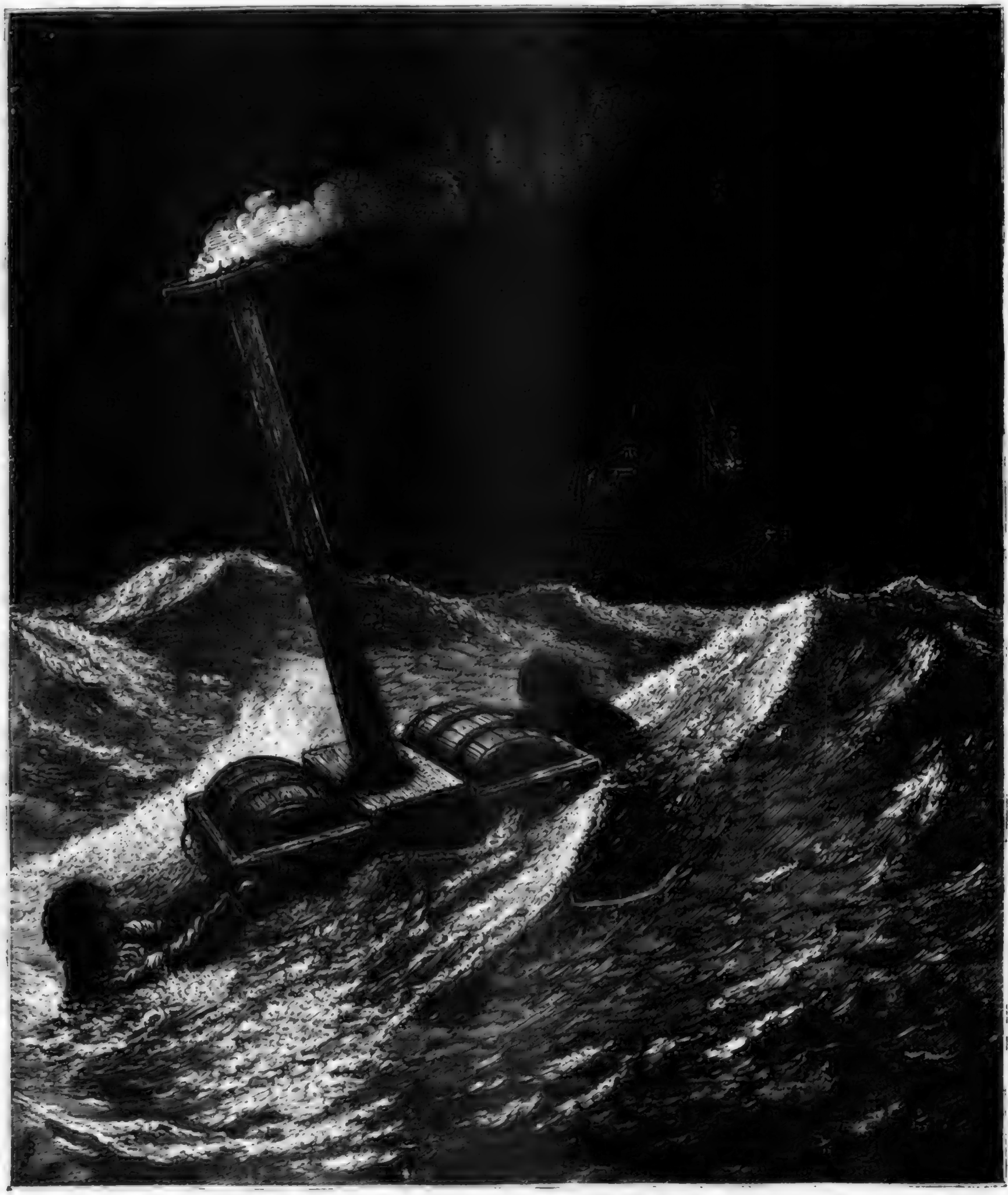
Lastly, there is the great field of photography. The new telescope takes instantaneous photographs of the moon, two and one-half inches in diameter—photographs which can be enlarged with ease to good pictures of the moon a foot in diameter—pictures which will be valuable for astronomy, not mere interesting curiosities of science. It will, moreover, take photographs of Venus, Jupiter, Mars and Saturn, showing much detail, and capable of being enlarged to half-an-inch in diameter. These planetary photographs will be of great use, as recording in unmistakable characters the true position and aspect of these planets and their satellites at different known epochs.

A BRAVE ARTIST.

It is said that Martin, the celebrated lion-tamer, while staying at Ghent, in 1825, noticed among the most constant attendants at his menagerie a young man who, by reason of the drawing materials he brought with him and freely employed, stood confessed an artist. Martin yearned toward him, and the two became "thick as thieves."

One day the enthusiastic artist, while taking the portrait of a noble lion called Nero, complained bitterly that the bars of the cage were in the way.

"Don't let them be any obstacle," said the lion-tamer, sympathizingly. "If you will come with me into Nero's 'apartment,' and allow me to introduce you, I can answer for it that he will show how flattered he is by a visit from so excellent an artist, and will give you every facility for handing down his features to posterity."



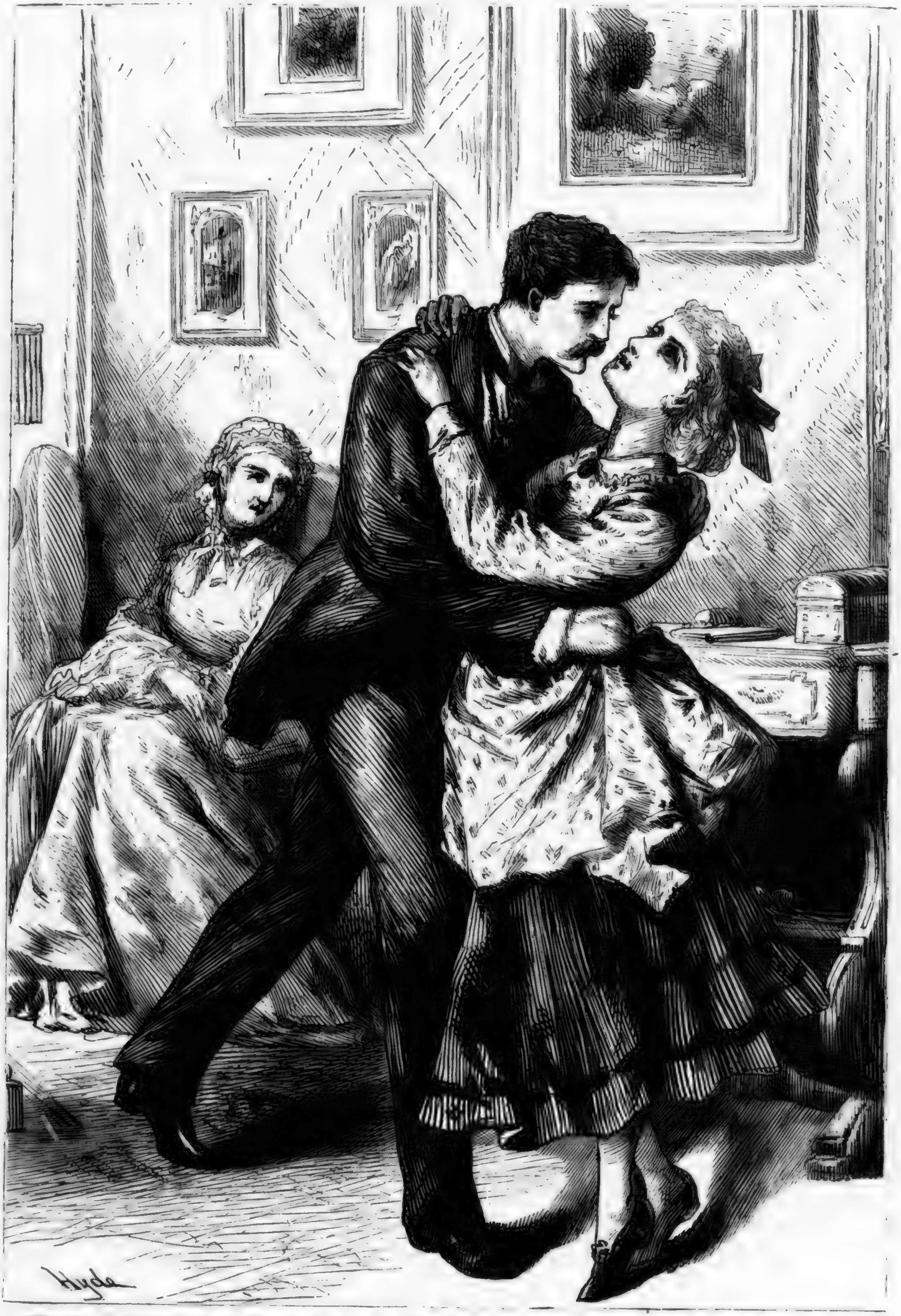
ICEBERGS, AND DANGERS ENCOUNTERED AT SEA.—BUOY LIGHT.—SEE PAGE 1.

The artist, strange to say, jumped at the offer; and Martin, who was not the man to lose an opportunity of advertising himself, sent word to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the Governor of Ghent, and other notabilities, that he would on a given day go into Nero's cage, and take "an amateur stranger" with him. The duke put in an appearance.

The plucky pair walked into the cage, and Nero was at first inclined to be what is called nasty; but, reassured by his master's voice, the lion went and lay down in a corner, and the painter, sitting down opposite, coolly proceeded to —cut his pencil! Having performed this little preliminary to his satisfaction, he executed a sketch of Nero which was pronounced to be very like.

The lion-king and the painter then took a polite leave of the lion; and the duke, having complimented the artist on the pluck as well as talent displayed, would fain have purchased the sketch. But it was not to be had for money; and the artist kept it himself as the converse of a *memento mori*. His name was Verboekhoven, afterward famous as a Belgian animal-painter.

XUM



GRETCHEN.—"FREDERICK SPRANG FROM MY SIDE AT ONCE, TO FOLD HER IN HIS ARMS, AND LAVISH UPON HER A THOUSAND LOVING NAMES.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

GRETCHEN.

It is necessary, before I tell you about Gretchen, for me to speak a few words of myself. I am an old lady now, of ample means, with a pleasant home, loving relatives, and very many friends; but affected with that terrible scourge of active brain and nervous temperament—paralysis. It is four years since the first stroke rendered my left side powerless, though my mind is mercifully left clear, and I have still free use of my right hand and arm.

It will be easily understood that I am very dependent upon the services of a strong, good servant, and also that it is not easy to find one sufficiently trustworthy for the position.

It was to procure the paragon of waiting-maids—one sufficiently strong for the duty, and sufficiently well-trained to be endurable as a constant companion—that I advertised. I will not dwell upon the rejected candidates; but I was hopelessly thinking I must take some of the many whose glaring deficiencies so troubled me, when the door once more opened, to admit Gretchen.

Let me pause to describe her, as she stood modestly before me, waiting for me to speak. Her short skirt of blue woolen showed a neat but coarse boot and checked stocking. Her cloak was of vivid scarlet, and in her hand she held a woolen hood. Her face was very pretty, with delicate features and a splendid complexion, and I have never seen such a profusion of light hair as was braided and twisted round Gretchen's pretty head. Her eyes were blue as the Summer skies, and when she smiled, a row of beautifully white, even teeth was disclosed. She was tall, of a noble frame, yet, while she looked strong and healthy, she had, too, an air of refinement that seemed to raise her above the level of a servant.

In strongly-accented, yet tolerably correct, English she answered my questions. She had no references, as she had been only two days in New York, and had been sent to me by the Employment Society.

There was so much that was attractive about the young girl that I was glad to secure her services; and before evening she was at home in the room next my own, where she could hear my voice at night if I required her attendance.

My knowledge of German was limited, but I soon discovered that Gretchen's was very pure, with none of the idiomatic faults of the lower class. The girl was a complete puzzle to me. What menial service I required at her hands was performed with willingness; she was a neat seamstress; but in her leisure hours—and she had many—she would take a book from my table, and I could see her through the open door reading and studying, often in a low monotone speaking the words before her, striving to catch my own pronunciation and accent.

"Do you think," she asked me one day, "that I can ever speak English without an accent?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "You speak with wonderful precision now, for a foreigner."

"My English teacher—I mean," and she colored deeply —"I was said to speak pretty well at home."

"Then you studied our language in Germany?"

"Yes."

"Intending to come to America?"

She again colored deeply, as she replied:

"I hoped to come. And now I want to learn English—to be an American, to be lost in New York. Let me forget Germany, if I can."

"Forget your fatherland! That is strange for a German."

"Ah, you do not know—you do not know!" she moaned; and then she ran away, and shut herself in her own room, where for an hour I could hear her sobbing.

I did not call her. I felt very sorry for the poor child; for, to my seventy years, her twenty Summers seemed like childhood, and I was more than ever convinced that there was some mystery about her life.

I think it was six months after Gretchen first came to me, that I sent her one morning to a store near my house to make some trifling purchase.

She had been gone but a moment, when she came into my room again, white as death, her great blue eyes dilated with fear. She ran to me at once.

"Save me!—hide me!" she said, crouching at my side, and taking my hand between hers, which were cold as death. "He has followed me! He is here—here in New York! He will drag me back to Germany and kill me!"

"My dear child, nobody can hurt you here."

"Ah, you do not know him. He is so cruel! He has beaten me before now, and that is why I ran away."

It was a long time before I could calm her, and I readily yielded to her entreaty not to send her out again. As her enemy had not followed her, she had apparently escaped unseen, and for many days I sent the housemaid upon all my personal as well as household errands.

As the days wore on, Gretchen regained her usual calmness, and as she offered no explanation of her terror, I asked for none.

My want of curiosity, just at that time, was partially accounted for by the arrival of my favorite grandnephew, and probable heir. He was an orphan, and had been my charge from infancy.

I had given him an education as thorough as Harvard College afforded, and sent him to Europe to acquire the finish of foreign travel. The will that made him my heir was in my lawyer's office, and he had given me, in return for my love, the affection and duty of a son.

He had left me, a boy yet in heart and manner, although twenty-one years of age, and I looked for the sunny smile, the frank, joyous face of three years before. Just before his return, I opened my jewel-case, and took out his last gift to me—an ivory-type, taken a few days before he left me.

It was a good likeness, portraying faithfully his noble, frank and good, if not strictly handsome, face. Gretchen was standing beside me as I opened the case.

"This is my nephew, Frederick Manly, who is coming home to-day," I said; but, looking up, I found I was alone, and, a moment later, heard Gretchen moving about in her own room.

When Fred arrived, and came at once to me, the door between the rooms was softly closed, as if to allow us to converse freely, unheard.

Some change I was prepared for in the appearance of my traveler, but not to find my boy a grave man. His heavy beard seemed to add ten years to his age, and his manner, so quiet as to be almost sad, was even more changed than his face.

We chatted freely for a long time, touching only surface subjects, his health, his travels, incidents of his homeward voyage—little points of interest not fully dwelt upon in his letters or my own.

It made me so happy to see him, to hear his voice, to feel his strong hand clasping mine, that I was content to let him keep up this desultory chat for a long time before I asked him more particularly of his foreign experience.

"You should have brought me home a niece," I said, half-jestingly—"some French countess, or English milady, to grace our home."

To my surprise, no jesting reply followed my speech.

"A wife!" he answered, sadly. "Do you remember telling me once that my heart alone must be the judge of the suitability of a wife?"

"Certainly. It is not the privilege of age or near relationship to dictate in a matter in which the happiness of two lives is involved. I told you that where you loved you should marry, without one word of influence from me, were your choice a servant in my own house. To be frank, Fred, I was very sure your choice would be a lady; for you could never love coarseness or vulgarity, nor could money ever influence you."

"Not a year ago, trusting to your love and kindness, I intended to bring you home a niece," replied my nephew. "But I have lost her!"

"Dead?" I asked, shocked at his pale face.

"I do not know. In her desperation she may have committed suicide. Shall I tell you the story?"

I assented at once.

"I was, as you know by my letters, in Berlin eighteen months ago, and had letters of introduction that gave me entrance to society there. It was in the gay season, when the Court circle was in the city, and my time was soon filled with pleasant engagements.

"One friend, Karl von Stiner, was my constant companion. Together we visited opera, concert and ball-room, and by him I was introduced into many family circles. One of these was that of his aunt, Madame von Graff, who gave me always a cordial welcome to her home, and allowed me to pass many evenings pleasantly with herself and her daughter, Bertha Welshau.

"I cannot talk much of Bertha. I loved her, and she loved me. Her mother smiled upon our love; but her stepfather gave me but scanty courtesy, and his son treated me as rudely as he dared.

"It was not long before I learned from Karl the reason for the difference in the treatment I received from the gentlemen and the ladies of the family.

"Madame von Graff was the widow of a wealthy merchant, and Bertha would be heiress to half of her father's wealth, even if her mother left her own fortune to her second husband. Herr von Graff was most anxious to secure the entire amount of Herr Welshau's money in his own family, by the marriage of his son Herman to Bertha. Herman was a man when his father married, and Bertha only a girl of fourteen; but, even at that early age, her dislike to him was marked—amounting at times to a positive fear. He was a dark-browed, saturnine man, and I think his stepmother was half afraid of him in some of his savage moods.

"The more I loved Bertha, and the more I saw of her home, the more anxious I became for a speedy marriage, and I finally prevailed upon Madame von Graff to name a day for our betrothal. Karl told me there was a desperate opposition made by father and son to this proposal; but Bertha's happiness was concerned, and her mother was resolute in countenancing my suit. My letters had proved to her that I was no fortune-hunter, and that her child would occupy the position of a lady in her new home. Bertha was studying English, and the only drawback to her complete happiness was the prospect of separation from a mother she worshiped. Does my long story weary you?"

"No, indeed; I am anxiously waiting to hear what prevented your marriage."

"The evening for the celebration of our betrothal was fixed, and I had purchased a set of pearls as my gift to adorn Bertha's blonde beauty. I was sitting in my room, impatiently waiting the hour when I might present myself at Madame von Graff's, when Karl came in to me, sad and pale. His aunt had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and our betrothal must be postponed.

"Days of torturing anxiety followed. My kind old friend grew rapidly worse. Bertha, in her devoted care for her mother, could only snatch a moment now and then to speak to me; and Herr von Graff and his son threw every obstacle possible in the way of our meeting. Karl was my friend, and carried little notes to and from Bertha, or I could not have endured those long days of suspense.

"The blow we were all dreading fell at last. Madame von Graff died, and Bertha was taken ill with over-fatigue and anxiety. I was not allowed to see her; and, to add to my troubles, the physicians advised that she should be taken from the city; and she was removed to a country seat owned by her mother, thirty miles from Berlin.

"I had but one comfort. Karl's mother, my fast friend, went to nurse her niece. Through her kindness I had daily bulletins of my darling's progress, and I knew that she was recovering slowly.

"Two long, weary months had elapsed since I had seen her sweet face, when one day Karl rushed into my room in a state of great agitation, to tell me that Bertha was missing."

"Missing!"

"Her aunt had come to Berlin to seek for her among her many friends, and she told us a tale that made my blood boil. From the hour that Madame von Graff died, the resolve to force Bertha to marry Herman became a fixed idea in her stepfather's mind, deepened and strengthened by the fact that one-half only of her fortune was left to her husband, and the remainder to her daughter. To accomplish his desire, Herr von Graff had resorted to every form of persuasion and threat, but Bertha would not listen to either. Finally he showed her a forged letter, in which a friend wrote to him that I had left Berlin to return to New York.

"Karl had not been able to leave Berlin for a week, and his letters to his mother, inclosing mine to Bertha, were intercepted, so that even her aunt had no proof of my constancy. Still, Bertha would not yield, and at last threats were employed.

"Her stepfather told her she was in his power, in a lonely place, and if she would not at once wed his son, he would take her life. Her aunt tried in vain to quiet her fears, and, when she last saw her preparing to retire for the night, she had fully resolved to send for Karl the next day, and have her taken to her own home by strategy or force.

"In the morning she was gone—fled from home in the night; and, what was more strange, her clothing was found in her room just as she had taken it off!

"This was what terrified her aunt more than all the rest. Where, but to throw herself into the nearest body of water, could the young girl have gone in her night-dress?

"Accompanied by Karl, I went at once to the nearest magistrate's, and before night inquiries were flying in all directions in and around Berlin. Herr von Graff and his son came to the city, and joined in the search. The house they left was searched by the law officers, and for miles around the country was scoured.

"During the excitement, the question of the missing girl's property was taken up by the law, and all control of it taken from the hands that had so violated their trust, and the amount placed in the care of guardians legally appointed by the city.

XUM

A LITTLE ENEMY.

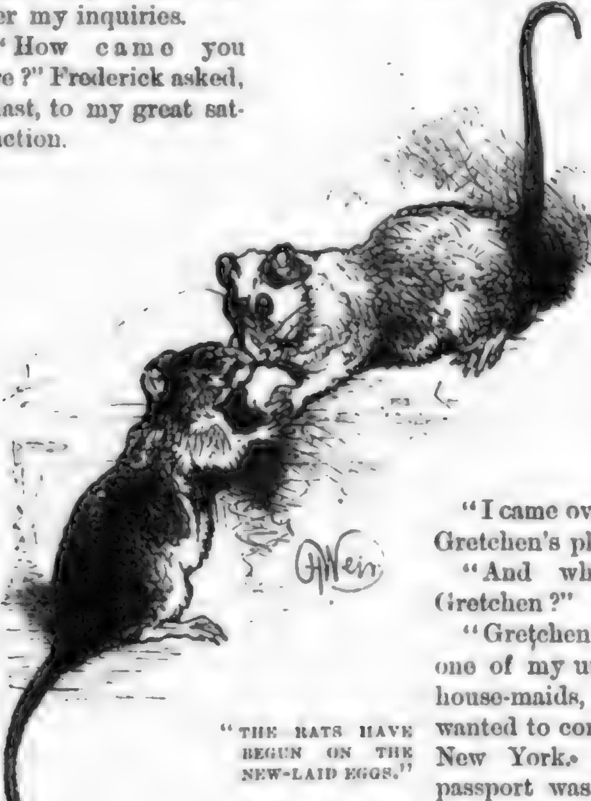
"It was satisfactorily proved by many and competent witnesses that the mother had approved of her marriage to me, and even prepared herself for our betrothal. Had she but come to me, all would still have been well; but, convinced that I had left Berlin, terrified, still weak from recent illness, and believing fully in her stepfather's power to force her to marry Herman, she probably took her own life. All search for her has been in vain. Bertha! Beatha!"

The cry was not a wail, but a shout of such wild, strange joy, that I thought my nephew was mad! Only for a moment. Looking up, I saw Gretchen standing in the doorway, very pale, but with a look of startled happiness I had never seen before in her great blue eyes.

Frederick sprang from my side at once, to fold her in his arms, and lavish upon her a thousand loving and endearing names.

It was some minutes before they were calm enough to sit down by me and answer my inquiries.

"How came you here?" Frederick asked, at last, to my great satisfaction.



"THE RATS HAVE BEGUN ON THE NEW-LAID EGGS."

"I came over in Gretchen's place."

"And who is Gretchen?"

"Gretchen was one of my uncle's house-maids, who wanted to come to New York. Her passport was procured, her trunk already sent to the railway station, and she herself passing her last night with her fellow-servants, when I resolved to leave my home, and follow Fritz to New York."

"Who is Fritz?" I asked.

"Myself," said Fred. "Tell us the rest, Bertha."

"I easily bribed Gretchen to give me her passport, and sell me her trunk for double its value; and, with more money than she ever had before in her life, she went to Berlin at the same hour when the train going in an opposite direction took me to join the band of emigrants with whom she would have journeyed. She had friends in Berlin, and probably long before this has procured another outfit, and come to America."

"But how did you reach the station without discovery?"

"We walked there, to meet a day-dawn train."

"Seven miles!" cried Frederick.

"CAREFULLY TRIMMING HIS FUR."

"Seven miles. My voyage across the Atlantic was not of interest. Having ready money, I did not keep with my party after we reached the city where we embarked, but came over on a steamer, while they engaged passage on the cheaper sailing-vessel. On my arrival in New York, I was directed to an employment office, and there I learned that a lady with the same name as my Fritz wanted a servant. I came here, and I have been safe and happy. But, oh!" and a sudden pallor crept over her face, "my stepfather is here! I have seen him on the street!"

"Indeed!" said Frederick, coolly. "Berlin was too hot to hold him. There were not wanting accusations of murder, and he was only too glad to escape. Here, is he? He had better not cross my path. Well, Bertha, are you ready to take a wedding-trip to Berlin?"

"To Berlin!" she said, turning very pale.

"You are not afraid to go as my wife?"

"No. I will go anywhere with you."

"We will settle your property so that you can return here. It will be only for a few weeks, and then we will return to auntie, here—if she will give us house-room."

"Auntie" was only too glad to give assent. Gretchen

"HE MAKES HIS WAY IN BY THE EAVES."

had become very dear to me, and it was a great triumph to my powers of penetration to have found out from the first how far above her station was my fair German handmaiden.

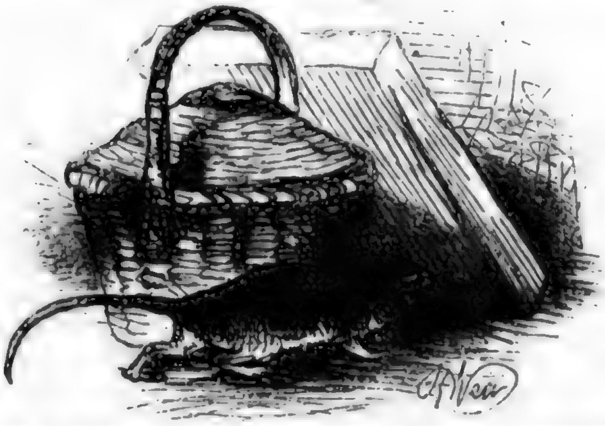
We had a quiet wedding, and very lovely was the bride in her soft white lace and muslin; then over the ocean, as Frederick proposed, to convince Berlin friends the fair runaway still lived to claim her mother's wealth.

But they are at home now, my dear boy and his fair young wife, who smiles saucily and drops me a deferential courtesy whenever I, from old habit, call her Gretchen.

A LITTLE ENEMY.

By Geo. Manville Fenn.

This world is so large, and affords such ample space for all created things, that one always feels disposed to look with indignation on those who persecute animal life in any of its forms. Every creature is so beautiful in its way, and displays such wondrous instinct, that its destruction, setting aside the cruelty, seems like a crime. Make this a rule, however, and in come the exceptions. The world is wide enough for animated nature, but all the same we find ourselves compelled to kill and slay, as the legal documents term it, and though one would not shed blood, it becomes a necessity—when we are attacked.

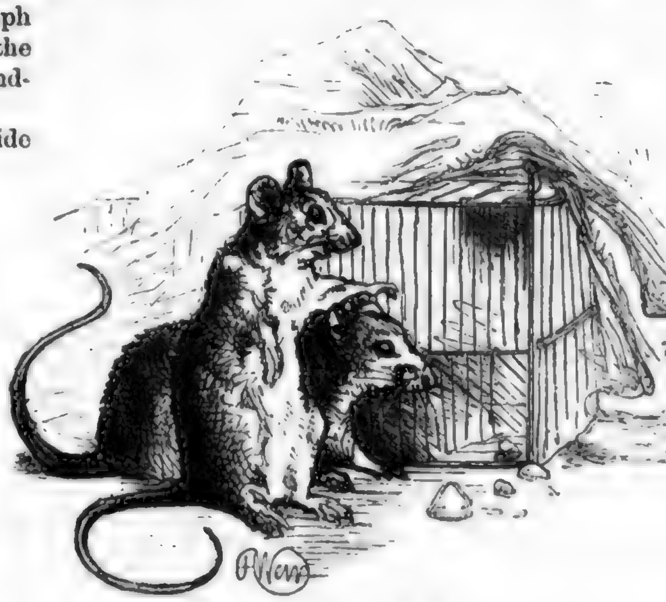


"HIS INQUISITIVE NATURE WILL LEAD HIM TO CREEP THROUGH."

That is the point. There are many creatures on this earth which will not be content with their own share of the world's surface, but continually invade that of their superiors, and that, too, in spite of the risks they run. The consequence is, that we are forced to open a campaign against them, either to slay or drive them back.

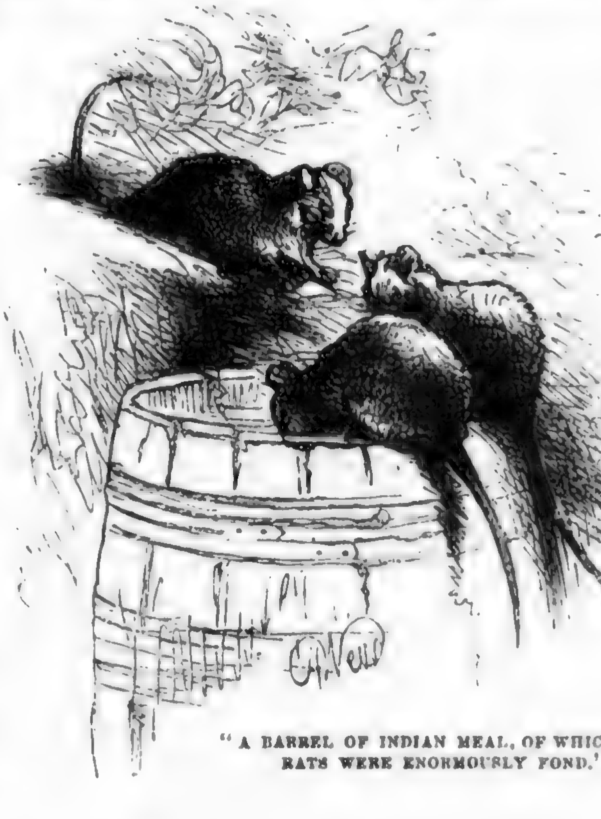
Now, perhaps the greatest nuisance in the country, for it is comparatively little seen in the greater towns, is that sleek, clean, clever and smart-looking animal which is called at the head of this paper "A Little Enemy"—that is, the rat. Some people will be doubtless disposed to shudder and call it horrible, ugly, and the like; but, all the same, if examined without prejudice, the rat is a well-formed and far from ill-looking animal; while, though at times he may be an unclean feeder, in his personal appearance he is the pink of neatness, and I have seen a rat sit up like a cat and carefully trim his fur till dry and clean and quite satisfactory to his feelings.

In the warm weather rats are so little seen that the occupant of a country house, while finding occasional old runs and marks of teeth, probably congratulates himself on their departure; but "bide a wee." Let the leaves fall, the heavy rains set in, and the cold blast sweep over the hills, and the rats that have been out in the fields and hedgerows, fattening on corn and fruits, nuts and pleasant succulent roots, come back to the houses for shelter—and get it.



"NOT A RAT WILL GO IN."

You say that you will not have him, and take precautions which the rat laughs to scorn. You stop up his runs which led into the cellar, and he makes his way up the side of the house and in by the eaves. You secure them, and he comes up the drain. You place gratings to your drains, and he will come in at the open door or window. Come he will, somehow or another, and before long you are aware of his presence, as he hunts his companions through the narrow passages behind the wainscot, races between the joists in the ceiling, gnaws away at the boards, and sets himself to work mischief incalculable. In one night a strong rat will gnaw off chips and wood-dust enough to fill a half-peck measure, and he is so indefatigable that sooner or later he makes his way through into the house, though perhaps for months all he asks of the place



"A BARREL OF INDIAN MEAL, OF WHICH THE RATS WERE ENORMOUSLY FOND."

is its shelter; and he makes his runs, with here and there snug nests of soft hay, wood and paper for bachelor bedrooms, or the nurseries of the married lady rats with their progenies already arrived or to come. These nests, or sleeping-places, are very curious and remarkably snug. Some that have been turned out of rat-holes will consist of several handfuls of nice dry material; and these dormitories are of course used by day, for it is by night that the business of the rat begins.

As a rule, beyond gnawing a hole or two, or making his way into the cellar, the rat leaves the contents of the house alone. It is only when provisions fail outside that he makes an onslaught upon the flour in sack or barrel, takes toll of the lard, tries the bacon, and bodily carries off anything portable—for instance, such things as potatoes, about a couple of dozen of which have been known to be carried off from the larder in one night, and found two days afterward tucked out of sight behind the woodwork of the scullery pump, evidently being intended as a store for the Winter. It is in the outbuildings that the rat forages, however, for his sustenance. The corn-bin in the stable is a glorious institution for him, and a sack of maize a treasure that he will soon spill through the great hole he makes in the strong sacking. Woe to the half-bushel of walnuts, the peck or so of filberts, and that basket of cobnuts placed for safety in the upper loft!

The gnawing of wooden partition, door or shutter has been touched upon; now follow further acts of mischief. Let him but gain a footing in the greenhouse, and he will diligently dig up and taste your hyacinth, amaryllis, narcissus and crocus bulbs. If he likes the flavor, away they go to his hole; if he does not approve of them, they are left—dug up, spoiled.

Apples in the store-loft are great favorites, but one evil of the rat is that he is so dainty. He does not take an apple and finish it, but neatly scoops out a hole in the side of one with his wedge-shaped, well-enameled teeth, and then goes to another and another, till perhaps a dozen are spoiled.

Being a country resident, you very probably have what are technically termed pits and frames, in which you tried to strike some cuttings of the succulent geranium, the pendent fuchsia, and various choice flowers, for the Summer to come. Night falls. Enter rat. One night suffices for him to tear up, gnaw and destroy a hundred well-rooted little plants, and, as if in derision of the worker who prepared the warm bed of dead leaves upon which the cuttings were placed, he burrows into them, makes himself a snuggery and goes to sleep—but catch him if you can! Another night, and he has a turn at the sets of new potatoes—choice Ashleaf—planted for forcing an early supply. Some he digs up and carries off, some he gnaws, and some he spoils by cutting off the growing shoots. What he leaves are not worth much. And so the game goes on till two of the pigeons are gnawed to death, and then, in despair, the pursuit is fiercely commenced, and the owner vows this day a rat must die.

But how? What is to be his fate? We have to deal with a little beast that is cunning and suspicious to a degree, though at the same time terribly stupid, and when you know his weak points his capture is not so hard. But all this you have to learn. Say, however, that the pursuit of the rat is determined upon, and the first idea is, buy a trap. Yes, but what sort? Oh, something humane, of course; so a wire trap is bought, with nice little holes for the rat to go in, to feast upon the bait placed ready—holes so constructed that he can enter, but not return. Bait it and set it. Bait and set a dozen of them, and examine them in the morning. Not a rat will go in.

Next the box-traps, made on the mouse-trap principle, half cage, half swing-door, are tried; but, no: thanks! rats don't like box-traps, and, smiling a radiant smile, they pass them by, and more pigeons are brutally murdered, and, would you believe it? the rats have certainly begun upon the new-laid eggs in the hen-house; so what is to be the fate of the Spring chicks?

Those steel-tooth jaw-traps are hideous things; but there is no mercy now for the little enemy, who has become a murderer, and if the steel-trap will guillotine him, that's to be his fate. So these are bought and set, here, there and everywhere, nice and handy to the runs of the rats, and morning after morning they are examined. But the result is that you ask yourself how you could be so foolish as to imagine that a rat would go and put his foot in a trap that should spring up and destroy his busy life? No, the little enemy knows better; and at last, in a weak moment of despair, poison is bought—the deadly arsenic or fatal strychnine—and, being artfully mixed with meal and sugar, placed ready for rats, with water close at hand for them to drink and die, so that they shall not expire and prove noisome in their holes.

From that moment you have no peace. You fidget about your hands, and wonder whether any of the poison has been scattered on your clothes. You feel sure that some one may meddle with the deadly dose, portions of which you have wrapped up in paper, and so you go on, fearful lest the children should go near early next morning, or the cat or dog eat a poisoned rat; a hundred similar fancies haunt you, till you vow that you will destroy what poison is left, and never use it more.

Next morning you hurry away early to the out-buildings, to find, most likely, that the poisoned meal has been untouched; the rat is evidently of opinion that a mineral poison may disagree with him, and the vegetable one prove unpleasantly strong. Maybe, however, the poison has been touched, and a little screwed-up packet or two carried away before the rat tasted and found it not to his liking.

And now, where are those deadly packets gone? Who can say? Suffice it that their disappearance has made you terribly uncomfortable. Worse still, you want some apples for the house, and, going to the apple-loft, find several with slight fresh gnawings through the skin. So slight are the gnawings that they can easily be cut out, you conclude, and placing them in the basket, are on your way back, when, like lightning, the thought flashes through your brain—suppose those apples have been gnawed by teeth that tasted strychnine?

What, then, is to be done? How is the cunning little creature to be caught?

The answer is simple: A man's brain is bigger than a rat's; set your cunning against his, and you will win. Here is one plan adopted by a gentleman I know, who had tried the usual traps in vain: In a storeroom was a barrel of Indian meal, of which the rats were enormously fond, and their habit was to climb up to a shelf, run along it, leap down on the meal, and feast.

Good. My friend took another barrel, and of the head he made the trap. He took it out, and treating it as a globe, he made a wire north and south pole, which, when placed in corresponding holes in the cask, allowed the lid to spin round easily on its pivots, and return directly to its natural horizontal position. When ready, this cask was placed in the stead of the flour-cask, its head fixed firmly, and covered thickly with the sweet Indian meal. The rats came, leaped down as usual, feasted, and went away. This was kept up for a couple of nights, fresh meal being placed on the head, and duly eaten. Then came the Nemesis.

XUM

The next night that barrel was half-filled with water, the head glued and thickly sprinkled with flour, and then left loose, swinging so easily that on the first rat leaping down there was a slip and a scramble, followed by a hollow splash; but the lid resumed its position, covering the drowning enemy, and placing itself ready to entrap the next.

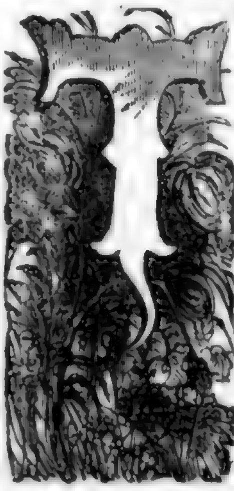
For months that trick succeeded well, four and five rats being taken of a night, and the place was at last well cleared.

Good traps of the ordinary kind are, of course, useful; but they must be set with brains, as the painter's colors were mixed. Rats will not directly walk into them if placed ready; but, as a rule, if you, as it were, say mentally to those noxious, mischievous vermin, "I have a trap, and you shall not get caught," they will probably go and get in. Set the trap however cunningly, and with whatever concealment you please, and they will not be caught; but hide that trap somewhere at the back of a shelf, half-covered with a board; place it by the wainscot of a room, and lay a slate slanting over it; make a loop of the mat and place it beneath; a tube of a roll of oilcloth—anything, in short, that suggests a narrow hiding-place, through which a rat can run, and the chances are that his secretive and inquisitive nature will lead him to creep through them; and if there be a trap set, he will be caught.

No better plan could be adopted than to place food of some kind, shut up closely in a basket or hamper, near the rat-runs, and let them work their way in. The next night repair the hamper, to keep the rat out, but this time place the trap within. Many hours will not elapse before your wicker repairs shall have been destroyed, and the rat have received his reward.

Of one thing the reader may rest assured, and that is—rats are to be caught, but it requires some subtlety. The above are suggestions that might be, and can be, largely supplemented by those who take the trouble to think, and have the misfortune to be troubled by the little enemy.

GERTRUDE.



THE day before, he had been gliding down the Losser, under the flickering shadow of the elms, and with Cora by his side. Now he was lounging in the great window, listlessly watching the throngs passing through the Square of the Acacias.

The house was a fine one, facing the square; and it had been finely kept, too, in the palmy days of its owner, Professor Van Hoeck; but that was long and long ago. The professor was in his dotage now, and Gertrude, his only child, had found it expedient to let the best chambers go to three young students from Mayence, who had come to Munich to study.

It was one of these students, a fair, handsome fellow, who was lounging in the great window. Presently he started up, uttering an exclamation of surprise.

"Gertrude, come here! Come quickly!" he called.

A woman approached.

"See!" he continued, pointing to two persons who were just entering the square. "There is Cora and her father. Is she not beautiful? Ah, she sees us! Look, Gertrude! The angel!" wafting a kiss to the little coquette, who, loitering behind the stern old ax-collector, Rysbrack, nodded up at them, her pretty face flushing.

"Gertrude!" cried the student again, after a pause.

"Yes, I see," said the woman, softly. "It is Leopold."

"The traitor!"

"Be quiet, Everard."

"The traitor!" he repeated, bitterly. "Ay, a million times traitor! He knows that old Rysbrack hates me, but he knows, too, that Cora loves me, and me only. Why, then, does he torment her? See my poor little lamb led to the slaughter between them! Ah, I have no patience! I shall go!"

"Where?"

"To meet them. Do you think that I can remain here whilst he——"

"You must not," said Gertrude, gently, but firmly, rising and standing before him. "You must not. What good would arise from such a proceeding? Herr Rysbrack would insult you; Cora would laugh at you; whilst Leopold—ah, no, my friend, remain here."

This woman's voice was singularly sweet and penetrating. Listening to its pleading was like listening to a strain of half-forgotten music, and, almost without knowing why, her companion answered, softly:

'You are right. You are always right, Gertrude. *He* will be here presently, so I can wait. Gertrude, why did you say that Cora would laugh at me?"

Before the answer could be given, some one knocked loudly at the door, opening it at the same time, and announcing himself good-humoredly.

"It is no less important a personage than I, Emil Von Barnhelm. Fraulein, I salute you. Wallenstein, my comrade, permit me to inquire why you are at home when I and all the rest of the world are abroad?"

"I am waiting," was the significant response.

"For me?"

"No—for supper," said Gertrude, cheerily; and with an anxious glance at Everard, she left the room.

After a silence, Emil, whose honest face wore the most puzzled expression imaginable, spoke again.

"Friend Everard, what is the matter?"

"Nothing," answered the other, briefly.

"Very well. In that case, I will thank you to be more entertaining. I dare not risk an attack of indigestion by sitting down to table with a fellow who looks for all the world as though prison-doors were opening before him. Come, now, we are only four people, who are thrown constantly together—Gertrude, Leopold, you and I. Is it worth while to be miserable, and we only four? Everard, you are not making love to this professor's daughter, are you?"

"No."

"Let us thank heaven for that. Decidedly, she is the ugliest woman I have ever chanced to see."

"She is good."

"True; but the goodness of an angel would not atone for that abominable ugliness. Did ever any one see such a pale face and such hair? Why, it is as red as blood; and her manner of wearing it reminds me of a fiery crown upon a corpse. But she has wonderful eyes, though. Father in heaven, I have never seen such glorious eyes! And such a voice! Hark! there goes the bell. Come, comrade, to supper. We need not wait for Leopold. He is at the tax-collector's, Herr Rysbrack."

"How do you know?" asked Everard, calmly enough.

"Oh, he told me that he was going there. Besides, I met them just now, he looking as proud as Lucifer, and little Cora clinging to his arm, apparently as happy as—as—well, as I was when my old aunt from Dresden paid off

THE COTTAGE BY THE LAKE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 31.

all my debts, and gave me a purse of golden pieces to commence the world afresh with. They did not see me, the turtle-doves! But that old Rysbrack did, and he snarled at me like a tiger-cat. Come; there's the bell again!"

And the light-hearted fellow tripped down the stairs, Wallenstein following slowly.

THE meal passed in comparative silence. When it was over, Everard withdrew without a word. Then Emil drew near the girl whose "abominable ugliness" had so offended him.

In sober truth, he had not exaggerated. Gertrude Van Hoeck was tall and well-formed, but her features were strikingly irregular, and her face colorless as marble, whilst her thick and glossy hair was unmistakably red. Her mouth was large, the crimson lips parting to reveal white, even teeth. But her eyes—ah, they were beautiful! Perfect wells of unfathomable depths. A goddess might have had such eyes—dark-blue, fringed with long, black lashes.

"Fraulein," commenced Emil, in a tone of mystery, "is the old tax-collector's daughter anything to Everard?"

"He loves her," answered Gertrude, simply.

"*Gott in Himmel!* And I have been telling him of Leopold! I never had a suspicion until just now. Well, it cannot be helped; but that Cora is a shameless little coquette! I know her. Are you coming up-stairs, Fraulein?"

"Presently."

When Gertrude entered the parlor, fully an hour later, she found there Everard, Emil and the swarthy, black-browed Viennese, Leopold Tegner. The latter was speaking.

"Yes, Cora is promised to me, and her father sanctions it, for I would woo no woman clandestinely, as I pray you to believe, gentlemen. As for that little flirtation——"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Everard, bitterly. "Does she call it a little flirtation? What? After our stolen interviews—our letters—our——"

"Bah!" interrupted the other. "I snap my fingers at your interviews, and as for the letters, Cora denies ever having written to you."

"Does she? Then her tongue is as false as her heart. Wait; I will prove it."

He rushed from the room, Gertrude calling after him:

"Everard! Everard, be wise!"

But he was deaf to all advice, and presently returned with a small sealed package, which he delivered to Leopold Tegner.

"Give her these," said he; "and tell her that I will read the rest to my comrades in the college-hall to-morrow."

"Everard!" exclaimed the girl, "you must be mad!"

"He has been drinking too much. Don't take them, Tegner. Don't, for God's sake! Can you not see that his head is not clear?" pleaded Emil. But the Viennese only smiled, and put the package in his pocket.

"I shall execute your commission, Herr Wallenstein," said he, very courteously. "And now, gentlemen, good-night."

He had not descended the stairs before Emil broke forth in reproaches.

"A woman's letters! Great heaven, how unmanly! You are not to be trusted. I would not have believed you capable of such an action."

"Everard," said Gertrude, going to him and taking his cold hand in hers, "dear Everard, destroy the rest. Surely you will not do as you threatened."

"I will!" he answered, through his set teeth. "I will! I shall publish them, and then kill her!"

The poor girl sighed heavily and turned away. During the long silence that followed, Gertrude and Emil made a pretense of reading, but Everard still sat by the open window, his face hidden in his hands.

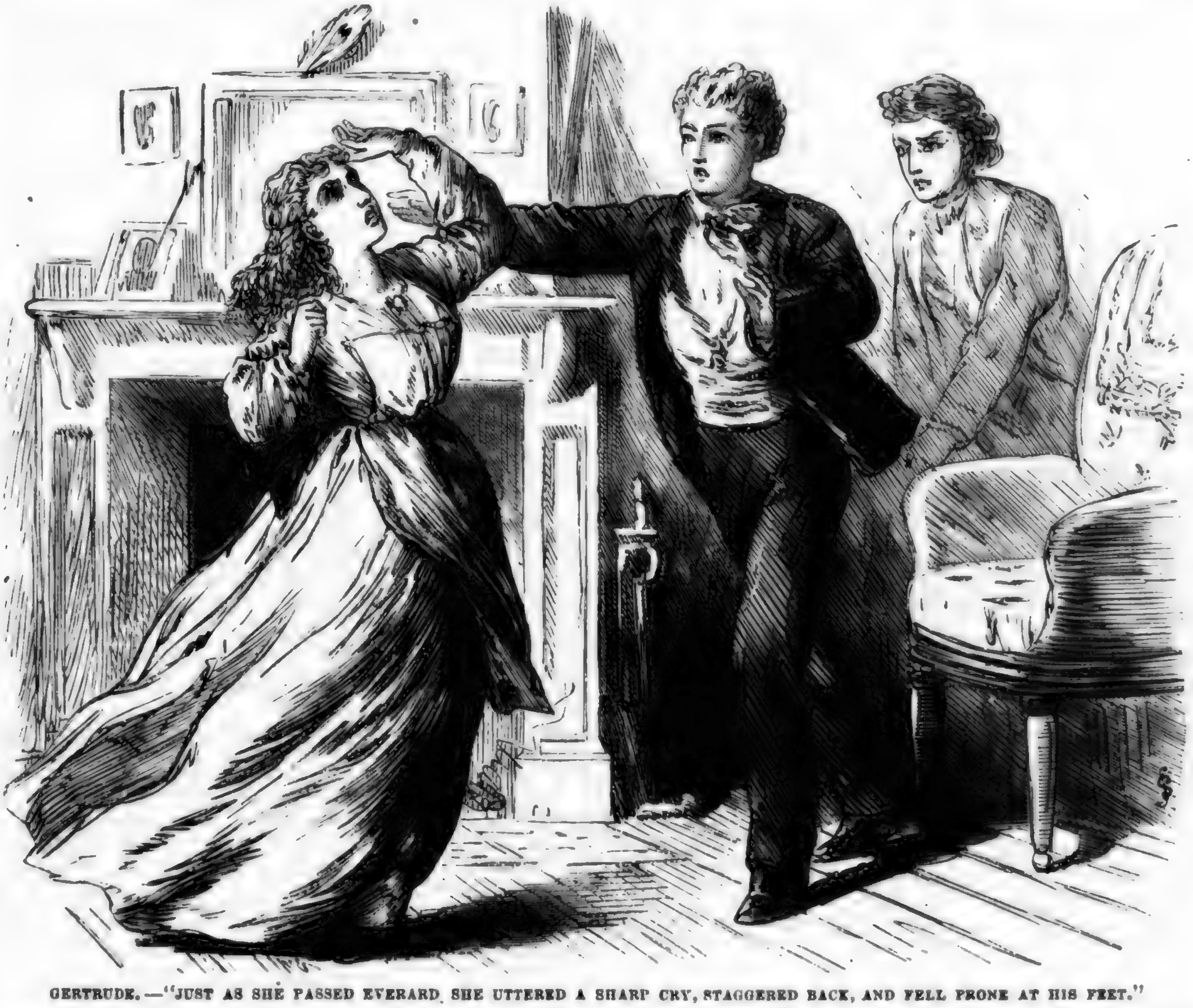
At last Emil closed his book noisily, and tossing it upon the table, arose to leave the room. He had reached the door, when, turning, he saw Gertrude crossing toward the fireplace. Then, just as she passed Everard, she uttered a sharp cry, staggered back, and fell at his feet.

The two men rushed forward. Everard raised the prostrate form in his strong arms, and bore it to a sofa.

"It is nothing," whispered the girl; "nothing."

Was it nothing? There were ugly blood-stains upon the simple gray dress. There was an ugly wound in the slender white throat, and the radiance of those glorious eyes was dimmed.

TAKING A PRISONER.—"HE TURNED AND LEAPED OVER THE BLUFFS."—SEE PAGE 30.



GERTRUDE.—"JUST AS SHE PASSED EVERARD, SHE UTTERED A SHARP CRY, STAGGERED BACK, AND FELL PRONE AT HIS FEET."

"Gertrude!" cried Everard. "Ah, my God, that accursed ball was intended for me! Child! child! you have given your life for mine!"

"I know it," she murmured, "and I am thankful. Next to being loved by you, it is sweet to die for you. And I have loved you so! Ah, death has no terrors. It cannot appall me here, in your arms. Do not be afraid of me, Everard. Do not be angry. I am so ugly—I know—but—I love you—I love—love—ah!"

Then the sweet voice died away; the white lids fell over the glorious eyes, and—*all was ended!*

THE crime remains to this day a wonder and a mystery. Upon an examination of all concerned, public suspicion was chiefly directed to Leopold Tegner; but he showed clean hands by proving that he was elsewhere at the time.

After a decent delay, then, he married the tax-collector's daughter. The day following his wedding he received a doubtful gift—namely, a package of old letters.

"They are," explained the accompanying note, "all that I have ever been favored with by the woman who is now your wife. I had been drinking when I threatened to publish them—a threat which, in saner moments, I never would have made, much less put into execution. That you feared and hated me, was only natural; that you sought to kill me, I firmly believe. Although the law acquits you, I do not; and I take the only revenge in my power—I convince you of what your wife has been to me. If you desire satisfaction, I am at your service. A duel, however, would be unwise, for it would attract attention to the very fact which you, above all others, should seek to conceal, and which I have no desire to make public. Dishonorable as my present action may appear, it is the only one that could possibly content me, for it punishes a creature who is false to her heart's core, and it adds to the self-torture of an assassin."

"You know that I am not a coward," wrote Tegner, in reply, "therefore I do not hesitate to decline a meeting. As a wise man, I desire to avoid scandal; as an innocent man, I laugh at your accusations; and, as an honorable man, I openly avow my fixed intention to deal with impostors according to their deserts."

So matters remained. The old professor died soon after. Then, when his studies were over, Everard quitted Munich. And, in time, Emil became a physician, and Leopold Tegner an official of note. Cora, however, after a few wretchedly unhappy years—how wretchedly unhappy it is not difficult to imagine—died, and was buried, and was mourned as only such pure, good women are.

TWENTY years! A lapse in a lifetime, certainly; yet those years must necessarily pass before we again meet Everard Wallenstein.

A statesman now—grave, as became his three-and-forty years, reserved and haughty, as well befitted the proud position that he had attained. You see, he had not buried his future and its possibilities in Gertrude's untimely grave. When the first great agony of grief was over, he had boldly faced a new life; he had chosen thorny paths wherein to walk, but that sad memory had been to him a moral safeguard ever. When Death laid his icy fingers upon Gertrude's lips, the man who had always passed her by unnoticed would have given his hopes of heaven to have heard again that murmur, "I love you!" When, the night preceding her burial, he stood alone beside her coffin, he could have sworn that he heard her voice—the dead girl's voice—whispering: "*Again! We will meet again!*"

IT was in the Autumn of 1867, and the Baron von Wallenstein was at Dresden. A year never to be forgotten by the good folk of that city, for it marked the occurrence of the greatest scandal that had ever furnished them food for gossip.

The young Countess de Breczin, whose beauty and heartlessness furnished themes for the most extravagant stories, had disappeared. Where, heaven—and a lover, perhaps—only knew.

"Had she a lover?" asked Everard, in the listless way that now marked all his inquiries concerning women.

"A lover!" exclaimed his informant. "Ask, rather, if she had not a score of them. I tell you that she was the most unconscionable of her sex. Ah, well, we shall hear what her husband will say to this proceeding. He is not one patiently to submit to open dishonor."

The next week business called Von Wallenstein to Homburg; and, as chance would have it, one bright morning, soon after his arrival at that place, he found himself in the Rue du Plat d'Etain.

It was scarcely chance, either, for he was on his way to see David Kaufmann, the armorer, whose quaint, many-gabled little house still stands at not a stone's throw from the famous Stag Brewery.

The chirping sparrows in the eaves were recommencing their interminable battles, and the good wives were chatting over their brooms, as Von Wallenstein crossed the armorer's threshold.

A man who had been busy at the other end of the shop now came shuffling forward. It needed but one glance to see that it was David himself, with his long, yellow face, his threadbare hat perched on the back of his gray head, his brown coat, his thin, black-stockinged legs, and his round-toed shoes, fastened with great copper buckles.

The baron was no stranger. He never passed through Homburg without having a word with the old Israelite. So purchases were made, and orders were given, and the buyer was on the point of leaving the place, when, turning once again to speak to David, he beheld something that set his heart throbbing wildly, and sent the blood coursing through his veins with new life.

It was simply a girl leaning over the balustrade of the winding stairs that led into the shop.

A girl with a pale face and crimson lips, and a thick crown of auburn hair.

"Gertrude!" he cried, starting forward.

"Unhappy creature!" exclaimed Kaufmann, at the same moment; then, excitedly, "Go to your chamber. I command you!"

But the girl only smiled, and, tripping lightly down the stairs, approached them. Verily, her presence in that musty den was like a ray of sunshine breaking through the mists of Winter.

"Have no fear," said she; "I will go away, immediately, good uncle."

At the sound of that voice, so low, clear, and singularly sweet, the tears came to Von Wallenstein's eyes.

"Gertrude! Gertrude!" he murmured. "Oh, my God! it cannot be! So long ago—so long! Fraulein!"

"Herr Baron, I listen."

"Oh, Fraulein, I beg your pardon—I——"

"Ask her pardon, indeed!" broke in Kaufmann. "I will not permit it. And her name is not Gertrude, as you mistakenly called her just now, Herr Baron. Her name is Lina, and she is my niece—my dead sister's orphan, whom I have taken as my own child. Indeed, if we had a child of our own, my old wife and I could not love it more dearly. But we ruin her—yes, we ruin you, Lina, by letting you have too much your own way. So go immediately; you are annoying the gentleman."

The girl—she was little else—raised her eyes appealingly to the baron; then, turning away in silence, passed behind the stairs, and disappeared through a small door.

Von Wallenstein still stood like one in a dream. Father in heaven! how like, and yet how unlike! Had he been looking upon a beautiful picture of poor Gertrude van Hoeck?

Presently the Jew's sharp voice aroused his companion.

"Why did you call her Gertrude?"

"Because at first I thought—I thought I saw some one—a Gertrude—who died long ago. I was foolish."

"Who died, eh? Ah, ha! that alters the case. This one is veritable flesh and blood, as I beg you to believe. Pray, how long is it since that lady died?"

"Three-and-twenty years to-day," replied the baron, always in that dreary tone.

"And my Lina is three-and-twenty to-day! Evidently neither one is the other. Come, now, Herr Baron, cheer up! I could box the little fool's ears for having made you doubly unhappy upon this sad anniversary."

"Nay," answered Von Wallenstein, "she has made me very happy."

It was even so. A happiness, as strange as it was new, seemed suddenly to overflow his heart—a happiness that grew with the days, for he could see Lina now; in fact, he saw her always after this. It is true that when his frequent visits to the Rue du Plat d'Etain explained themselves, they were violently opposed by David Kaufmann.

"Why do you come here so often, Herr Baron?" he asked, some months after the first meeting between his niece and the nobleman. "You are always at Homburg now—every few days, at least. Is it for Lina? Well, I can tell you this: you are losing your time. Lina is poor, but she is pure. She remembers her mother's dying counsel; and her mother was like a Hebrew woman of old—she would have stabbed this girl to the heart sooner than have permitted her to live and become a disgrace to her people."

"Nor will she become a disgrace, through me," the baron had answered. "I swear to you, Herr Kaufmann, that I seek to make her my wife!"

"Lord of Israel!" cried David, "my Lina will never marry."

"I doubt that. At all events, I shall ask her now."

Lina was alone in the little parlor, and expecting her visitor. That was evident, for when he appeared upon the threshold, a faint color tinged her white cheeks, and her eyes grew luminous.

"I have been waiting for you!" she cried. "Come!"

Just then the door opened, and David Kaufmann's shaggy head was thrust in.

"Tell the story, Lina," said the intruder. "Tell it before you answer a single question. Mind, I command you to do so."

Then he withdrew, closing the door noiselessly.

"What does he mean?" asked the baron.

"You shall learn. Sit here beside me. No, not one kiss—not one—until afterward. Now listen patiently. I am about to tell you a simple story only—the story of a castaway—a waif brought from a band of gypsies by a great and good lady, who reared the little creature as her

XUM

own. And then the child became a woman and a wife—an unwilling wife, believe me; but she was driven to that sin. So she grew heart-sick and reckless. Can you divine what followed?"

"Almost; she was driven to other sins?"

"She was not!" cried his companion. "She remained pure and true; but he, the wretch whose slave she was, wearied of her, and sought to add murder to the long list of his crimes."

"What did he do?"

"What? Why, this: They were alone together once—his cunning had made the opportunity. Night creeping on, and they alone together upon a jutting cliff, the river running far below. It was so little for him to do—merciful Father! so little! he a strong man, and she a weak, frightened girl. Ah, well, it came—the blow—the fall—down, down into the river—the cold, black water—and then——"

"Not death?" cried her listener.

"No, not death," she answered, wearily. "Through the mercy of God, not death. How it came about she could never tell; it may have been that her very passiveness was her salvation. At all events, when she returned to consciousness, she was lying, drenched and helpless, upon the river-bank. It was night now—a murky, starless night; but this poor outcast, to whom even the waters had refused a resting-place, made her way to a little hut niched in the rocks, not a mile further down the stream. It was old Leah's home; and Leah, widowed, childless, and utterly alone, received the wretched creature with a heavenly charity. They had known each other, you see, and the old Jewess fancied that she had had some cause for gratitude. And so, throughout the weary illness that followed, Leah watched, Leah tended, and Leah brought the sufferer back to life and health again. Then, when all danger was over, they came together to Homburg, the good Samaritan telling the same story on the way that she had told to the few old crones who came to gossip with her in her lonely hut.

"'That is David Kaufmann's niece,' she would say—'David Kaufmann, the armorer of Homburg. She has been staying with me, and she is ill; so I am about taking her back to my old friend and his good wife.'

"And they went to the armorer—it was the girl's wish. David's wife had been her foster-mother. David and his wife were father and mother to her now. They were only Jews, you see, but their charity was God-like."

"Where was the great lady who had given her that good husband?"

"Dead."

"And the good husband?"

"He lives. People pitied him. What could they do but pity an honest man whom a dishonest woman had brought to shame? It was thus he told it—she had gone from him and to another. So he declared, and so the world believed."

"She was dishonest, then?"

"As she hopes for mercy, *no!*"

A silence; then Von Wallenstein spoke:

"That is all; and you are the Countess de Breczin?"

"I am the Countess de Breczin."

"Beautiful—heartless—lovers by the score," he murmured.

She caught the words, and understood them, for a vivid flush stained her cheeks; but she said nothing, just raised her eyes to his, and her gaze was fearless.

"Lovers by the score," he repeated. "Some one told me that of you. Well, it is false! They did not know you as I do, those infamous scandal-mongers who repeated such vile accusations. It is false, I repeat; and Lina—Lina, *I love you!* Come to me, *I love you!*"

"I knew it!" she whispered—"I knew it!"

She was in his arms now, her head upon his breast.

"Ay, but you do not know why, my child."

"Tell me."

"Yes, it is only right. Lina, you are like one who was dear to me, and who died years ago."

"And I am like her?"

"Yes, and no. You are beautiful; she was not."

"And she died for you?"

"I did not say that."

"There was no need—*I knew it!* Wait!" she cried, drawing away from him, her tones sharp with a terrible agony, her face deathly. "Wait! I can tell you all. A weary life—a hopeless love—a breaking heart—and then death, death—*death for you!*"

There was something positively appalling in the slow and solemn utterance of the last words. As they passed her lips, she staggered back to the window, supporting herself against the projecting sill.

"See!" she gasped, tearing the muslin kerchief from her neck. "It was like this—in the night—standing as I stand now—and then—a bullet cutting through the darkness. Ah, I feel it now! I feel it now! Everard! for the love of heaven!"

With a cry of horror the frightened man caught her in his arms—with a cry of horror, *for his fascinated gaze was riveted upon a crimson mark that marred the beauty of her slender throat.*

The terror of that moment was awful. Von Wallenstein's heart beat hard and fast, but the chill of death seemed to creep into his veins.

"Lina!" he cried, "in God's name, tell me, what does this mean?"

"I cannot tell you. I only know that I have lived through it all. I only know that with my womanhood came dreams. Will you call them dreams? A past that had, and yet had not, been *my* past, unfolded itself to me. I was young—I seemed old. No man had ever spoken to me of love, and yet I loved a man whom I had never seen. I waited, and he is here. Ah, hope of my heart, I knew that you would come! I knew it, for God is good if we be but patient!"

"Lina!"

"Call me Gertrude; it is my name."

"It is yours, and it was hers."

"Nay," she said, very gravely, "it was mine then, and it is mine now!"

"And the soul that was hers then is yours now?"

"Everard, dear Everard! you are wiser than I, yet you do not mock me."

"I dare not," he answered, solemnly. "There is in this the hand of a Wiser than you or I."

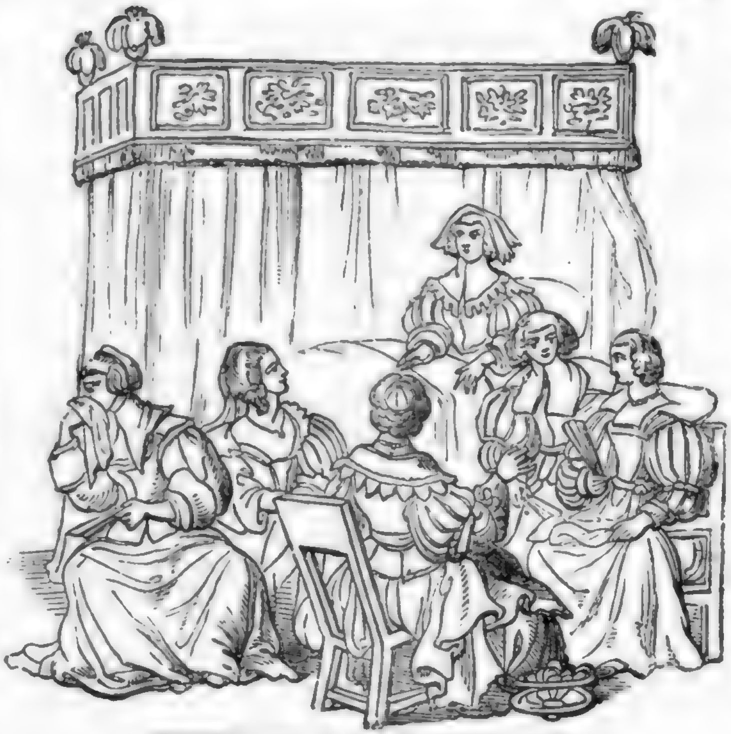
"And you love *me* now?"

"I love *you*, Gertrude."

It was only two years ago that the most excellent the Count de Breczin met with a horrible fate. He was thrown from his horse whilst hunting, and his mangled corpse was found amid the rocks on the banks of the same turbid stream that had closed above his victim.

The old house at Munich—the house in the Square of the Acacias—has been torn down and rebuilt—a caprice of the Baron Von Wallenstein, who bought it soon after his marriage with the adopted daughter of David Kaufmann, the armorer of Homburg.

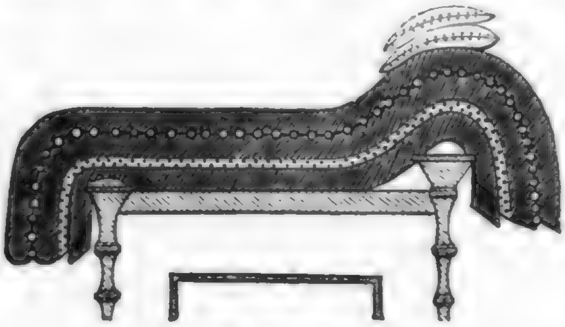
GOING TO BED.



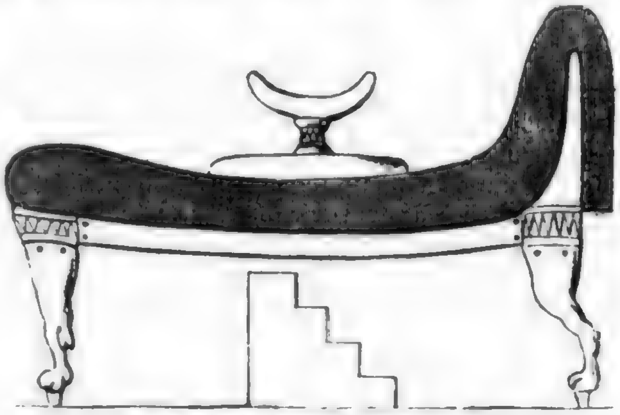
A BEDROOM PARTY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

GOING to bed seems simple enough. Every nation on earth tries to make itself comfortable in bed, but it is curious to see in how many different ways they do it. We take our comfort in loose wrappers, soft beds, fresh sheets and blankets, while an Oriental lies down in his clothes wherever he happens to be when he feels sleepy. He would think our way tiresome and fussy, while we think his way extremely uncomfortable, even with the advantage of loose garments.

The Esquimaux, who sleeps on the snow, and the Hindoo, who lies on the bare ground before his door, would equally dislike each other's way of going to bed. Yet, after all, it is very much a matter of climate. A closely curtained bed would be an oven in India, and a bed on the damp ground one's death-warrant in England.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BED.



AN EGYPTIAN COUCH AND PILLOW.

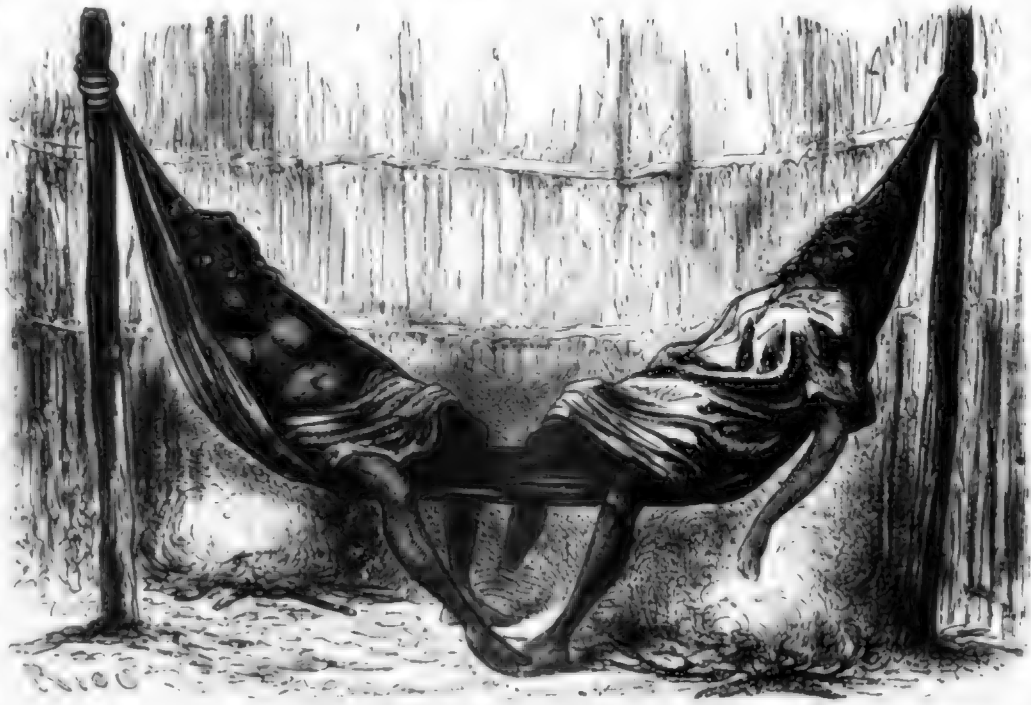
Let us see how different people make themselves comfortable in bed. The French sleep in beds wide enough for two, and open to the air like ours, though in old times they were built down to the floor, and had drawers, presses, and other safe places under the sleeper.

The Germans have only single beds, with feathers to lie on and feathers to cover them, sleeping between two beds, in fact.

The Laplander sleeps in all his fur clothes, cap, boots, mittens and all. For a bed he has either layers of reindeer-moss, which he crawls between, or a bag of hay, which he gets into, thus making it do for covering as well as bed. A tent full of big bags with fur-clad heads must be a curious sight.

The Norwegian, and also the Scotch peasant, open sliding-doors in the sides of their houses and disclose a set of shelves, on which the family sleep.

The Russian contents himself on a sofa or lounge, shut off from his parlor by a screen, where, wrapped in his pelisse, with all his clothes on, he sleeps the night away.

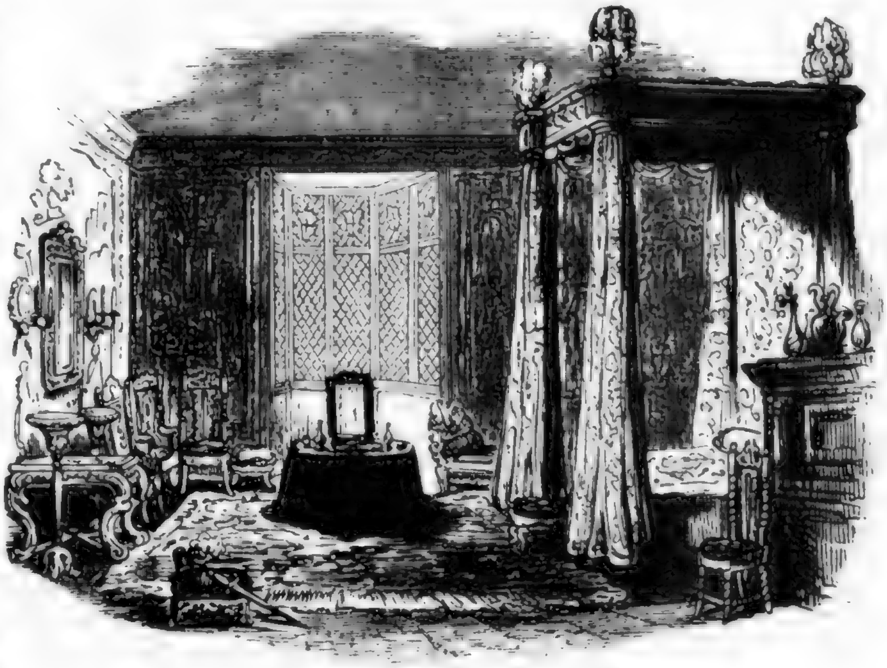


THE BED OF THE CHONTAQUIROS INDIANS.

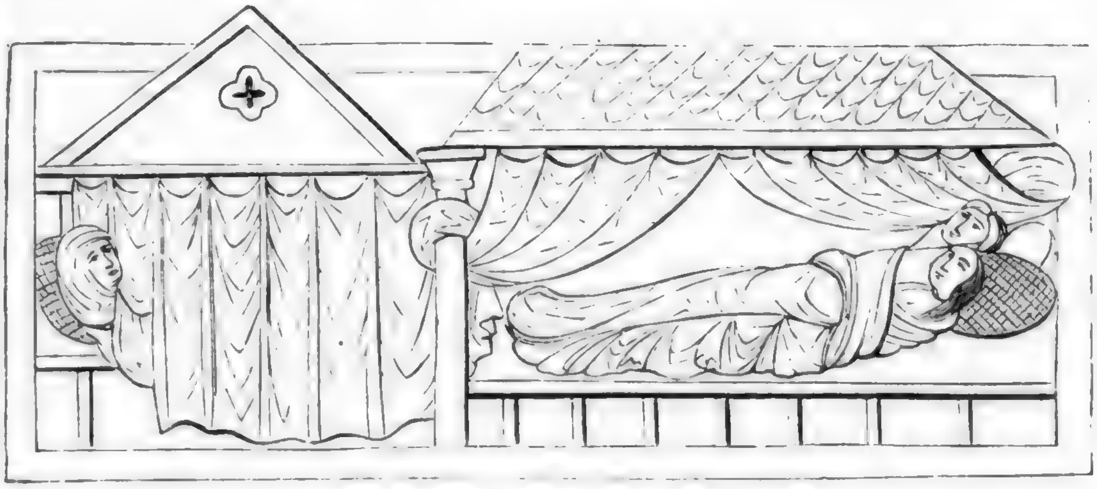
Years ago the rich people in England slept in high, broad bedsteads, entirely surrounded by heavy curtains of silk or damask, which made each bed a room by itself. Properly furnished, these much-prized pieces of furniture cost large sums of money. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, it is said, there were in use immense bedsteads ten or twelve feet square, large enough to hold a whole family, though we do not know that they were intended for that. The famous great bed of Ware is a relic of these. They were so expensive that they were bequeathed by will. They were covered with velvet, embroidery and carving; but the servants of the Queen's household slept in the kitchen on bundles of straw; and none, from the highest to the lowest, possessed the luxury of a night-dress.

Cradles, or baby-bedsteads, have had many fashions in England. The first we read of were shaped like a boat or a shield, possibly because the convenience of either of these articles to lay baby in first suggested the idea of a rocking-bed for the little ones. There are two old cradles still preserved in England: that of Henry V., a low box suspended on carved ends, which had carved doves at the top; and that of Queen Bess, which is a very fine affair, made of oak, carved and inlaid and adorned with silver and gold.

Turn now to Asia. The Syrian sleeps on the roof of his house, which is the one comfortable place in a warm night, or in any room he fancies. He needs only a thin mattress, a pillow and blanket, which bedding is shut up in a closet all day.



AN ENGLISH BEDROOM IN THE TIME OF JAMES I.



AN ANGLO-SAXON BED.

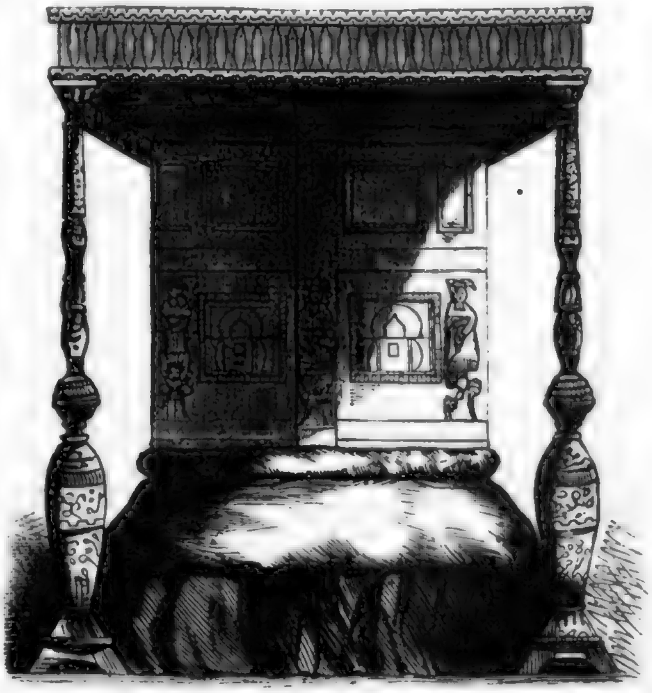
The traveling Turk, when fatigued with his journey, buries himself up to the chin in soft earth, and sleeps in peace without turning over.

The rich East Indian rests on a cool bed of bamboo, fanned all night by a wooden fan suspended over his bed and worked by servants outside, while his poor neighbor lies on the ground in front of his own door, without bedding or pillow, and without removing his clothes.

The Japanese sleeps on a straw mat on the floor, with a wooden rocker for a pillow, on which he rocks himself to sleep.

The Chinese traveler sleeps on a shelf of brick, warmed by a fire under it. This shelf is as long as the room, and wide enough for persons to lie side by side, heads or feet to the wall. Each traveler wraps himself in his own blanket and stretches himself on the common bed, and one after another they fill in, till often a hotel bed is packed from one end to the other.

There are other kinds of beds in China. The poor man, who lives in a boat on the river, pulls out a sort of drawer from the side of the boat, in which he sleeps. The poor of the cities go in crowds to a house called "The House of Hen's Feathers," where, for a very small piece of money—much less than a cent—they can hire sleeping-room in a feather-bed with a warm cover over them. The way of it is this: The whole floor of a large room is covered with feathers, on which the people lie down, when a large cover the size of the room is let down from the wall



AN ENGLISH BEDSTEAD, IN THE TIME OF HENRY III.

to cover them all. At intervals in the cover are holes, and each man puts his head through one of them so as not to smother. In the morning the cover is drawn up to the wall by pulleys, and the lodgers start out to get their breakfast.

The reason for this strange covering is that the proprietor of the house found it impossible to prevent his guests from carrying off their quilts when they were of ordinary size.

In America the Esquimaux makes his bed on a bank of snow in his snow-hut, and, wrapped in his furs, sleeps soundly; while the native of the tropics swings luxuriously in a hammock hung between two trees, or, if mosquitoes are thick, he buries himself under several inches of sand, covering his face with a handkerchief.

In our own country we have several kinds of beds besides, the ordinary French bedstead, with its spring-bed and hair-mattress. We have iron-bedsteads for tents and hospitals, cot-bedsteads for a rush of guests at a hotel, trundle-beds for little folks in houses of small rooms, and air and water beds for illness, besides sofa-beds and shut-up-beds in general.

We need not look in Africa for beds. I suppose there is scarcely a bedstead from Cairo to Cape Town. Those Africans who wear clothes and are civilized sleep on mats and couches, and the wild African of the interior sleeps in the dust or ashes to protect himself from insects, or on the bare ground beside his dogs or pigs.

The ancients lavished more expense upon their beds than their descendants. The Jews of old slept upon beds of carved ivory (when they were rich enough), with hangings of fine linen, and the king had gold and silver, with hangings of purple.

The ancient Greeks had elegant open couches, shaped like our modern lounges, with one end curved over. They were made of precious woods, carved, and richly adorned with silver, gold and amber, and covered with furs and woolen blankets. They had also footstools before them, but no footboards. Their cradles were at first made of basket-work, shaped like a shoe, with handles on each side, but later they became much like ours.

The ancient Romans, in addition to these luxuries, had valances hanging to the floor, and ivory or metal feet to the bedsteads. They had also canopies to protect them from dust, and mattresses stuffed with fragrant herbs, or, later, with wool or feathers. Their counterpanes were often embroidered with gold, and the back side and the foot of the bedstead had a board or low back, leaving only the front open. A picture of a bedstead found in Pompeii, however, is almost exactly like a common French bedstead of to-day.

Ancient Egyptian couches were shaped like those of Greece, but had the head and tail of some animal carved on the ends of the headboard, and legs and feet of the same animal to support it.

Let us end our talk about going to bed with an old English rule, which is as good now as ever: "Never go to bed with cold feet or a cold heart."

TAKING A PRISONER.

Previous to the celebrated victory of General Wayne over the formidable confederation of Indians, and while the two forces were within a few miles of each other, the American commander sent out two of his scouts, with instructions to bring in a prisoner.

Now, as the Indians also kept their vigilant spies constantly hovering on the outskirts of the army, it will be seen that this was an undertaking which, besides the great danger attending it, required on the part of those attempting the feat an unusual amount of skill, daring and coolness in the hour of peril.

Hugh and George Ferrington, two brothers, were the rangers selected for this exciting duty; and, not forgetting the other forest heroes whose connection with this campaign has rendered their names historical, two better spirits could not have been chosen. Both were experienced hunters, who had been engaged in affrays with the Indians on the frontier for over a score of years, and each was in the prime of life, lithe and muscular, of unquestioned bravery, and with a fleetness of foot seldom equaled.

It was early in the day that they set out, so that they had plenty of time for the performance of their duty. For several hours they sped as noiselessly as shadows through the forest, when they reached the banks of a comparatively small river. It was upon the opposite side of this that they expected to secure their prisoner.

After consulting for a few moments, it was agreed that Hugh should cross the stream and reconnoitre the opposite side, and, in case matters looked favorable, return to the bank and signal for his brother to join him. If he deemed it advisable to return, he was to do so, and continue the hunt upon the other side.

This much agreed upon, Hugh strapped his rifle to his back, first protecting it in such a manner that the water could not injure the charge, when, striking boldly out, he swam to the opposite shore, striking it just below a high and precipitous bluff.

It seems singular that the brothers should have separated in this manner, and allowed a broad stream to divide them, when each knew he was in the most dangerous part of the country. What causes influenced them, we are unable to tell; but causes they must have had, for it is not to be supposed that two such veteran rangers would have taken such a step unless they possessed good reasons for doing so.

After ascending the river-bank, Hugh struck into the woods, and pursued his way with the most studied stealth and caution. He had gone but little over a furlong when he came upon a solitary Indian, who sat nodding over a small fire. The ranger's heart beat high as his eyes rested upon the savage, and instead of returning for his comrade, he determined to secure him alone.

To assure himself that there was no trap into which he could fall, he made a complete circuit around the fire, the result of which was the certainty that the drowsy Indian was indeed alone. Hugh could have easily shot him, as he sat with his head nodding forward, but his instructions were to bring in a prisoner, and he made his preparations accordingly.

He had shifted his position so as to get behind the savage, and he now commenced approaching him as carefully and stealthily as the panther steals upon his prey. When within a few rods he sank to the earth as the Indian brought his head up with a jerk, and made a spasmodic effort to cast off his drowsiness; but the hand of sleep was too heavy, and he succumbed to it and commenced nodding as before.

The ranger arose and resumed his approach as before. He was within fifty feet, when, to his extreme chagrin, he pressed upon a rotten twig, which snapped in two. The Indian instantly became bolt upright, and turned his alarmed gaze behind him. As he saw the crouching form of the ranger, he sprang to his feet with a yell, and darted off as fast as his legs could carry him. He ran with such fleetness, and dodged hither and thither behind the trees with such dexterity, that, had the hunter desired to do so,

XUM

he could not have brought him down with his gun. He therefore made no attempt, but concentrated all his strength in the one effort to overtake and capture him.

The occurrences that now took place were certainly curious and unaccountable. The Indian had run but a short distance when, to the surprise of his pursuer, a second one sprang from behind a tree and joined him. A few rods farther, a third did the same; and, finally, a fourth one seemed to rise from the ground, and the whole four sped away as if running from a legion of their foes. Four armed Indians fleeing before one white man! It was the easiest thing in the world for them to stop, and, taking their position behind the trees, cut him off in a few minutes.

What, therefore, meant this strange condition of affairs? It certainly could not be fear that caused the savages to run.

"Shoot me, that's a little too much," thought Hugh. "If I keep on, I'll have the whole tribe running before me, and will follow 'em to destruction!"

He halted, turned, and fled himself. Almost at the same moment the Indians became aware of it, and commenced the pursuit, spreading out so as to compel him to run in a straight line. By doing this they hoped to drive him to the river, where they felt sure of capturing him.

Great as was the fleetness of the ranger, it was the most he could do to hold his own with his pursuers. It was not until he came within sight of the river that he realized the strait in which he had placed himself. But it was too late to hesitate. He was "outflanked," and could only run directly forward, without turning to the right or left.

On he went, straight toward the river. As he reached it he stopped and waited for his pursuers. In a moment they appeared, when he raised his rifle, shot the foremost, and then, throwing the weapon from him, turned and leaped over the bluffs!

The latter were about thirty feet in height, so that he ran little risk of injury from the leap itself. Fortunately, the water was quite deep, and when he touched bottom with his feet, it was so lightly that it only served to help him to the surface again. He immediately swam for the opposite shore, and had taken but a stroke or two when the three Indians appeared on the bluff; but they, probably in the expectation of "taking a prisoner," refrained from firing, and, running a short distance down the bank of the stream, plunged in and struck out toward him.

The ranger's struggles were desperate, but the Indians gained rapidly upon him, and, finding that he would be surely overtaken, he seized a floating log, and, getting astride of it, drew his knife, prepared to defend himself against them all.

Hugh held the weapon so that it could not be seen, and the foremost savage approached him without hesitation, evidently believing him entirely unarmed. As he came up he placed his hand on the log, and, rising half his length out of the water, he made a grasp at the throat of Ferrington. As quick as lightning the knife of the latter was plunged into his throat, and he fell backward and sank out of sight.

By this time the other two had come up, but, seeing the fate of their comrade, held back until they could take him at disadvantage.

At this juncture the ranger heard the halloo of his brother on the shore, and called out to him to fire at the head of one of the Indians in the water. He did so, but instead of hitting him, struck and badly wounded the left hand of Hugh himself. Nothing discouraged, the latter called out to him to reload, and to take better aim next time, while he, by menacing his enemies, kept them off from him. The aim this time was careful and deliberate, and was fatal to one of the savages. The remaining one, at this, turned and swam for the shore, while the scout, from his disabled hand, was prevented from following him. There being no further danger, he made his way to land and joined his brother.

THE COTTAGE BY THE LAKE.

In my dainty little cottage,
With my darling little wife,
How sweetly pass the happy days,
The golden hours of life!
How sunrise, noon and evening,
Enchanted come and go!
How Time's serene, soft wavelets
In happy murmurs flow!

The sparkling lake's blue waters
Float past the cottage door,
And o'er its moss-grown roof-tree
The blithe, swift song-birds soar!
The trees around us swaying,
Harmonious numbers make;
Peace dwells with love united
In my cottage by the lake.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

MRS. ROCHESTER was not a reasonable person: she was capricious, and a coquette; besides, since the truth must be told, she was romantic. Her eight years of married life had been eight years of wretchedness unutterable.

John Rochester—a man old enough to have been her grandfather—had been cruel and exacting—a master, not a husband. Jealous, too—that, of course.

"A pretty life you lead me!" he would snarl. "I am sick of my bargain! You move about like a ghost—an ugly, bad-tempered ghost! You were fresh and good-looking when I picked you up. Where are your good looks and your freshness gone, I ask? You are as white as the dead, and dumb as the dead, too. If you didn't intend to be happy, why did you marry me? Will you tell me that, madame?"

"I married you because you had wealth. I was poor, and—a coward."

"My God!" he cried, in well-affected horror. "What! is it possible that I have been trusting myself all these years to the mercy of a wretch who only married me for my money? Put faith in a woman after that! Where are you going? Come back, Rose!—Mrs. Rosamond Rochester, I say!"

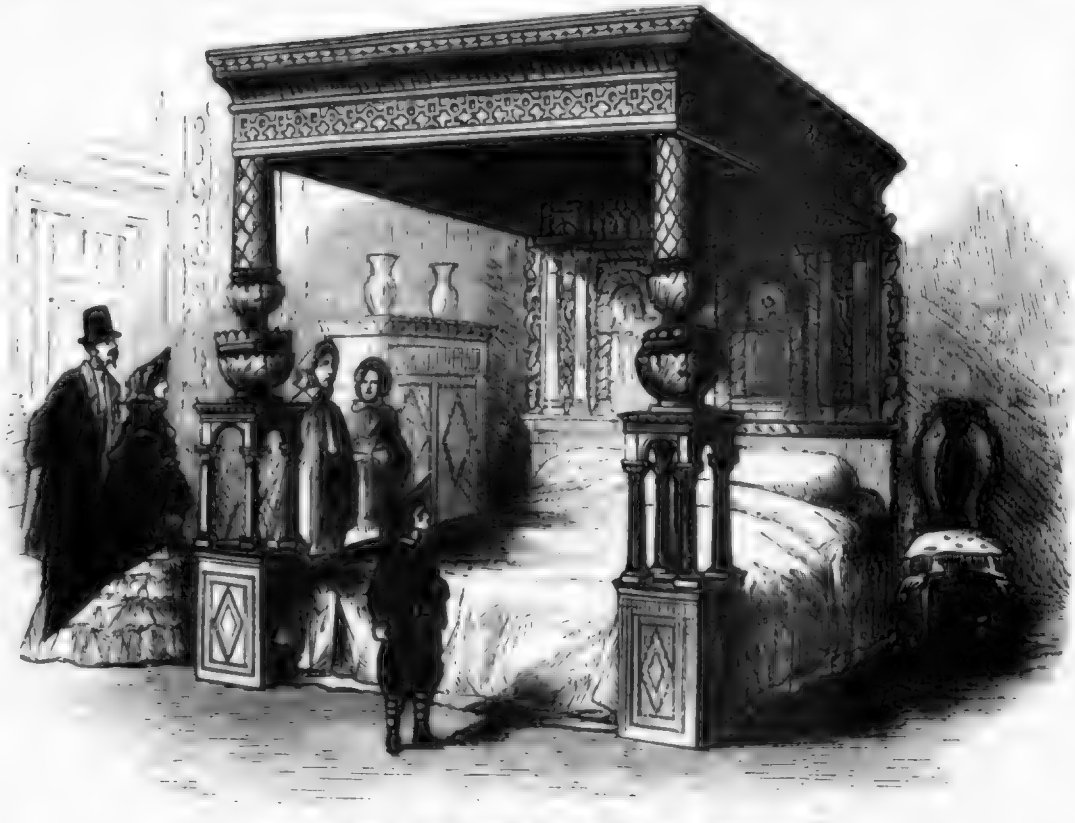
But Mrs. Rosamond Rochester was gone.

"Ah, it has come to this, then, has it?" the husband shrieked after her. "Open defiance, eh? And you married me because poverty and cowardice drove you to it, eh? We'll see where they may drive you yet. I swear that no penny of mine shall find its way into your purse. You fancy yourself secure. Well, I'll die a beggar! I'll give, and I'll squander—I'll burn and I'll kill, before you should have the wherewithal to buy a crust when I am gone—curse you!"

And he meant all that he said.

"Do you ride over and fetch Lawyer Fields to me as soon as your sleepy eyes are open in the morning. Do you

XUM



GOING TO BED.— THE GREAT BED OF WARE.— SEE PAGE 28.

hear, you scoundrel?" had been his good-night roar to that much-enduring creature, his own servant.

But when morning came, Lawyer Fields was not fetched; he was not needed. Age, and infirmities, and ungovernable rage had done their work. John Rochester was found dead in his bed.

Before the first year of mourning was well over, there came a suitor to madame's door; but the beauty in black was inexorable.

"I really have no desire to marry; least of all——"

Here she paused, confusedly; but the gentleman calmly finished the sentence for her.

"Least of all to marry me. That is what you mean, eh?"

"Oh, Mr. Wyvern, I am sure not!" she cried.

"Yes, you do. I understand it all. You fancy that I have forgotten that I am old and little and hideously ugly. If you were truthful, now, you would acknowledge that in your soul you are wondering at my temerity in daring to aspire to one so young and charming as yourself. But remember, my dear, that my love is not of yesterday. Even as John Rochester's wife did I adore you. He is gone—let me be all to you, *Rosamond!*"

Now, having finally buried her Blue Beard, this fortunate Fatima was in no haste to enthrone his successor.

"I could not think of it," she protested—"really and truly, I could not."

Mr. Wyvern's sharp black eyes detected the shudder which accompanied this response, and he understood it.

"If I was only young and handsome!" he sighed.

"Not if you were as handsome as the prince in a fairy-tale. So, there, now!"

"But I am rich, sweet Rosamond. I could gratify——"

Just here she interrupted him, with hands uplifted, and a wild horror in her voice.

"Great heaven!" she cried; "not all the wealth of the wide world could tempt me to sell myself again!"

The following Winter Mrs. Rochester went abroad. Acting with all the independence of a woman of wealth and position, she resolved to enjoy her new-found liberty and travel alone; therefore, she adroitly declined all offers of companionship.

"Those stupid people might be the death of me," she said to herself. "I would go mad if I were forced to chain my will to their caprices; I, who am free—free—free—thank heaven!"

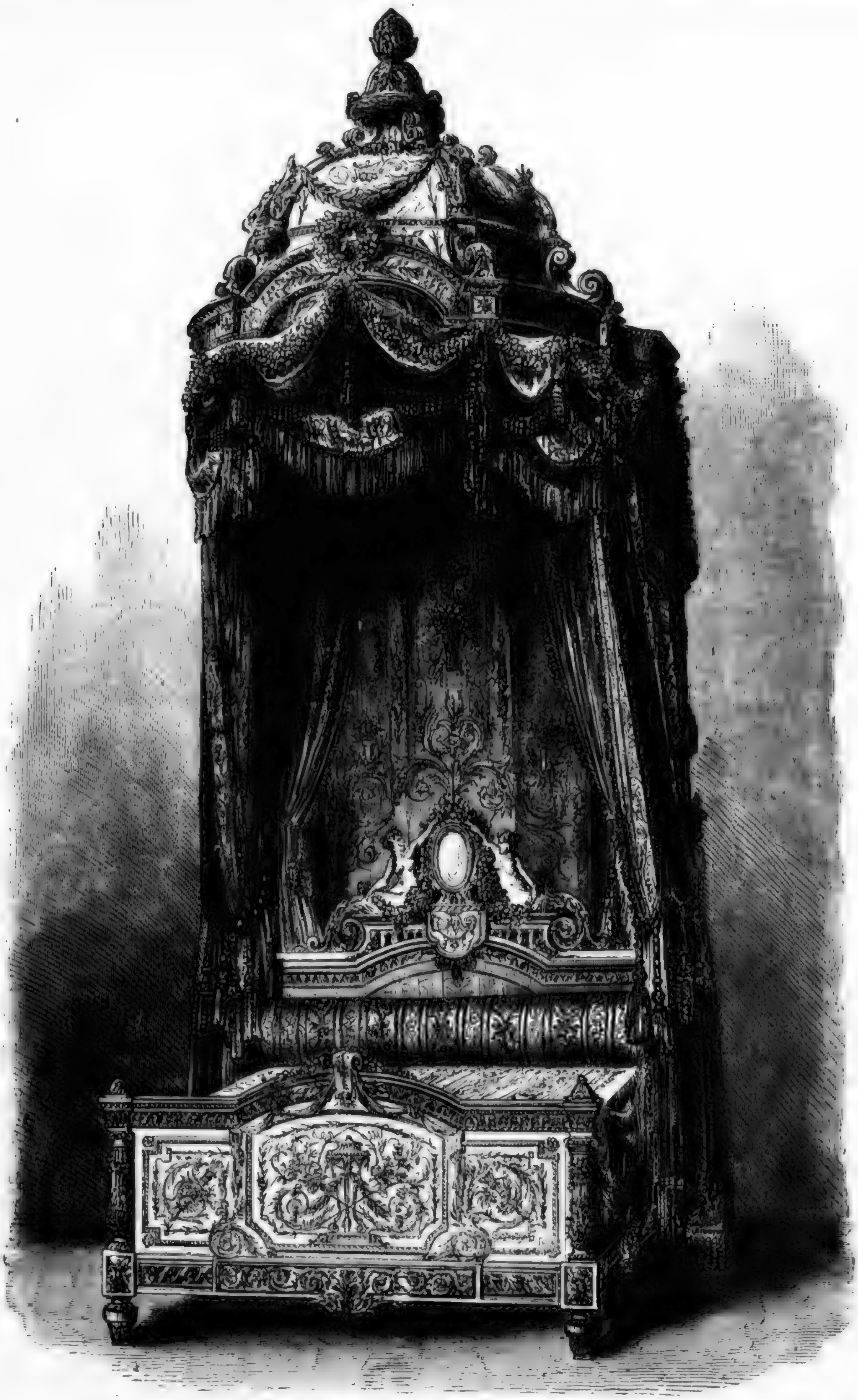
So, with a maid and courier, she took her departure.

Utterly disregarding all letters and friendly invitations, our widow lived very quietly at Vienna—not too retired, however. She might have been seen at times, either at the theatre or else riding; but never with any one except her maid, Hester.

Said this Hester to her one evening:

"Their Vienna is a wonderful fine city, that I must confess. Still, I'm bound to say that I prefer Paris. Nothing is tedious there, not even religion. I was fairly tired out in church to-day. Such falling upon one's knees before an

BRICK BEDSTEAD IN A CHINESE INN.



A FRENCH BEDSTEAD—STYLE OF LOUIS XVI.

Emperor I never heard tell of. He is handsome, though. Did you notice that, madame?"

"Yes," answered madame, very softly, and without looking up.

"As for the Empress," continued critical Hester, "I do not admire her. She may be good, and all that, but—well, I was disappointed in her. You are far more beautiful, my dear."

This assurance was received as it was uttered—for the truth. Mrs. Rochester was a good mistress, and this hard-featured, warm-hearted creature, who had served her for years, fairly adored her.

That night, when the widow was alone, she took from her bosom a small miniature, the likeness of a handsome, fair-haired man. Long did she gaze—long and tenderly; then, as if impelled by some subtle magnetism, her eager eyes never quitting the blue eyes of the picture, her head sank slowly until her lips touched the painted ivory. She started up with a great cry.

"I am mad!" she moaned—"mad and wicked—beyond redemption! I am walking deliberately to sin and shame—to sin and shame!" she repeated. Then pausing in her restless pacing to and fro, she threw back her beautiful head defiantly. "Only that? Why, were it to *death* I would not care, for I love him—I love him!"

LEARN her folly, then judge her. The man whom she loved, the man whose image had rested for months next her heart, was no other than Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria!

She had created a paradise of romance, and *he* was the god. She would worship in her own way. Her reward must come. He should see her, smile upon her, and——

"But that is all," she never failed to repeat to herself. "I ask no more—a smile; it is so little!"

Seeking for that little, the infatuated creature periled a great deal: for it soon became a notorious fact that whenever his Majesty appeared in public, two women might be remarked as well. They were always alone together—the one, young, dazzlingly beautiful and magnificently attired; the other, elderly, plain and quiet—Mrs. Rochester and Hester.

It is not difficult to understand that this devotion speedily became a matter of comment, and at last a subject of scandal. There were, too, certain whisperings—court gossip, indeed. Then it became a certainty that the American had taken a pretty little place just beyond the city, and that her sole visitor was his Imperial Majesty of Austria.

Once Hester came home to her mistress, looking very pale and frightened.

"Madame," she cried, "who do you suppose I have just seen?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Wyvern!"

"Hester!" exclaimed Mrs. Rochester, blanching visibly.

"As true as I live, I was coming from the town, when a carriage passed me, not far from here. I looked up thoughtlessly, and who should my two eyes fall upon but that piece of a man! He drew back, but, fast as they were going, I saw him."

"Nonsense!" laughed her mistress. "What would the little wretch be doing here? Don't be imaginative, Hester."

"I'm not imaginative; I saw him," persisted Hester. "Still, time will show."

And time did show—her mistake. Nothing more was heard of the discarded suitor.

IT was one morning in early June of the year 18—, that Mrs. Rochester and Hester were together in the park of the Summer Palace—in that part, of course, which is always open to the public. They were not there for the first time. The beauty of the spot had often charmed the widow. She might enjoy that, yet still, in the vast domain, be as solitary as she pleased.

They had been wandering listlessly, never speaking. Presently madame, who had led the way into a densely shaded path, uttered a little exclamation, and paused.

A sharp turn had brought her face to face with a tall, pale woman, and, for the first time in her life, a singular fear seemed to paralyze her heart, as it well might do, for there, in the narrow way, stood the Empress.

For a moment only did the eyes of the two women meet, but that moment decided a destiny. A painful souvenir had passed like a lightning flash through the royal mind. This pallid creature was the radiant beauty whose name and fame had long since reached her Majesty. She had seen this thing all flushed and happy. It was the adventuress—her rival!

As for Mrs. Rochester, she remained quite still, her hand upon her heart, a dumb defiance blazing in her great blue eyes.

Only for a moment—then her Majesty, with a haughty indifference, passed her enemy.

That evening a stranger made his bow in Mrs. Rochester's presence. He was tall and thin, with a long, pointed mustache and keen gray eyes. Waiving ceremony, he briefly and clearly announced his mission. He came, he said, from those in power, and his purpose was to suggest to madame the propriety of an immediate departure. But, very naturally, madame protested.

"Do I hear aright?" she cried, in blank amazement. "I must quit Vienna?"

"Madame does not hear aright," corrected her visitor. "She is not requested to quit the capital only, but the empire."

"Will you be good enough to explain?"

"I have nothing to do with explanations," was the candid avowal. "I receive orders, and I obey them; I give orders, and I exact obedience."

"At least, name my accuser—my wrong-doing?"

"I cannot."

"Then," said the widow, speaking slowly through her set teeth, "take back this answer to your masters: I am an American. I am free. I act as I please. I shall quit your hospitable land when it suits me to do so, and not before. In the meantime, I shall complain."

A half-smile curved the thin lips of the man in black.

"To whom, pray?" he asked.

"To the Emperor!" cried madame, boldly.

"You forget; his Majesty is absent."

"To my minister, then."

"This affair does not concern the minister; besides"—consulting his watch—"you will scarcely have the time. In fact, we have but a half-hour before us, so, if you please, prepare for your journey."

What could she do? Remonstrances, anger, tears, all were unavailing.

"Show me some paper, some written authority for this tyranny," she pleaded.

"Written authority? Nay, that is not necessary. As to your complaints"—with an expressive shrug—"indeed, dear lady, you forget that you will never be allowed to make them here."

A stormy scene ensued; yet at the end of it Mrs. Rochester and Hester quitted their home with the sharp-eyed man in black; and this watchful escort remained with them until, a tedious flight ended, they reached Trieste; then he gave this as a bit of friendly advice:

"Never return. Do not trust to your rights as an American—that is madness. Go, and tempt Providence no more. Another offense might end awkwardly. As it is, you have cause to be thankful; you have made a fortunate escape. Adieu, dear lady."

XUM

In such a simple, yet effective, manner, was that little matter managed.

"I'm sure I always hated the place, so they've done me a great kindness, if they only knew it," thought Hester; but the careful creature deemed it prudent to look frightened and utterly woe-begone.

"Never mind," was the widow's mental comment, "I shall out-manœuvre them yet. They do not rule in Egypt."

* * * * * *

THE sudden sunrise had burst upon her there; the quick twilight had found her there, silent and thoughtful, listlessly watching the silver stream as it glided under the low lateen-winged sail.

Hester sat near her upon the low divan, yet for hours neither had broken the silence, until at last the woman spoke.

"When we reach Cairo, ma'am, I suppose that we'll rest for a while?"

"To-morrow will decide," the mistress answered, dreamily. "To-morrow will decide—ah, so much!" This in a low murmur, and with a yearning pathos threading the tones.

They had been passing between stupendous banks of high-piled rocks. Now an abrupt curve in their course gave them flat, far-reaching stretches of yellow sand, with only here and there a patch of living green.

"Great heaven!" moaned Hester, "what utter loneliness! To think that we should have come so far for the sake of such a sight as this!"

Mrs. Rochester smiled serenely.

"Wait," she said, "wait until to-morrow. Have patience until then, my poor girl."

A few moments later, Hester, who had gone below, came running back, all in a flutter of excitement.

"Mrs. Rochester," she whispered, "who do you suppose I've seen?"

"I have no idea."

"Why, Mr. Wyvern!"

Mrs. Rochester looked up quickly, her face white and scared.

"You are dreaming again," she laughed, uneasily.

"Not I," protested the other. "I am awake, be sure. I came upon him unexpectedly. The little wretch was leaning over the side, smoking. When he saw me he only grinned hideously, but never spoke. As for me, you might have knocked me down with a straw. How I got away is a blessed mystery; but this I know, I didn't wait, I ran."

"It must be a mistake, Hester."

No mistake now, for as she spoke Mr. Archibald Wyvern's clumsy form presented itself not fifteen paces from them.

Mrs. Rochester shuddered and turned away. As her head sank upon her hand, some one approached. It was a man who had been sitting near her. Quite an ordinary-looking person, with no peculiarities of manner or appearance to distinguish him from the hundred other traveling companions. His English was excellent, too, and his address that of a man of the world.

"Pardon me. Are you ill, madame? Can I be of service?"

No, madame was not ill, she thanked him, only fatigued.

Fatigued! And no wonder, for her humble servant, Captain Paul Braunsberg, had remarked that madame and her maid were quite alone, consequently they were annoyed by the many little cares of the voyage, and if madame would condescend to trust herself to Captain Paul, senior officer in the service of his Most Gracious Majesty Franz Joseph of Austria, that lowly person would exert himself to render any assistance in his poor power.

The widow smiled graciously.

"This journeying alone is an act of imprudence," she confessed; "but I was unavoidably detained at Suez. My friends have only preceded me. I will meet them at Cairo. Still, the honored captain's kindly proposition would be gratefully accepted; madame would place herself under his protection until they reached their destination."

During this interchange of civilities, Hester was in a state of amazed delight. And Mr. Archibald Wyvern's graceful figure still barricaded the cabin doorway; but he was smoking vigorously, never deigning even a glance to the pleasant party opposite.

KASR-EL-NIL, the palace of the Viceroy of Egypt, was ablaze with light and beauty. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the illuminated entrance; and women, dazzling in their loveliness and Oriental display of luxury, proved to admiring sons of the Prophet the boundless generosity of the unbeliever.

In that grove of flowers—the ballroom—was the Austrian Emperor; and there, too, amid the throng were the American and Captain Paul.

Of course, that account of friends to be met at Cairo had been a pleasant fiction invented for the occasion. Before the journey was ended, Mrs. Rochester had acknowledged this to her new companion.

"I always travel alone," she said; "I prefer it; I have friends when I wish them; and letters to our ministers, whenever it may suit me to use them. Yet, I need none of those things. I am a woman, and capricious; an American, and independent."

CAPTAIN PAUL and a lady were strolling leisurely through those fairy gardens where myriads of lamps lent a radiance which might have rivaled the light of day.

The officer was speaking loudly and rapidly. His companion listened in silence, but her pale face wore a look of stern determination, and her black eyes were cold and cruel.

"Countess," the captain was saying, in German, "be advised. It is not too late. For God's sake, reflect!"

The Countess Dahl—it was that royal ex-favorite—answered, slowly and unwaveringly:

"I have reflected—now I *act*. Still, it is not too late for you to desert me, if that is what you would imply. Are you really afraid?"

"Do not say that word!" cried the man. "At your bidding, I am fearless; for you I would gladly die. I am your slave, and you know it. So be it, then. Your will is my law. I obey—oh, beautiful queen!—hope of my heart!"

"You will not falter?"

"Falter? Who? I falter? Why, I swear to you that nothing of heaven or earth, save your frown, could work that miracle!"

"Nor interfere?"

"Nay," said he, gravely, "be sure of that—I shall not interfere. I may be reckless; still, I am not altogether irreligious. And this righting of wrongs is my creed—the pith and marrow of my faith."

"Very good!" exclaimed the countess, approvingly; "I like your faith—it is so simple, yet so grand! Be devout, then, my friend, and your reward will surely come."

"In your love, Caroline?"

"In my love. Wait! is not this the window?"

"No—this. See! Tell me yet again that you do not care for the Emperor."

"Care for him? Ah, man, look in my face. Say, now, what do you see there?"

"Not love," answered the captain, slowly, and with something like a shudder, as he caught the gleam of those bold, bad eyes. "No, my God! not love!"

"Truly, no; so let us lose no time."

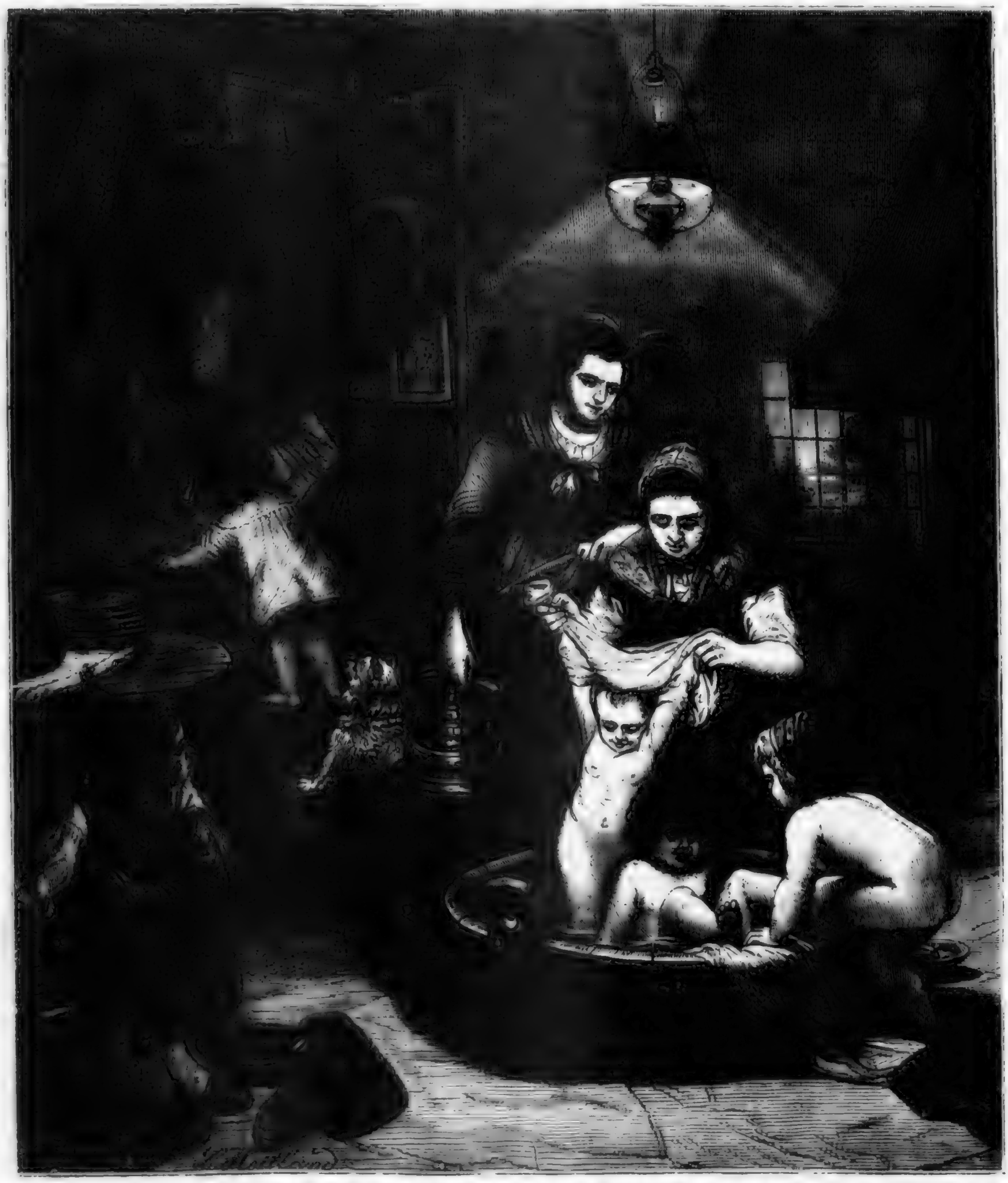
"Stand here in the shade of the vines. How lonely this spot seems!"

"You are certain that they are there?"

"I watched them," was the short and significant response. "Now, be careful. There is no danger—the balcony is low. See!"

Springing upon the pedestal of a moss-covered statue near them, Braunsberg placed his hand upon the iron railing, and vaulted lightly over it; then, reaching down, he whispered:

"Give me your hand. So! Now step upon the marble. Good again! And now——" leaning forward, he grasped the countess in his strong arms, and, lifting her like a child, stood her beside him—"and now, it is done! Remember, be silent!"



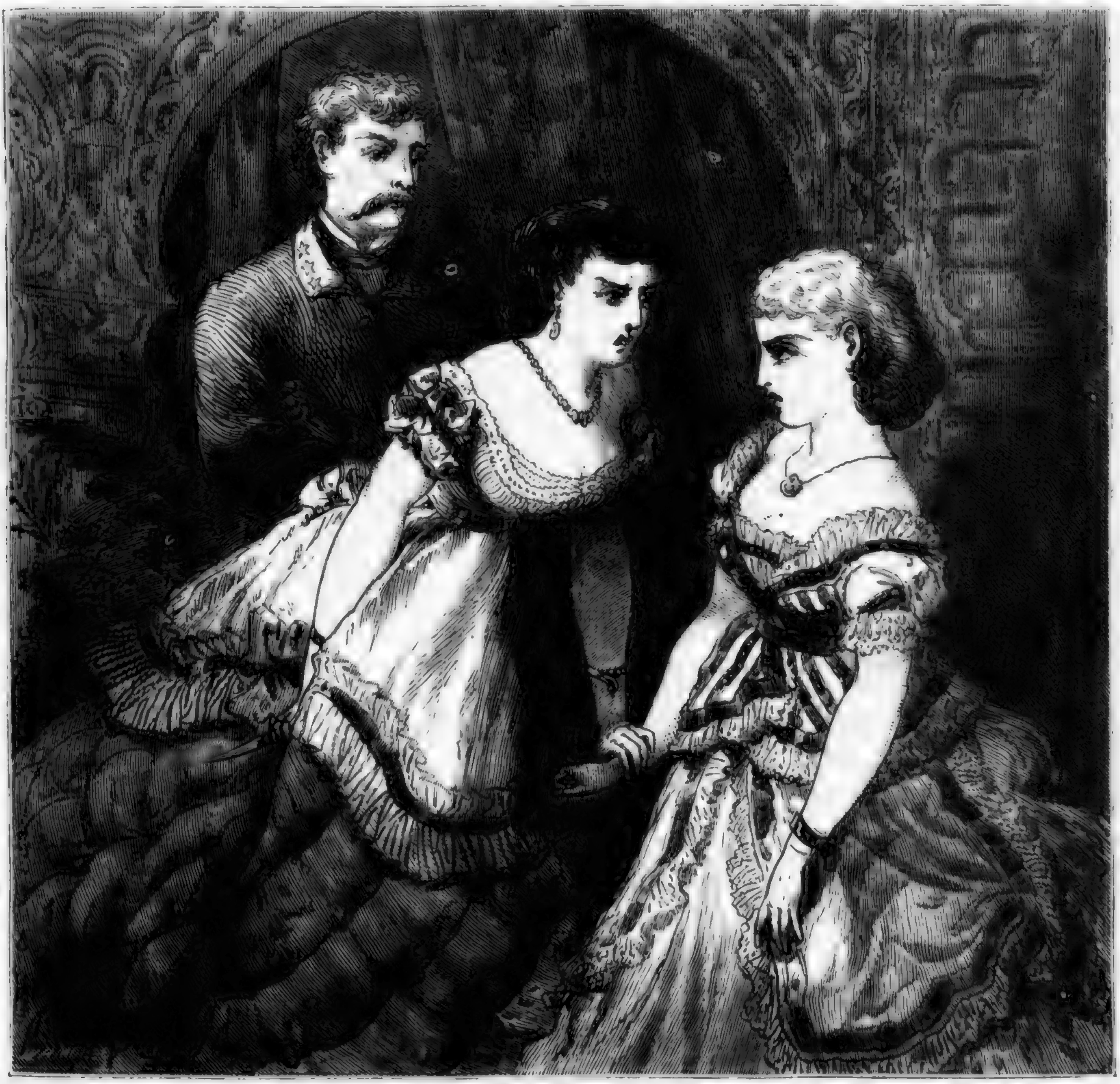
GOING TO BED.—BEDSTEAD IN THE WALL IN A NORWEGIAN HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 28.

"Where are they?" she murmured.

"Look!"

The captain had drawn her to the furthest of the three windows opening upon the balcony. This was raised, and through the half-parted lace curtains they discerned a small room, evidently one of the few which had not been thrown open to the guests.

The Persian carpet was of the richest. Curiously wrought couches filled the recesses. A mild glow, stealing through the painted shades of white satin, toned the bright glitter of the cloth-of-gold which draped the walls and lined the tent-formed canopy. A tiny fountain tinkled musically, and the perfumed water, overflowing its marble vase, pattered and dripped upon a bed of rare exotics.



FAIR ROSAMOND.—"BUT THE DARK WOMAN CAUGHT HER ARM. 'ANOTHER STEP WILL BE YOUR LAST,' SHE HISSED. 'NOW, LOOK AT ME AND ANSWER ME BOLDLY. WHO AM I?' 'THE COUNTESS DAHL!'"—SEE PAGE 31.

Near the low divan stood a man and a woman. He was tall and handsome, and wore the uniform of an Austrian general. She was small and delicately fair—almost as fair as the billowy lace which draped her perfect form; seemingly as pure as the priceless pearls which clasped her throat and twined among the loose tresses of her gold-brown hair.

"I may go with you? Ah, surely, I need never quit you again!"

She spoke in French, and every word came distinctly to the eager listeners.

"Never again!" was the answer. "You are mine for ever and for ever! I love but you. Before men, I may not claim you; before heaven, I call you *wife!*"

At this he kissed her tenderly, she clinging to him always in a piteous, pleading way.

"I have been so wretched!" she half sobbed.

"Yes, but that may never be again, poor loving heart! Only be brave, and trust me. And now, dear one, return to the *salon*. Seek your conductor, that gallant captain. Have faith, and remember, *you go hence with me.*"

"Dare I return to Vienna?"

"Had I been there, you should never have quitted it, I assure you."

"Think of what was done!"

"And of who did it," he added, with a smile. "But all that is ended now."

"All?" and her great eyes were lifted in tender reproach.

XUM

"*All!*" he answered, emphatically. "There, at Vienna, as in my heart, you shall reign sole empress!"

"And the countess?"

"Why will you speak of her?" he asked. "You should not—it is not kind."

"She is here?"

"Yes, I believe so—I heard some one say it."

"Are you not convinced that she instigated that visit of the police?"

"My dear child, I have already assured you that the police had nothing whatever to do with that villainous affair."

"Still, some one——"

"Yes, and that *some one* may have been, not the countess, but her Majesty, or perhaps both; for you women are terrible creatures! There, now, one kiss—another—another. Ah, until to-morrow, my peerless American! my beautiful white rose!"

———

When the peerless American turned from the closed door, she started in sore affright, for two figures stood in the open window. One was her late traveling companion, Captain Paul Braunsberg; the other—ah! why did her courage fail the miserable creature?

The other quickly slipped the little bronze bolt of the door, then approached Mrs. Rochester.

"Do you know me?" she asked. "Speak!"

"I know you—yes. Ah, madame——"

She lifted her clasped hands, but the dark woman struck them down.

"Spare your prayers!" she cried, with a short, scornful laugh; "we have no time for them."

"Wait," interposed Captain Paul—"wait, dear lady. Do nothing rashly. We may be in error. Give her the benefit of that possibility. Put another question to her."

At the sound of the man's voice, Mrs. Rochester turned with an appealing gesture.

But the dark woman caught her arm.

"Another step will be your last!" she hissed. "Now, look at me, and answer boldly. Who am I?"

"The Countess Dahl."

"Good! Now, what am I? Go on!"

"I dare not!"

"Speak, coward that you are!"

"Nay, no coward!" said the American, firmly. "What you *are*, I know not. What you *have been*, the wide world knows—the mistress of Franz Joseph of Austria!"

"You are right! And this man, Franz Joseph—this great Emperor, has just quitted you. You are to see him to-morrow. What happiness! You are beautiful, too, very beautiful, and he worships you. Father in heaven! but he worships you! That is no secret now; nor is it a secret how he cast me off—*for you!* He is yours! Tell me, madame, is not life inexpressibly sweet to you?"

Was it simply a mad defiance which prompted the answer, or was the creature doomed?

"Ah!" she murmured, life is very dear to me, for *I love!*"

Here Captain Paul, who had been looking away from them, heard a low, frightened cry, a stifled gasp, a long, sobbing sigh, and then a heavy fall.

He did not turn, however, until some one touched his shoulder. It was the countess.

"Come!" she whispered. "Be quick!"

Then the brave soldier saw that the peerless American was lying upon the floor, and that the soft radiance filtering through the painted shades stole over a ghastly face and wide-open, staring eyes. It glittered, too, upon a small gold cross which rose above the pulseless breast of beautiful Rosamond Rochester. This was the hilt of a dagger—the blade was sheathed in her heart.

———

The Countess Dahl did not return to Vienna; neither did she enter a convent; but, much to the satisfaction of her royal mistress, she resigned her office at the Court. Then she betook herself to that paradise of women—Paris.

Only once did she see the man for whom she had so fearfully sinned. The interview was brief. There was no accusation, no reproach. He simply said:

"Quit the empire. Go where you will. You are free. Anywhere but here. Go!"

"Ah, my God!" she cried. "It is banishment that you propose!"

"Does it not content you?" he asked, sternly. "I offer you a choice, then—*death!*"

Not another word passed between them. She tottered from his presence, stung with rage and shame. In the transport of her fury, she dared brave her accomplice.

"Do you speak to me of love? Fool that you have been to trust me! Learn this—you were my tool, and I hate you! Yes, I hate, I defy you! Do your worst!"

But Captain Paul did not do his worst; such affection as his apathetic nature permitted he had bestowed upon the countess. What remained to be done? Very little; so he did his best—went to Italy, and, as a soldier of fortune, enlisted in the Papal army.

It is quite certain that the gallant fellow neglected a few little formalities, hitherto deemed necessary, in order to retire with honor from his country's service. But then, those were trifles. So, under a new name, our captain plods along quite cheerfully, shrugging his broad shoulders at the past, and cursing but one woman particularly.

The Countess Dahl may be met, any fine day, at the Bois. She is beautiful, witty and rich. Moral, too; so much so, in fact, that some people are beginning to regard her rather in the light of a royal widow.

Mr. Archibald Wyvern, who evidently takes a cheerful view of life and its little misfortunes, keeps a diary wherein certain occurrences are noted with graphic easiness. A few extracts may serve to explain a great deal.

Under date of June 17th, 18—, we read:

"Proposed to R. R. Offer declined. Can wait."

"*July 3d.*—R. has gone to Europe. I follow next week."

"*August 20th.*—My detective system works well. I am her shadow, and she has no suspicion."

"*January 9th.*—I know it. She quitted her home to become an adventuress; she has succeeded finely. She is now the favorite of the Emperor—that is not bad for an American."

"*February 11th.*—I have seen the ex-favorite, the Countess D. I fancy that the dear soul's patience is exhausted."

"*May 27th.*—The countess has been busy with her mistress. My poor little R. is banished."

"*August 14th.*—It is decided. The countess and I are sworn friends. She is a very amiable person, and reasons like a chancellor."

"*November 7th.*—On the canal-boat. My angel is on deck. I have an idea that I frightened her just now. If it had been permitted, I would have enjoyed pitching that old Hester to the crocodiles. Nothing could have been better arranged than my sudden appearance. It gave the brave captain an opportunity to make her acquaintance."

"*November 29th.*—I see that I have made no mention yet of the murdered woman discovered in the Viceroy's palace. Strange to say, there are no suspicions. Poor creature!

"I may as well finish my entries here. I can find nothing more of interest to relate. I shall keep my journal. There are lessons of profit and pleasure to be gleaned from its tiny pages. Poor Rosamond! I sincerely trust that her assassins had the grace to grant her the time for one short prayer!"

XUM

THE NEGRO EXODUS FROM THE GULF STATES.

By. Frederick Douglas.

The negro, long deemed too indolent and stupid to discover and adopt any rational measure to secure and defend his rights as a man, may now be congratulated upon the telling contradiction which he has recently and strikingly given to this withering disparagement and reproach. He has discovered and adopted a measure which may assist very materially in the solution of some of the vital problems involved in his sudden elevation from slavery to freedom. He has shown that Mississippi can originate more than one plan, and that there is a possible plan for the oppressed as well as for the oppressor. He has not chosen to copy the example of his would-be enslavers. It is to his credit that he has steadily refused to resort to those extreme measures of repression and retaliation to which the cruel wrongs he has suffered might have tempted a less docile and forgiving race. He has not imitated the plan of the oppressed tenant, who sneaks in ambush and shoots his landlord, as in Ireland; nor the example of the Indian, who meets the invader of his hunting-ground with scalping-knife and tomahawk; he has not learned his lesson from the freed serfs of Russia, and organized assassination against tyrant princes and nobles; nor has he copied the example of his own race in Santa Domingo, who taught their French oppressors by fire and sword the danger of goading too far "the energy that slumbers in the black man's arm." On the contrary, he has adopted a simple, lawful and peaceable measure. It is emigration —the quiet withdrawal of his valuable bones and muscles from a condition of things which he considers no longer tolerable. Innocent as this remedy is for the manifold ills which he has thus far borne with marvelous patience, it is none the less significant and effective.

Nothing has occurred since the abolition of slavery which has excited a deeper interest among thoughtful men in all sections of the country than has this "exodus." In the simple fact that a few thousand freedmen have deliberately laid down the shovel and the hoe, quitted the sugar and cotton-fields of Mississippi and Louisiana, and sought homes in Kansas, and that thousands more are seriously meditating upon following their example, the sober thinking minds of the South have discovered a new and startling peril to the welfare of that section of our country. Already apprehension and alarm have led to noisy and frantic efforts on the part of the South to arrest and put an end to what it considers a depleting and ruinous evil.

It cannot be denied that there is much reason for this apprehension and alarm. This exodus has revealed to Southern men the humiliating fact that the prosperity and civilization of the South are at the mercy of the despised and hated negro—that it is for him more than for any other to say what shall be the future of the late Confederate States; that within their ample borders he alone can stand between the contending powers of savage and civilized life; that the giving or withholding of his labor will bless or blast their beautiful country.

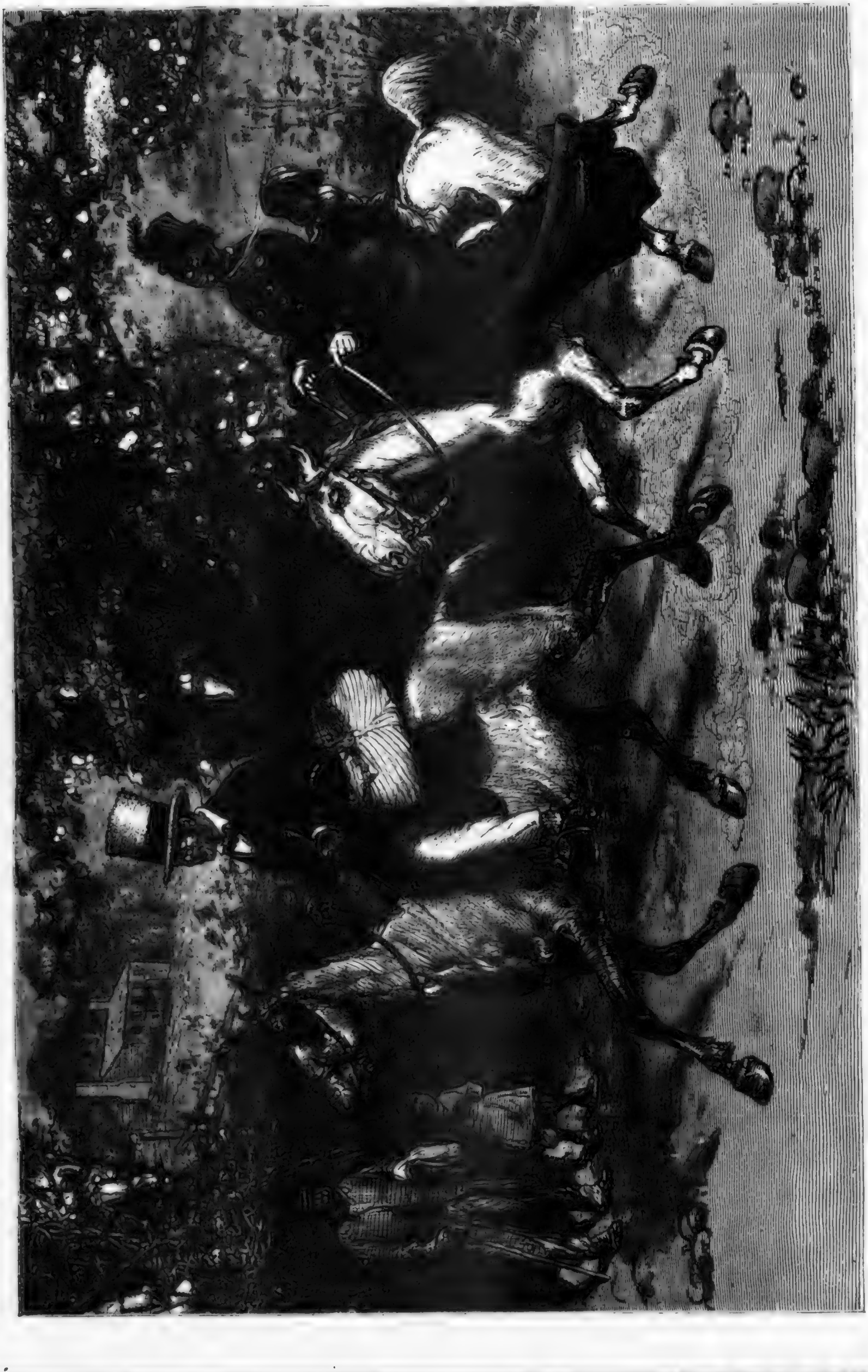
Important as manual labor is everywhere, it is nowhere more important and absolutely indispensable to the existence of society than in the more southern of the United States. Machinery may continue to do—as it has done—much of the work of the North; but the work of the South requires bone, sinew and muscle of the strongest and most enduring kind for its performance. Labor in that section must know no pause. Her soil is pregnant and prolific with life and energy. All the forces of nature within her borders are wonderfully vigorous, persistent and active. Aided by an almost perpetual Summer, abundantly supplied with heat and moisture, her soil readily and rapidly covers itself with noxious weeds, dense forests and impenetrable jungles. Only a few years of non-tillage would be required to give the sunny and fruitful South to the bats and owls of a desolate wilderness. From this condition, shocking for a Southern man to contemplate, it is now seen that nothing less powerful than the naked iron arm of the negro can save her. For him, as a Southern laborer, there is no competitor or substitute. The thought of filling his place by any other variety of the human family, will be found delusive and utterly impracticable. Neither Chinaman, German, Norwegian nor Swede can drive him from the sugar and cotton-fields of Louisiana and Mississippi. They would certainly perish in the black bottoms of these States if they could be induced, which they cannot, to try the experiment.

Nature itself, in those States, comes to the rescue of the negro, fights his battles and enables him to exact conditions from those who would unfairly treat and oppress him. Besides being dependent upon the roughest and flintiest kind of labor, the climate of the South makes such labor uninviting and harshly repulsive to the white man. He dreads it, shrinks from it, and refuses it. He shuns the burning sun of the fields, and seeks the shade of the verandas. On the contrary, the negro walks, labors and sleeps in the sunlight unharmed. The standing apology for slavery was based upon a knowledge of this fact. It was said that the world must have cotton and sugar, and that only the negro could supply this want; and that he could be induced to do it only under the "beneficent whip" of some bloodthirsty *Legree.* The last part of this argument has been happily disproved by the large crops of these productions since Emancipation; but the first part of it stands firm, unassailed and unassailable.

Even if climatic and other natural causes did not protect the negro from all competition in the labor-market of the South, inevitable social causes would probably effect the same result. The slave system of that section has left behind it—as in the nature of the case it must—manners, customs and conditions to which free white laboring men will be in no haste to submit themselves and their families. They do not emigrate from the free North, where labor is respected, to a lately enslaved South, where labor has been whipped, chained and degraded for centuries. Naturally enough, such emigration follows the lines of latitude in which they who compose it were born. Not from South to North, but from East to West, "the Star of Empire takes its way."

Hence it is seen that the dependence of the planters, landowners and old master-class of the South upon the negro, however galling and humiliating to Southern pride and power, is nearly complete and perfect. There is only one mode of escape for them, and that mode they will certainly not adopt. It is to take off their own coats, cease to whittle sticks and talk politics at the cross-roads, and go themselves to work in their broad and sunny fields of cotton and sugar. An invitation to do this is about as harsh and distasteful to all their inclinations as would be an invitation to step down into their graves. With the negro, all this is different. Neither natural, artificial nor traditional causes stand in the way of the freedman to such labor in the South. Neither the heat nor the fever-demon which lurks in her tangled and cozy swamps affright him, and he stands to-day the admitted author of whatever of prosperity, beauty and civilization are now

XUM



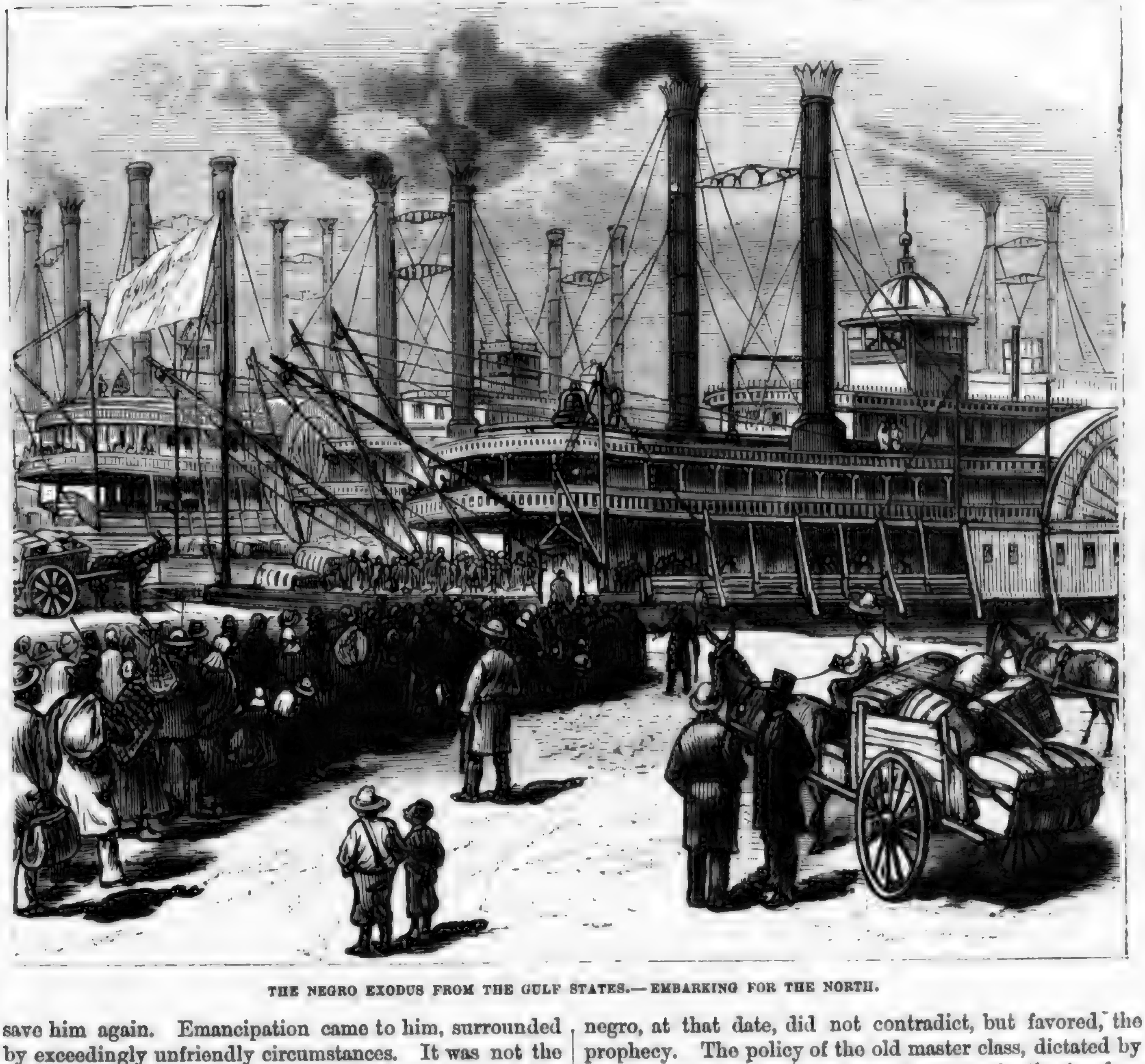
THE NEGRO EXODUS FROM THE GULF STATES.—AN EXAMPLE OF SOUTHERN CONTENT.

possessed by the South, and the admitted arbiter of her destiny.

This, then, is the high vantage-ground of the negro: he has labor, the South wants it, and must have it or perish. Since he is free he can now give it or withhold it, use it where he is, or take it elsewhere, as he pleases. His labor made him a slave, and his labor can, if he will, make him free, comfortable and independent. It is more to him than fire, swords, ballot-boxes or bayonets. It touches the heart of the South through its pocket. This power served him well years ago, when in the bitterest extremity of his destitution. But for it he would have perished when he dropped out of slavery. It saved him then, and it will save him again. Emancipation came to him, surrounded by exceedingly unfriendly circumstances. It was not the choice or consent of the people among whom he lived, but against their will and a death-struggle on their part to prevent it. His chains were broken in the tempest and whirlwind of civil war. Without food, without shelter, without land, without money, and without friends, he, with his children, his sick, his aged and helpless ones, were turned loose and naked to the open sky. The announcement of his freedom was instantly followed by an order from his master to quit his old quarters and to seek bread thereafter from the hands of those who had given him his freedom. A desperate extremity was thus forced upon him at the outset of his freedom, and the world watched, with humane anxiety, to see what would become of him. His peril was imminent. Starvation and death stared him in the face, and marked him for their victim.

It will not be soon forgotten that, at the close of a five-hours' speech by the late Senator Sumner, in which he advocated with unequaled learning and eloquence the enfranchisement of the freedmen, the best argument with which he was met, in the Senate, was that legislation at that point would be utterly superfluous; that the negro was rapidly dying out, and must inevitably and speedily disappear and become extinct.

Inhuman and shocking as was this consignment of millions of human beings to extinction, the extremity of the negro, at that date, did not contradict, but favored, the prophecy. The policy of the old master class, dictated by passion, pride and revenge, was then to make the freedom of the negro a greater calamity to him, if possible, than had been his slavery. But, happily, both for the old master class and for the recently emancipated, there came then, as there will come now, the sober second thought. The old master class then found that it had made a great mistake. It had driven away the means of its own support. It had destroyed the hands and left the mouths. It had starved the negro, and starved itself. Not even to gratify its own anger and resentment could it afford to allow its fields to go uncultivated, and its tables to go unsupplied with food. Hence the freedman, less from



THE NEGRO EXODUS FROM THE GULF STATES.—EMBARKING FOR THE NORTH.

XUM

humanity than cupidity, less from choice than necessity, was speedily called back to labor and life.

But now, after fourteen years of service, and fourteen years of separation from the visible presence of slavery, during which he has shown both disposition and ability to supply the labor-market of the South, and that he could do so far better as a freedman than he ever did as a slave; that more cotton and sugar can be raised by the same hands, under the inspiration of liberty and hope, than can be raised under the influence of bondage and the whip, he is again, alas! in the deepest trouble—again without a home, out under the open sky, with his wife and his little ones. He lines the sunny banks of the Mississippi, fluttering in rags and wretchedness, mournfully imploring hard-hearted steamboat captains to take him on board; while the friends of the emigration movement are diligently soliciting funds all over the North to help him away from his old home to the new Canaan of Kansas.

Several causes have been assigned for this truly desperate and pitiable spectacle. Many of these are, upon their faces, superficial, insufficient and ridiculous. Adepts in political trickery and duplicity, who will never go straight to a point when they can go crooked, explain the exodus as a cunning scheme to force a certain nomination upon the Republican party in 1880. It does not appear how such an effect is to follow such a cause. For if the negroes are to leave the South, as the advocates of exodus tell us, and settle in the North, where all their rights are protected—if this is the remedy for all the ills of the negro, the country need not trouble itself about securing a President whose chief recommendation is supposed to be his will and power to protect the negro in the South, and the nomination is thus rendered unnecessary by the success of the measure which made it necessary.

Again, we are told that greedy speculators in Kansas have adopted this plan to sell and increase the value of their lands. This cannot be true. Men of that class are usually shrewd. They do not seek to sell land to those who have no money, and they are too sharp to believe that they can increase the value of their property by inviting to its neighborhood a class of people against whom there is an intense and bitter popular prejudice. So far from speculating in the negro, and attempting to increase their wealth by promoting this stampede, the negro has been a heavy charge upon Kansas. Her benevolence and welcome to these homeless emigrants has been large, beautiful and touching.

Malignant emissaries from the North, it is said, have been circulating among the freedmen, talking to them and deluding them with promises of the great things which will be done for them if they will only go to Kansas. Plainly enough this theory fails for the want of even the show of probable motive. The North can have no motive to cripple industry at the South, or elsewhere in this country. If she were malignant enough, which she is not, she is not blind enough to her own interests to do any such thing. She sees and feels that an injury to any part of this country is an injury to the whole of it.

Again, it is said that this exodus is all the work of the defeated and disappointed demagogues, white and black, who have been hurled from place and power by the men of property and intelligence in the South. There may be some truth in this theory. Human nature is capable of resentment. It would not be strange if people who have been degraded and driven from place and power by brute force and by fraud, were to resent the outrage in this and in any way open to them.

But it is still further said that the exodus is peculiarly the work of Senator Windom. His resolution and speech in the Senate last Winter, it is said, has set this black ball in motion, and much wrath has been poured out upon that able and humane gentleman for his part in the movement. It need not be denied that there is truth in this allegation. Senator Windom's speech and resolution certainly did serve as a powerful stimulus to this emigration. Until he spoke, there was no general stampede from the cotton and sugar plantations of Mississippi and Louisiana. There can be no doubt, either, that the freedmen received erroneous notions, from some quarter, of what the Government was likely to do for them in the new country to which they were now going. They may have been told the story of "forty acres and a mule," and some of them may have believed and acted upon that story. But it is manifest that the real cause of this extraordinary exodus lies deeper down than any point touched by any of the causes thus far alleged. Political tricksters, land speculators, defeated office-seekers, Northern malignants, speeches and resolutions in the Senate or elsewhere, unaided by other causes, could not have, of themselves, set such a multitudinous exodus in motion.

The colored race is a remarkably home-loving race. It has done little in the way of voluntary colonization. It shrinks from the untried and unknown. It thinks its own locality the best in the world. Of all the galling conditions to which the negro was subjected in the days of his bondage, the one most galling to him was the liability of separation from home and friends. His love of home and his dread of change made him even partially content in slavery. He could endure the smart of the lash, could work to the utmost of his power, and be content, till the thought of being sent away from the scenes of his childhood and youth was thrust upon his heart. This was ever too much for him.

But argument is less needed upon this point than testimony. We have the story of the emigrants themselves, and if any can reveal the true cause of this exodus, they can. They have spoken, and their story is before the country. It is a sad story, disgraceful and scandalous to our age and country. Much of their testimony has been given under the solemnity of an oath.

They tell us, with great unanimity, that they are very badly treated at the South. The landowners, planters, and the old master class generally, deal unfairly with them; that having had their labor for nothing when they were slaves, these men now endeavor, by various devices, to get it for next to nothing; that, work as hard, faithfully and constantly as they may, live as plainly and as sparingly as they may, they are no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning; that they are the dupes and victims of cunning and fraud, in signing contracts which they cannot read and cannot fully understand; that they are compelled to trade at stores owned in whole or in part by their employers, and that they are paid with orders, and not with money.

They say they have to pay double the value of nearly everything they buy; that they are compelled to pay a rental of ten dollars a year for an acre of ground that will not bring thirty dollars under the hammer; that landowners are in league to prevent land-owning by negroes; that when they work the land on shares, they barely make a living; that outside the towns and cities no provision is made for their education; and, ground down as they are, they cannot themselves employ teachers to teach their children; that they are not only the victims of fraud and cunning, but of violence and intimidation; that from their very poverty the temples of justice are not open to them; that the jury-box is virtually closed to them; that the murder of a black man by a white man is followed by no conviction or punishment. That for a crime for which a white man goes free, a black man is severely punished; that impunity and encouragement are given by the wealthy and respectable classes to men of the "baser sort," who delight in midnight raids upon the defenseless; that their ignorance of letters has put them at the mercy of men bent upon making ther freedom a greater evil to them than was their slavery; that the law is the refuge of crime rather than of innocence; that even the old slave-driver's whip has reappeared in the South, and the inhuman and disgusting spectacle of the chain-gang is beginning to be seen there; that the government of every Southern State is now in the hands of the old slave oligarchy, and that both departments of the National Government soon will be in the same hands; that they believe that when the Government, State and National, shall be in the control of the old masters of the South, they will find means for reducing the freedman to a condition analagous to slavery; that they despair of any change for the better; that everything is waxing worse for the negro in the South, and that the only means of safety is to leave the South.

It must be admitted, if this brief statement of complaints be only half true, that the explanation of the exodus and the justification of the persons composing it are full and ample. The complaints they make against Southern society are such as every man of common honesty and humanity must wish ill-founded; unhappily, however, there is nothing in the nature of these complaints to make them doubtful or surprising. The unjust conduct charged against the late slaveholders is eminently probable. It is an inheritance from the long exercise of irresponsible power by man over man. It is not the natural inferiority of the negro, or the color of his skin. Tyranny is the same proud and selfish thing everywhere, and with all races and colors.

What the negro is now suffering at the hands of his former masters, the white emancipated serfs of Russia are now suffering from the lords and nobles by whom they were formerly held as slaves. In form and appearance the emancipation of the latter was upon better terms than in the case of the negro. The Empire, unlike the Republic, gave her free serfs, or pretended to give them, three acres of land—a start in the world. But the selection and bestowment of this land was unhappily confided to the care of the nobles, their former lords and masters. Thus the lamb was committed to the care of the wolf, and hence the organized assassination now going on in that country; and it will be well for our Southern States if they escape a like fate. The world is slow to learn that no man can wrong his brother without doing a greater wrong to himself. Something may, however, be learned from the lessons of alarm and consternation which are now written all over Russia.

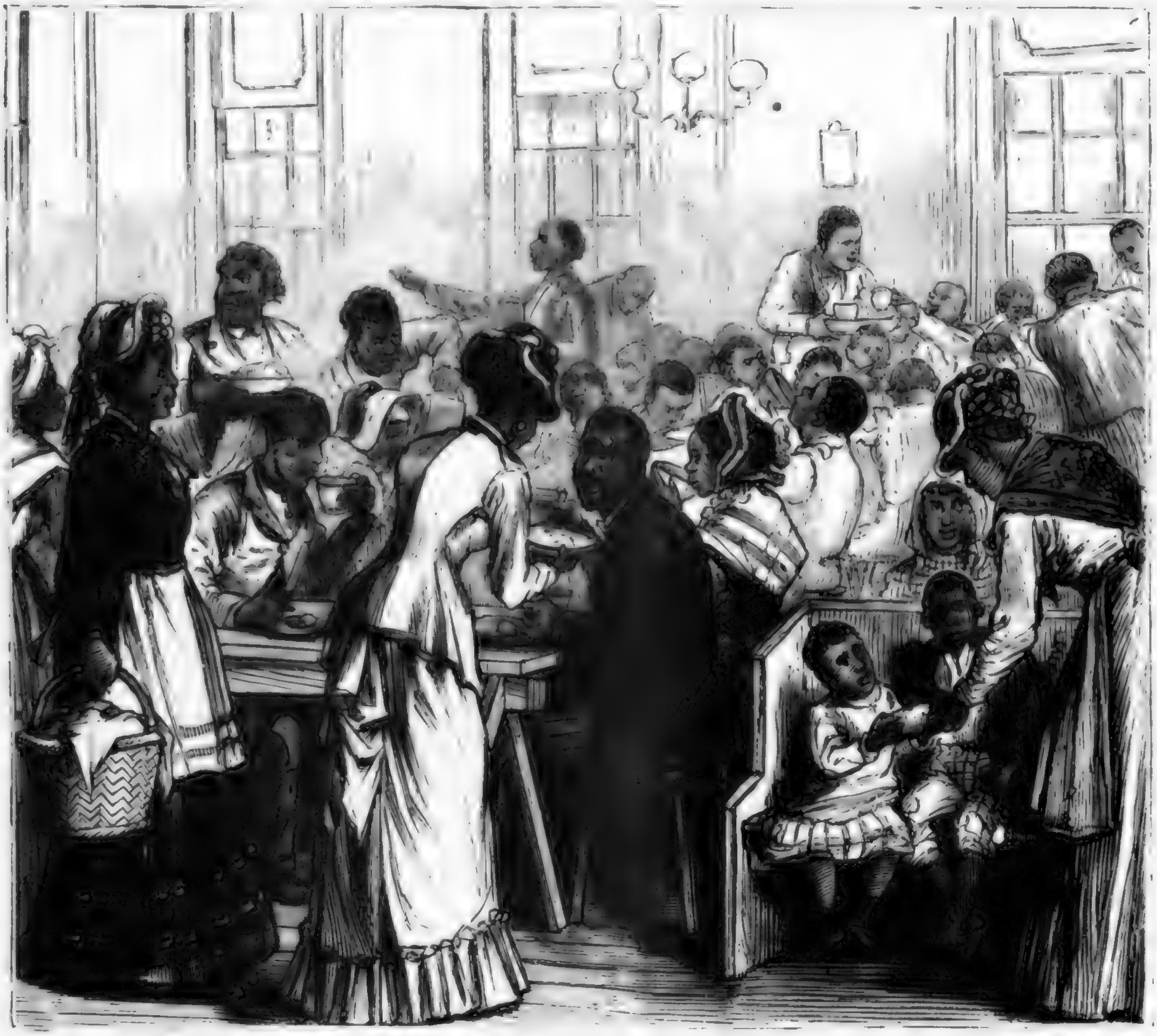
But in contemplating this exodus, it should be kept in mind that the way of an oppressed people from bondage to freedom is never smooth. There is ever in such transition much to overcome on both sides. Neither the master nor the emancipated slave can at once shake off the habits and manners of a long-established past condition. The form may be abolished, but the sprit survives and lingers about the scenes of its former life. The slave brings into the new relation much of the dependence, improvidence and servility of slavery, and the master brings much of his pride, selfishness and love of power. The influence of feudalism has not yet disappeared from Europe. Norman pride is still visible even in England, though centuries have passed since the Saxon was the slave of the Norman; and long years must elapse before all traces of slavery shall disappear from our country. Suffering and hardship made the Saxon strong; and suffering and hardship will make the Anglo-African strong and ultimately successful on the soil of his birth and in the climate to which his color and origin as well as his labor adapt him.

Very evidently there are to be asked and answered many important questions before the friends of humanity can be properly called upon to give their support to this emigration movement. A natural and primary inquiry is: What does it mean? How much ground is it meant to cover? Is the total removal of the whole five millions of colored people from the South contemplated? Or is it proposed to remove only a part? And, if only a part, why a part and not the whole? Is the protection of the rights of the many less important than the same of the few? If the few are to be removed because of the intolerable oppression which prevails in the South, why not the many also? If exodus is good for any, must it not be equally good for all? Then, if the whole five millions are to leave the South, as a doomed country—leave it as Lot left Sodom, or driven out as the Moors were driven out of Spain—then there is a question of ways and means to be considered. Has any definite estimate of the cost of this removal been made? How shall the one or two hundred millions of dollars, which such removal would require, be obtained? Shall it be appropriated by Congress, or voluntarily contributed by the public? Manifestly, with such a debt upon the nation as the war for the Union has created, Congress is not likely to be in a hurry to make any such appropriation. It would much more willingly and readily enact the necessary legislation to protect the freedmen where they are, than appropriate two hundred millions of dollars to help them away to Kansas or elsewhere in the North. The same amount of money and labor required to promote emigration, would, if applied to that end, protect the negro where he is. But suppose, as already suggested, the matter shall not be left at all to Congress, but remitted to the voluntary contributions from the people. Then a swarm of agents must be employed to circulate over the country, hat in hand, soliciting and collecting these contributions, representing to the people everywhere that the cause of the negro is lost in the South, that his only hope and deliverance from a condition of things worse than slavery is removal to Kansas, or to some country outside the Southern States. Then would such an arrangement, such an apostleship of despair be beneficial, or would it be prejudicial to the cause of the freedman? Precisely and plainly, this is a feature of the emigration movement which is open to serious objection.

Voluntary, spontaneous, self-sustained emigration on the part of the freedmen may or may not be commendable. It is a matter with which they alone have to do. The public is not called upon to say or do anything for or against it; but when the public is called upon to take sides, to declare its views, to organize emigration societies, appoint and send out agents to make speeches and collect money to help the freedmen from the South, the public may very properly hesitate. It may not wish to be responsible for the measure, or for the disheartening doctrines by which the measure is supported.

Objection may properly be made upon many grounds. It may well enough be said that the negro question is not so desperate as the advocates of exodus would have the public believe; that there is still reasonable ground of hope that the negro will ultimately have his rights as a man, and be fully protected in the South; that in several of the old slave States his citizenship and his right to vote are already respected and protected; that the same, in time, will be secured for the negro in the other States;

XUM



THE NEGRO EXODUS FROM THE GULF STATES.—FEEDING THE REFUGEES AT A COLORED CHURCH, ST. LOUIS.

that the world was not the work of a day; that even in free New England all the evils generated by slavery did not disappear in a century after the abolition of the system, if, indeed, they have yet entirely disappeared.

Within the last forty years, a dark and shocking picture might be given of the persecution of the negro and his friends, even in the now pre-eminently free State of Massachusetts. It is not more than twenty years ago that Boston supplied a pistol club, if not a rifle club, to break up an abolition meeting, and that one of her most eminent citizens had to be guarded to and from his house, to escape the hand of mobocratic assassins, armed in the interest of slavery. The negro on the Sound, between New York and Boston, though a respectable, educated gentleman, was not allowed abaft the wheel, and must sleep, if he slept at all, upon the naked deck, in the open air. Upon no condition, except that of a servant or slave, could he be permitted to go into a cabin. All the handicrafts of New England, too, were closed to him. The appearance of a black man in any workshop or shipyard, as a mechanic, there would have scattered the whole gang of white hands at once. The poor negro was not admitted into the factories to work, or as an apprentice to any trade. He was barber, waiter, whitewasher and wood-sawyer. All of what were considered respectable employments, by a power superior to legal enactments were denied him. But none of these things have moved the negro from New England, and it is well for him that he has remained there. In some respects, Massachusetts was then what the South is now, good missionary ground for anti-slavery writers and speakers. What has been accomplished there, may be accomplished elsewhere.

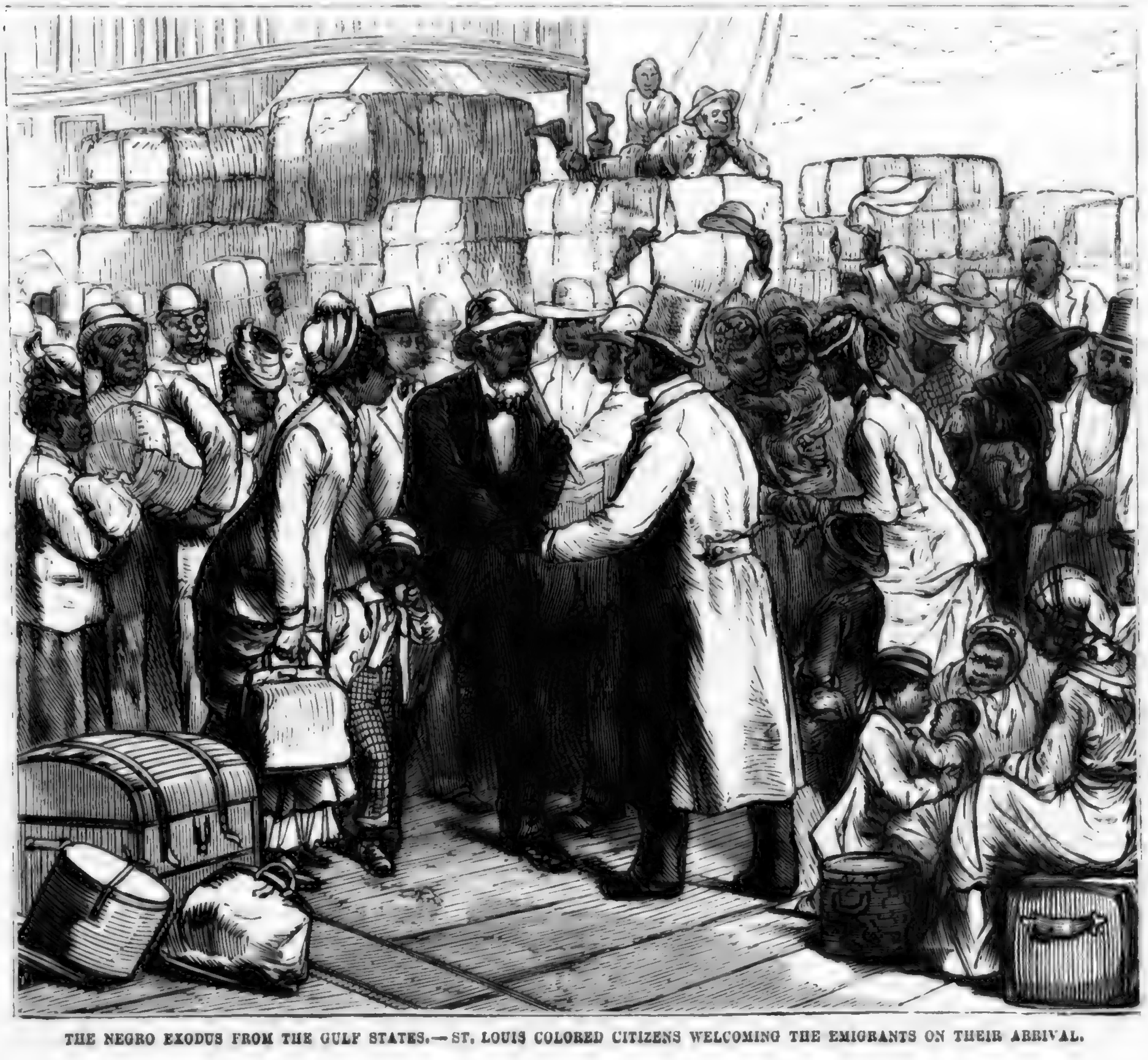
Bad as is the condition of the negro to-day at the South, there was a time when it was flagrantly and incomparably worse. A few years ago he had nothing—he had not even himself. He belonged to somebody else, who could dispose of his person and his labor as he pleased. Now he has himself, his labor, and his right to dispose of one and the other, as shall best suit his own happiness. He has more. He has a standing in the supreme law of the land, in the Constitution of the United States—not to be changed or affected by any conjunction of circumstances likely to occur in the immediate or remote future. The Fourteenth Amendment makes him a citizen, and the Fifteenth makes him a voter. With power behind him, at work for him, and which cannot be taken from him, the negro of the South may wisely bide his time. The situation at the moment is exceptional and transient. The permanent powers of the Government are all on his side. What though, for the moment, the hand of violence strikes down the negro's rights in the South, those rights will revive, survive and flourish again. They are not the only people who have been in a moment of popular passion maltreated and driven from the polls. The Irish and Dutch have frequently been so treated—Boston, Baltimore and New York have been the scenes of this lawless violence; but those scenes have now disappeared. A Hebrew may even now be rudely repulsed from the door of a hotel; but he will not on that account get up another exodus, as he did three thousand years ago, but will quietly "put money in his purse" and bide his time, knowing that the rising tide of civilization will eventually float him, as it floats all other varieties of the human family to whom floating in any condition is possible.

Of one thing we may be certain, and it is a thing which is destined to be made very prominent not long hence—the negro will either be counted at the polls or not counted in the basis of representation. The South must let the negro vote, or surrender its power in Congress. The chosen horn of this dilemma will finally be to let the negro vote, and vote unmolested. Let us have all the indignant and fiery declamation which the warm hearts of our youthful orators can pour out against Southern meanness, "White Leagues," "Bulldozers," and other "Dark Lantern" organizations; but let us have a little calm, clear reason as well. The latter is a safer guide than the former. On this great question we want light rather than heat, thought rather than feeling, a comprehensive view and appreciation of what the negro has already on his side, as well as of the disadvantages against which he has thus far been compelled to struggle, and still has to struggle.

Without abating one jot of our horror and indignation at the outrages committed in some parts of the Southern States against the negro, we cannot but regard the present agitation of an African exodus from the South as ill-timed, and, in some respects, hurtful. We stand to-day at the beginning of a grand and beneficent reaction. There is a growing recognition of the duty and obligation of the American people to guard, protect and defend the personal and political rights of all the people of all the States; to uphold the principles upon which rebellion was suppressed, slavery abolished, and the country saved from dismemberment and ruin.

We see and feel to-day, as we have not seen and felt before, that the time for conciliation and trusting to the honor of the late rebels and slave-holders has passed. The President of the United States himself, while still liberal, just and generous toward the South, has yet sounded a halt in that direction, and has bravely, firmly and ably asserted the constitutional authority to maintain the public peace in every State in the Union, and upon every day in the year, and has maintained this ground against all the powers of House and Senate.

We stand at the gateway of a marked and decided change in the statesmanship of our rulers. Every day brings fresh and increasing evidence that we are, and of right ought to be, a Nation; that Confederate notions of the nature and powers of our Government ought to have



THE NEGRO EXODUS FROM THE GULF STATES.—ST. LOUIS COLORED CITIZENS WELCOMING THE EMIGRANTS ON THEIR ARRIVAL.

XUM

perished in the rebellion which they supported; that they are anachronisms and superstitions, and no longer fit to be above ground.

National ideas are springing up all around us—the oppressor of the negro is seen to be the enemy of the peace, prosperity and honor of the country.

The attempt to nullify the national Election Laws, to starve the officers where they could not destroy the offices, to attack the national credit when they could not prevent successful resumption, to paralyze the Constitution where they could neither pervert nor set it aside, has all worked against the old slave-holding element, and in the interest of the negro. They have made it evident that the sceptre of political power must soon pass from the party of reaction, revolution, rebellion and slavery to the party of Constitution, liberty and progress. At a time like this, so full of hope and courage, it is unfortunate that a cry of despair should be raised in behalf of the colored people of the South; unfortunate that men are going over the country begging in the name of the poor colored man of the South, and telling the people that the Government has no power to enforce the Constitution and laws in that section, and that there is no hope for the poor negro, but to plant him in the new soil of Kansas and Nebraska.

These men do the colored people of the South a real damage. They give their enemies an advantage in the argument for their manhood and freedom. They assume the inability of the colored people of the South to take care of themselves—the country will be told of the hundreds who go to Kansas, but not of the thousands who stay in Mississippi and Louisiana.

They will be told of the destitute who require material aid, but not of the multitude who are bravely sustaining themselves where they are.

In Georgia the negroes are paying taxes upon six millions of dollars; in Louisiana upon forty or fifty millions; and upon unascertained sums elsewhere in the Southern States.

Why should a people who have made such progress in the course of a few years, now be humiliated and scandalized by exodus agents, begging money to remove them from their homes? especially at a time when every indication favors the position that the wrongs and hardships which they suffer are soon to be redressed.

Besides the objection thus stated, it is manifest that the public and noisy advocacy of a general stampede of the colored people from the South to the North is necessarily an abandonment of the great and paramount principle of protection to person and property in every State of the Union. It is an evasion of a solemn obligation and duty. The business of this nation is to protect its citizens where they are, not to transport them where they will not need protection. The best that can be said of this exodus in this respect is, that it is an attempt to climb up some other than the right way; it is an expedient, a half-way measure, and tends to weaken in the public mind a sense of the absolute right, power and duty of the Government, inasmuch as it concedes, by implication at least, that on the soil of the South the law of the land cannot command obedience, the ballot-box cannot be kept pure, peaceable elections cannot be held, the Constitution cannot be enforced, and the lives and liberties of loyal and peaceable citizens cannot be protected. It is a surrender, a premature, disheartening surrender, since it would secure freedom and free institutions by migration rather than by protection; by flight, rather than by right; by going into a strange land, rather than by staying in one's own. It leaves the whole question of equal rights on the soil of the South open, and still to be settled, with the moral influence of exodus against us, since it is a confession of the utter impracticability of equal rights and equal protection in any State where those rights may be struck down by violence.

It does not appear that the friends of freedom should spend either time or talent in furtherance of this exodus, as a desirable measure, either for the North or the South, for the blacks of the South or the whites of the North. If the people of this country cannot be protected in every State of this Union, the Government of the United States is shorn of its rightful dignity and power, the late rebellion has triumphed, the sovereignty of the nation is an empty name, and the power and authority in individual States is greater than the power and authority of the United States.

Necessity often compels men to migrate, to leave their old homes and seek new ones, to sever old ties and create new ones; but to do this the necessity should be obvious and imperative. It should be a last resort, and only adopted after carefully considering what is against the measure, as well as what is in favor of it. There are prodigal sons everywhere, who are ready to demand the portion of goods that would fall to them, and betake themselves to a strange country. Something is ever lost in the process of migration, and much is sacrificed at home for what is gained abroad. A world of wisdom is in the saying of Mr. Emerson, that "those who made Rome worth going to see, stayed there." Five moves from house to house are said to be worse than a fire. That a rolling stone gathers no moss, has passed into the world's wisdom.

The colored people of the South, just beginning to accumulate a little property, and to lay the foundation of family, should not be in haste to sell that little and be off to the banks of the Mississippi. The habit of roaming from place to place in pursuit of better conditions of existence is by no means a good one. A man should never leave his home for a new one till he has earnestly endeavored to make his immediate surroundings accord with his wishes. The time and energy expended in wandering about from place to place, if employed in making him a comfortable home where he is, will, in nine cases out of ten, prove the best investment. No people ever did much for themselves or for the world without the sense and inspiration of native land, of a fixed home, of familiar neighborhood and common associations. The fact of being to the manor born has an elevating power upon the mind and heart of a man. It is a more cheerful thing to be able to say: I was born here, and know all the people, than to say: I am a stranger here, and know none of the people.

It cannot be doubted that in so far as this exodus tends to promote restlessness in the colored people of the South, to unsettle their feeling of home and to sacrifice positive advantages where they are for fancied ones in Kansas or elsewhere, it is an evil. Some have sold their little homes their chickens, mules and pigs, at a sacrifice, to follow the exodus. Let it be understood that you are going, and you advertise the fact that your mule has lost half his value—for your staying with him makes half his value. Let the colored people of Georgia offer their six millions' worth of property for sale, with the purpose to leave Georgia, and they will not realize half its value. Land is not worth much where there are no people to occupy it, and a mule is not worth much where there is no one to drive him.

It may safely be asserted that, whether advocated and commended to favor on the ground that it will increase the political power of the Republican party, and thus help to make a solid North against a solid South; or upon the ground that it will increase the power and influence of the colored people as a political element, and enable them the better to protect their rights, and insure their moral and social elevation, the exodus will prove a disappointment, a mistake and a failure; because, as to strengthening the Republican party, the emigrants will go only to those States where the Republican party is strong and solid enough already without their votes; and in respect to the other part of the argument, it will fail because it takes colored voters from a section of the country where they are sufficiently numerous to elect some of their number to places of honor and profit, and places them in a country where their proportion to other classes will be so small as not to be recognized as a political element, or entitled to be represented by one of themselves. And, further, because, go where they will, they must for a time inevitably carry with them poverty, ignorance and other repulsive incidents, inherited from their former condition as slaves—a circumstance which is about as likely to make votes for Democrats as for Republicans, and to raise up bitter prejudices against them as to raise up friends for them.

No people can be much respected in this country, where all are eligible to office, that cannot point to any one of their class in an honorable, responsible position. In sending a few men to Congress, the negroes of the South have done much to dispel prejudice and raise themselves in the estimation of the country and the world. By staying where they are, they may be able to send abler, better and more effective representatives of their race to Congress than it was possible for them to send at first, because of their want of education and their recent liberation from bondage. In the South the negro has at least the possibility of power, in the North he has no such possibility; and it is for him to say how well he can afford to part with this possible power.

But another argument in favor of this emigration is, that having a numerical superiority in Mississippi, Louisiana and South Carolina, and thereby possessing the ability to choose some of their own number to represent them in the State and Nation, they are necessarily brought into antagonism with the white race, and invite the very political persecution of which they complain. So they are told that the best remedy for this persecution is to surrender the right and advantage given them by the Constitution and the Government of electing men of color to office. They are not to overcome prejudice and persecution where it is, but to go where it is not; not to stand where they are, and demand the full Constitutional protection which the Government is solemnly bound to give, but to go where the protection of the Government is not needed. Plainly enough, this is an evasion of a solemn obligation and duty; an attempt to climb up some other way, a half-way measure, a makeshift, a miserable substitution of expediency for right. For an egg, it gives the negro a stone.

The dissemination of this doctrine by the agents of emigration cannot but do the cause of equal rights much harm. It lets the public mind down from the high ground of a great national duty to a miserable compromise, in which wrong surrenders nothing, and right everything. The South is not to repent its crimes and submit to the Constitution, in common with all other parts of the country, but such repentance and submission is to be conveniently made unnecessary by removing the temptation to commit violations of the law and the Constitution. Men may be pardoned for refusing their assent to a measure supported upon a principle so unsound, subversive and pernicious. The Nation should be held steadily to the high and paramount principle that allegiance and protection are inseparable, that this Government is solemnly bound to protect and defend the lives and liberties of all its citizens, of whatever race or color, or of whatever political or religious opinion, and to do this in every State and Territory within the American Union.

Then, again, is there to be no stopping-place for the negro? Suppose that, by-and-by, some "Sand-lot orator" shall arise in Kansas, as in California, and take it into his head to stir up the mob against the negro, as he stirred up the mob against the Chinese? What then? Must the negro have another exodus? Does not one exodus invite another? and in advocating one, do we not sustain the demand for another?

Plainly enough, the exodus is less harmful as a measure, than are the arguments by which it is supported. The one is the result of a feeling of outrage and despair; but the other comes of cool, selfish calculation. One is the result of honest despair, and appeals powerfully to the sympathies of men; the other is an appeal to our selfishness, which shrinks from doing right because the way is difficult.

Not only is the South the best locality for the negro, on the ground of his political powers and possibilities, but it is best for him as a field of labor. He is there, as he is nowhere else, an absolute necessity. He has a monopoly of the labor market. His labor is the only labor which can successfully offer itself for sale in that market. This fact, with a little wisdom and firmness, will enable him to sell his labor there, on terms more favorable to himself than he can elsewhere. As there are no competitors or substitutes, he can demand living prices with the certainty that the demand will be complied with. Exodus would deprive him of this advantage. It would take him from a country where the landowners and planters must have his labor, or allow their fields to go untilled and their purses unsupplied with cash, to a country where the landowners are able and proud to do their own work, and do not need to hire hands, except for limited periods, at certain seasons of the year. The effect of this will be to send the negro to the towns and cities to compete with white labor. With what result, let the past tell. They will be crowded into lanes and alleys, cellars and garrets, poorly provided with the necessaries of life, and will gradually die out.

The negro, as already intimated, is pre-eminently a Southern man. He is so both in constitution and habits, in body as well as mind. He will not only take with him to the North Southern modes of labor, but Southern modes of life. The careless and improvident habits of the South cannot be set aside in a generation. If they are adhered to in the North, in the fierce winds and snows of Kansas and Nebraska, the emigration must be large to keep up their numbers.

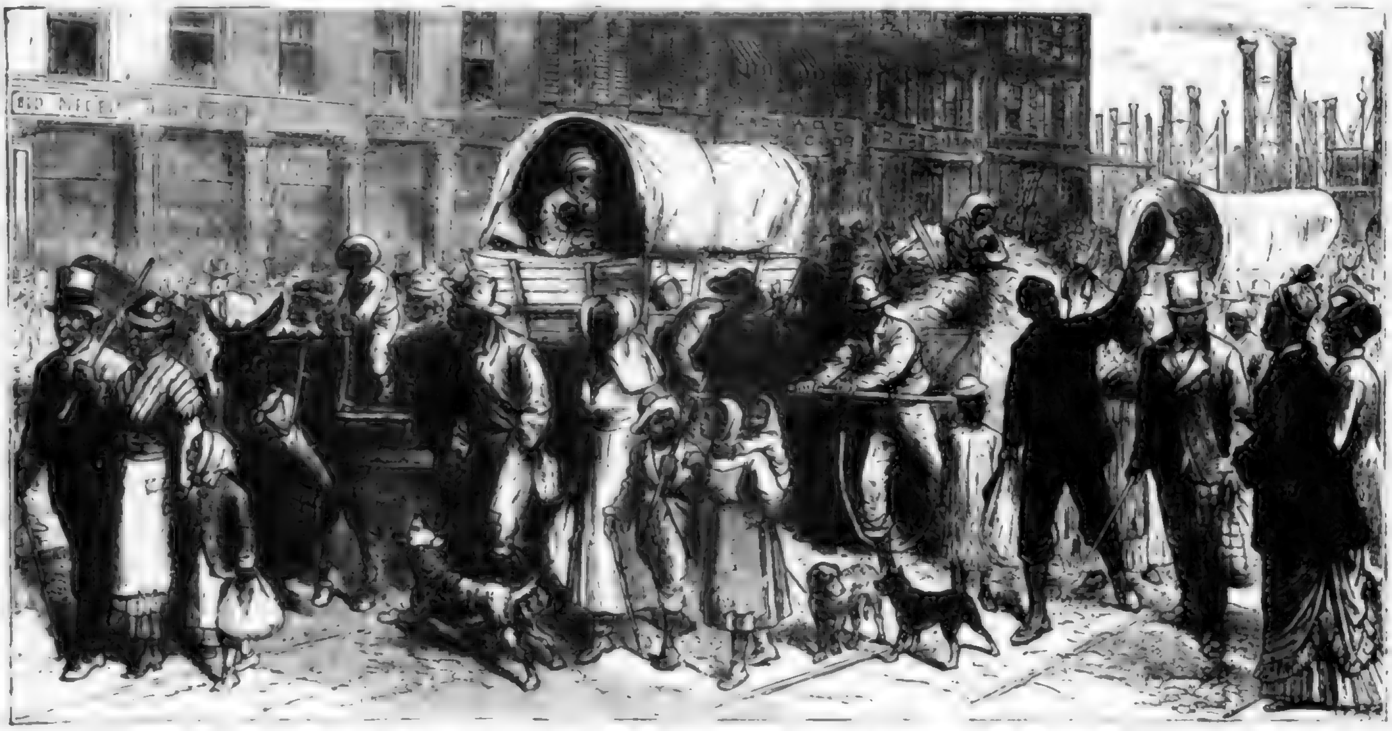
It would appear, therefore, that neither the laws of politics, labor nor climate favor this exodus. It does not conform to the laws of healthy emigration, which proceeds not from south to north, not from heat to cold, but from east to west, and in climates to which the emigrants are more or less adapted and accustomed.

As an assertion of power by a people hitherto held in bitter contempt; as an emphatic and stinging protest against highhanded, greedy and shameless injustice to the weak and defenseless; as a means of opening the blind eyes of oppressors to their folly and peril, the exodus has done valuable service. Whether it has accomplished all of which it is capable in this particular direction, for the present, is a question which may well be considered. With a moderate degree of intelligent leadership among the laboring class at the South, properly handling the justice of their cause, and wisely using the exodus example, they can easily exact better terms for their labor than ever before. Exodus is medicine, not food; it is for disease, not health—it is not to be taken from choice, but necessity. In

XUM

anything like a normal condition of things, the South is the best place for the negro. Nowhere else is there for him a promise of a happier future. Let him stay there if he can, and save both the South and himself to civilization. While, however, it may be the highest wisdom in the circumstances for the freedmen to stay where they are, no encouragement should be given to any measures of coercion to keep them there. The American people are bound, if they are or can be bound to anything, to keep the North gate of the South open to black and white, and to all the people. The time to assert a right, Webster says, is, when it is called in question. If it is attempted by force or fraud to compel the colored people to stay there, they should by all means go—go quickly, and die, if need be, in the attempt.

Thus far, and to this extent, any man may be an emigrationist; and thus far, and to this extent, I certainly am an emigrationist. In no case must the negro be "bottled up" or "caged up." He must be left free, like every other American citizen, to choose his own local habitation, and to go where he shall like. Though it may not be for his interest to leave the South, his right and power to leave it may be the best means of making it possible for him to stay there in peace.



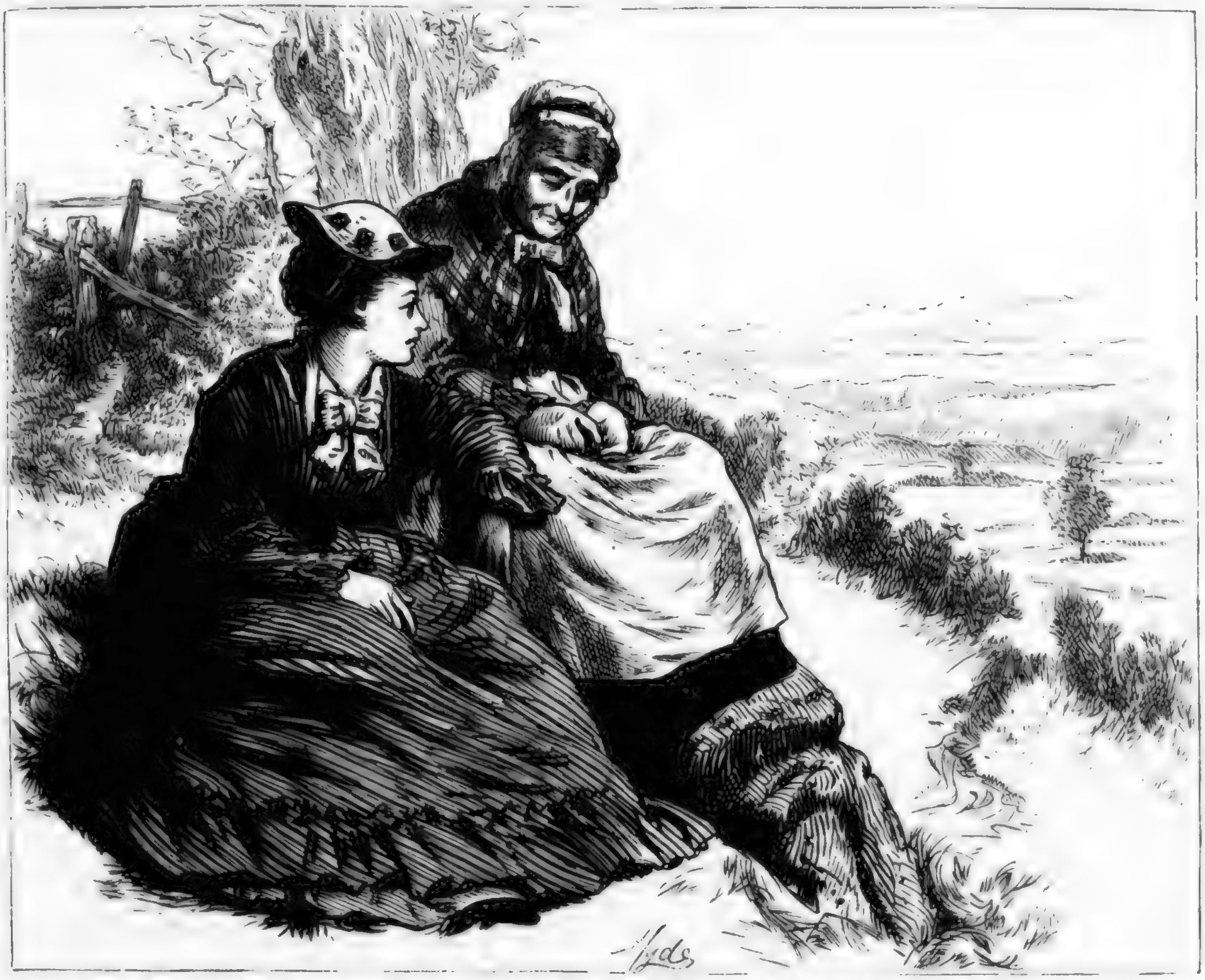
THE NEGRO EXODUS FROM THE GULF STATES.—EMIGRANTS LANDING AT ST. LOUIS.

Woe to the oppressed and destitute of all countries and races, if the rich and powerful are to decide when and where they shall go or stay! The deserving hired man gets his wages increased when he can tell his employer that he can get better wages elsewhere. And when all hope is gone from the hearts of the laboring classes of the Old World, they can come across the sea to the New. If they could not do that, their crushed hearts would break under increasing burdens. The right to emigrate is one of the most useful and precious of all rights.

But not only to the oppressed, but to the oppressor, is the free use of this right necessary. To attempt to keep the freedmen in the South—those who are spirited enough to undertake the risks and hardships of emigration—would involve great possible danger to all concerned. Ignorant and cowardly as the negro may be, he has been known to fight bravely for his liberty. He went down to Harper's Ferry with John Brown, and fought as bravely and died as nobly as any. There have been Nathaniel Turners and Denmark Veseys among them in the United States; Joseph Cinquees, Madison Washingtons and Tillmons on the sea, and Toussaint l'Ouvertures on land. Even his enemies, during the late war, had to confess that the negro is a good fighter, when once in a fight. If he runs, it is only as all men will run when they are whipped. This is no time to trifle with the rights of men. All Europe to-day is studded with the material for a wild conflagration. Every day brings us news of plots and conspiracies against oppressive power.

An able writer in the *North American Review* for July, himself a Nihilist, in a powerful article defends the extremest measures of his party, and shows that the treatment of the emancipated peasants by the Government and landed aristocracy of Russia is very similar to that now practiced toward the freedmen by the landed aristocracy of the South. Like causes will produce like effects the world over. It will not be wise for the Southern slaveholders and their successors to shape their policy upon the presumption that the negro's cowardice or forbearance has no limit. The fever of freedom is already in the negro's blood. He is not just what he was fourteen years ago. To forcibly dam up the stream of emigration would be a measure of extreme madness, as well as oppression. It would be exposing the heart of the oppressor to the pistol and dagger, and his home to fire and pillage. The cry of "Land and Liberty," the watchword of the Nihilistic party in Russia, has a music in it sweet to the ear of all oppressed peoples; and well shall it be for the landholders of the South if they shall learn wisdom in time, and adopt such a course of just treatment toward the landless laborers of the South in the future as shall make this popular watchword uncontagious and unknown among them, and further stampedes to the North wholly unknown, undesirable and impossible.

THE despised of some people are the looked-up-to of others. Were it not so, the little ones of the earth would not be able to hold up their heads under the contumely of the great ones.



FOR HER AND FOR HIM.—"NOW, AS THEY SAT TOGETHER ON THE LITTLE KNOLL, MARGIE'S EYES SWEPT THE LANDSCAPE THAT SHE MIGHT REPRODUCE ITS GOLDEN GLORY AND WAVING GREEN FOR HER MOTHER."

FOR HER AND FOR HIM.

The Summer breeze came softly through the uncurtained window of an old farmhouse in Western Virginia, just stirring the silver locks which shaded the forehead of an old lady who sat by it in a high-backed arm-chair. Her faded and shabby attire bespoke poverty, but its exquisite neatness, and the snowy folds of her simple cap and kerchief, indicated that she had not forgotten the respect due to herself and others.

Her shrunken hands were folded idly on her lap, though some coarse knitting-work which lay beside them showed her recent occupation. Her eyes, which wore the earnest, seeking look which blind eyes often wear, were turned eagerly toward a young girl who, with a letter in her hand, sat upon a low stool at a little distance.

She was reading aloud, in a low, hesitating voice, like one who looks beyond the word she utters, and finds there some painful news which she would gladly pass over in silence.

"The letter ends abruptly," said she, raising her eyes a moment from the page, while a faint crimson flushed her cheeks as she saw her mother's look fastened upon her. "He is ordered to Chattanooga, and we shall hear no more of him for some time."

She folded the letter hastily together.

"My poor boy!" said the mother; "so young to know the hardships of a soldier's life—not sixteen when he enlisted."

"Yes, mother; but so brave, so proud and stalwart that no one would have suspected his age. He wanted but an inch of the mark which father left upon the kitchen-door."

"I knew he was a bonny lad; my fingers and ears told me that when my eyes refused to do so; and now he is gone. It is a cruel world which takes sons away from their mothers and will not give them back. Give me the letter, Margie. Let me hold it in my hands—the last thing my poor boy touched."

Margie gave the letter to her mother, who folded her hands over it in the same manner that clairvoyants do, pressing it lightly with her finger-tips, as if she would read it with them.

"It makes my heart heavy, Margie, as I hold it. I am afraid even now that some great misfortune has happened to him."

The girl pressed her lips to her mother's wrinkled forehead, and stroked down her silver hair as she answered:

"Much love makes you timid, mother. Let us hope for the best."

Could her mother have seen her face as she spoke, she would have seen the great tears rolling down her cheeks, though her voice was firm and unshaken.

"Will you walk up to the knoll with me, mother?" she continued. "I fear that you have forgotten that it is my birthday."

"Ah, yes, my child, I will go. How many more years we shall go there, who can tell? We have been there every year since your father carried you there, a baby six weeks old, and laughingly told you to open your eyes

XUM

and see how much of the world you could call your own."

The old lady rose as she spoke, and placed the letter and her knitting on the table by her chair. Her daughter drew her arm within her own, and handed her the oaken staff with which her mother aided her feeble steps. But ere she turned away she took the letter and put it in her pocket.

While they proceed to the knoll, from whose summit one saw a peaceful valley, with a winding road, let us linger at the farmhouse, and make ourselves acquainted with the joys and sorrows of its inmates.

Martin Brockway, a Puritan of Scotch descent, had emigrated to this valley from New Hampshire many years ago. He found a smiling, pleasant country, whose climate was beautiful and serene in comparison with that of the rocky, sterile region from which he came; but the society was not congenial, and he made few friends in the new home which he had chosen. Their idle, thriftless ways, their leisurely enjoyment of the present moment, found little favor in the eyes of a man who worked diligently on earth and postponed all pleasure to the next world. But his grim, steadfast nature was not altogether proof against the voice of youth and beauty. Before the bright eyes of Austiss Coverdale, whose father's land adjoined his own, his reserve melted, and his heart confessed the mighty power of love.

Their marriage was a happy one. Through her sunny eyes he saw many an innocent pleasure in life which he otherwise would never have known, and from his stern, upright heart, she learned the beauty of self-denial.

Of many children, two only survived their infancy, and in Margaret and Horace all their parents' affections culminated.

When Mr. Brockway died, Margaret was sixteen and Horace fourteen years old, and the gloom which the father's death cast over the household was deepened by the sudden blindness of the mother, who, while sitting by the window during a terrific thunder-shower in the early Summer, was dazzled by a flash of violent lightning, which blotted out her children's faces, and made the whole world for ever dark to her.

From that hour she lost her nerve and vigor, grew prematurely old, and leaned heavily upon the children she had once supported and guided.

Horace Brockway was a brave and daring boy, whose fiery blood, impatient of restraint, had its source in some far-away cavalier ancestor, who respected no earthly or heavenly laws, and had but one curb to his imperious will—loyalty to his king.

Slumbering for some three generations, in the boy it flashed up with some of its old fierce freedom. He early threw off the guiding hands of his mother and sister, and would have fretted and chafed under the sterner control which his father would have exercised over him had he lived.

The tinge of Puritan blood which ran in his veins led him to the Union army, when, spurning the dull life of the farmhouse, he left his home and enlisted without the knowledge of his mother and sister, to spare himself their grief and reproaches.

A deeper gloom settled over the mother's heart. The light of her eyes was taken from her by the lightning's stroke; the light of her home by her wayward boy.

"If he would but have told me," said she, sobbing, with the dry, tearless sobs which are so much bitterer than tears, "I would not have kept him back; but to leave me so"—"like a thief in the night," were the words hovering on her lips, but she would not speak them.

She would not cast a reproach on her son, if others would, and soon all personal anger was washed away in the overflowing tenderness of a mother's love, which found excuses to soften all unkind deeds, and pity for every hardship which lay in his chosen path.

Margie was left at home, to bear the double weight of care of the household and the farm, while the sorrow of the mother wasted her vital force as rapidly as the Spring rain dissolves the banks of snow on the river's edge. Like many another woman, she took up her burden with a patient heroism which never faltered or complained. Her own life was put aside to minister to her mother; and when Roger Dearborn, the young farmer to whom she had plighted her troth, asked her to become his wife and share his home in the next county, she said, simply:

"I cannot leave my mother, Roger, in this her greatest sorrow."

"We will take her with us, then."

"She will not bear transplanting, dearest. Every step in this house is familiar to her. In strange and unwonted ways her feet would falter, and the sense of her infirmity and feebleness would become still stronger. We are both young, Roger. Let us wait a little longer. Perhaps Horace will come back, or——"

Roger listened coldly. He was a man, and could not bear to have his claims deferred.

"You do not love me as I do you, or you would not talk of waiting so calmly."

She looked at him with eyes that grew sad from the reflection of his selfishness.

"It may be so," said she, gently; "but I love you very dearly, or I should not have promised to be your wife—better than anybody else in the world."

"Except your mother," said he, bitterly.

"True—except my mother. If I am not a good daughter to her, how could you expect me to be a good wife to you? Our love is strong enough to bear a little waiting, is it not, Roger?" asked she, putting her hand lightly on his arm.

"No," said he, gruffly, "when there is no prospect of an end to our waiting. You must choose between her and me."

She withdrew her hand.

"I choose, then," said she, quietly. She turned her eyes full upon him as she spoke, and they had a look in them which he never understood, but could never forget—a look of wistful tenderness and of sorrow which could not shape itself into words. "I choose my mother. Good-by, Roger; we had better part."

She put out her hand. He was too angry to clasp it in his.

"Good-by, Roger," she repeated, gently; and, turning away, left him standing under the great sycamore.

He could see through the open window the snowy cap of Mrs. Brockway, and beside it soon appeared the head with the rippling brown locks, which had just left his side.

She had chosen; let her abide by her choice. There were girls in the country richer and fairer than she, whom he would not ask in vain. And the angry man turned away from the paradise from which his own act had excluded him, with a heart full of bitter imprecations against the coldness and fickleness of women.

It was not many days after this that Margie Brockway had received the letter which she was reading to her mother when our story opens.

The mother's nice ear had detected a little sadder tone in the girl's voice as she moved about her, in the hundred little nameless offices of love which she rendered her—as she read or sang, or with her ever-ready tongue drew word-pictures for her sightless eyes; but the love for her absent darling found him the cause of all.

Now, as they sat together on the little knoll, Margie's eyes swept the landscape, that she might reproduce its golden glory and waving green for her mother.

"The sun is shining brightly, mother—just as it always does on this day—and the crows are flying over the old oak-tree. The alder-bushes by the brook have a tinge of red on their berries, and the holly-bushes look as if the sun shone a little brighter there than anywhere else. The smoke curls away from farmer Rideout's great chimney-stack, and the doves are wheeling and circling about the barn. Jake is driving the farm-wagon slowly along the road, where I see a gay party on horseback."

And so Margie went on. Not a bird flew high up in the heavens, not a squirrel or a rabbit ran across the fields, but she saw and spoke of them. The varying colors of the trees, the light and shadow on the hills, the clouds that floated now and then across the sky.

Her tender patience touched the blind woman's heart.

"Ah, Margie," said she, "I see it all with your eyes, better than I could do with my own. They were growing dim, love, before the darkness came. What should I do without you?" And she drew her closer to her side, and stroked her rippling hair.

The dull pain in the girl's heart was stilled as she answered, in the old words which have brought comfort to so many hearts:

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

When the day's duties were done, the simple supper over, and the few fervent prayers said, in which the widow prayed with all the intense longing of her mother's heart that God would watch over the boy who had passed beyond her sheltering care, Margie sat down to think. She drew the letter from her pocket, and read it carefully again. Should she bear this sorrow as she had done the other, alone, or share it with her mother?

Since Roger had thrown her off, she had no one to take counsel with. Her own heart whispered, "Bear the burden alone. It is but for a little while. Make the short remnant of her life as easy and as peaceful as you can. You are strong; she is weak. Let your love shield her from this storm."

She rose, and by a sudden impulse went to her mother's bedside, and looked long and earnestly at her. Her thin, worn face, distinctly visible by the light that burned on the bureau, showed in what a frail garment the sweet spirit was clad. How the lines spoke of great sorrows patiently borne and bravely faced!

"She shall never know of this," said Margie, as she turned away. "She first, he next, and then myself. God give me strength for all. It will be easy for me now to keep it from her if I choose."

She went back to the fire that smoldered on the hearth, and dropped the letter into it. There was no looking back now. Her course was resolved upon. For her sake. In the world beyond her mother would know all. It should be her care to keep that knowledge from her now. She first, and then he.

Their daily life proceeded without change. While Mr. Brockway lived, the interruptions to the monotonous life of the farm were not many, and now they came still more seldom. The blind woman and her daughter seemed almost forgotten by the rest of the world, and it was an easy matter to keep all knowledge from Mrs. Brockway but what Margaret chose she should receive. But between mother and daughter there had been so few concealments, that Margie found herself often on the very verge of betrayal, and only recovered herself by some clumsy manœuvre which would have aroused suspicion in one more shrewd than her mother.

Every day Margaret went or sent to the post-office for a letter which she knew she would not receive, and every day answered her mother's question with the same words: "Not any to-day; perhaps to-morrow," though sometimes the "to-morrow," like Macbeth's "Amen," would stick in her throat, and refuse to be uttered; and the great tears would roll silently down her cheeks, as the faint flush of hope which lighted up her mother's face at the sound of her steps would fade away into a graver sadness.

"Do you say, Margie, when you write, how much we want to hear just one word from him, if no more?"

"Yes, mother, I always do; but, you know, letters cannot always get through the lines. He may have written, and we not get it."

"Oh, I think he has. I do not believe he would have left us so long without one word. Perhaps—perhaps he is dead, and we have never known it."

"Do not think so, mother," said the girl, with white lips. "Our lot is hard, but no harder than that of others. I saw Farmer Rideout to-day, and he knows nothing more of Ephraim than we of Horace. Our hearts ache, but we are not alone."

"I will be patient. Bear with me a little longer, Margie."

"Mother!" cried the girl, passionately, "do not speak so. When you are gone, what shall I have left?"

"Not if it grieves you, darling. But my life has gone out from me; and I feel so weary that I would gladly lie down and die in peace, if I could see my son's face once more."

With the perversity which we sometimes feel, the longing for the absent love blotted out all thought of the present affection.

At length a letter came, when the feverish expectancy of Mrs. Brockway had amounted almost to agony. It was a short, simple letter, that told of little but the movements of the army, and the writer's longing for home. Not a word of his personal life or hardships; but it satisfied the widow's craving heart for a few days.

Margie read it with a flushed face; and had anyone been looking over her shoulder as she read it, he would have seen it was without a post-mark, and in her own handwriting.

The real letter that she took from the office she read as she walked home, and carefully concealed it from every eye but her own.

When her mother asked to have the letter which she had read where she could touch and keep it, the consciousness of her deceit swelled her heart almost to bursting, and she half doubted her strength to perform the task she had undertaken.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "is it ever right to hide the truth, even in tender pity to those we love?"

The days wore slowly away. Summer and Autumn came, but no news from Horace. Rumors of many Union victories reached them, and men said the war would soon be over.

A little glow lighted up the dying embers of hope in the widow's heart.

"When peace is declared, Margie, he will come, will he not? I pray that I may live till then."

"Poor mother," said the daughter, "he did not join the volunteer army. I cannot tell. We will ask some one wiser than we. Perhaps he will be ordered somewhere else."

XUM

"How can I bear it, if he is?"

For all answer, Margie drew her mother's head upon her shoulder, and soothed her as one would a grieved child.

"We will hope for the best. Perhaps he will get a furlough."

The long-delayed peace came, and with it the sad wail of a nation whose chief was basely assassinated when men had consented to lay down their arms; but no news of Horace came, and the slender thread which bound Mrs. Brockway to this world slowly parted, and Margie was left alone in the old farmhouse.

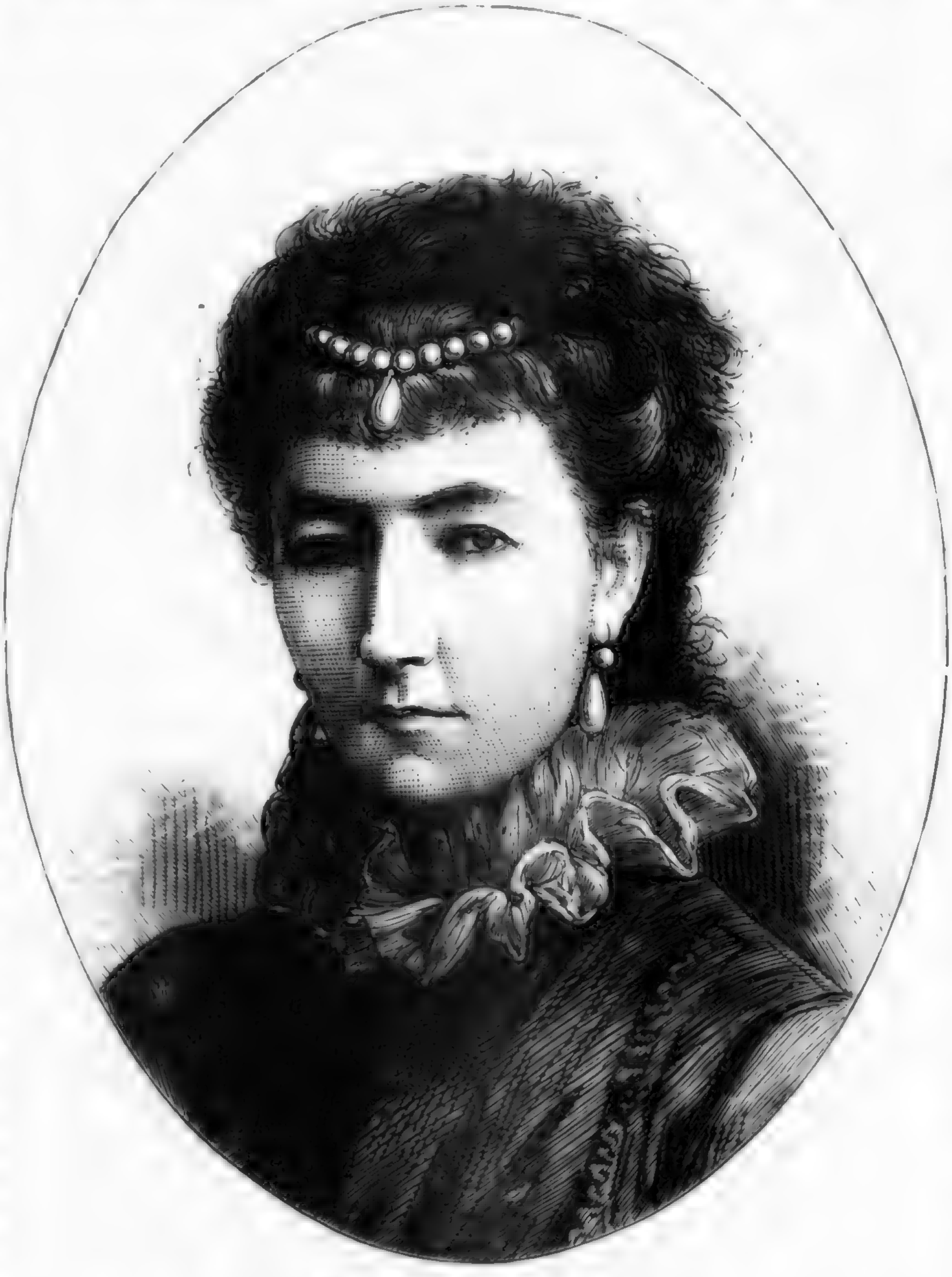
"Mother!" cried she, passionately, as the light slowly faded out of the dying woman's face, "say that you forgive me before you go."

A gleam of sweet surprise returned for a moment to her features, as she said, slowly:

"I have nothing to forgive, my child. You never grieved me."

"That I have kept a great sorrow to myself, and have not shared it with you."

But the confession fell unheeded on the dull ears; and the untroubled face of the dead showed that she had found peace at last. She was gone past all help, or need of any; and when the last sad rites were over, Margaret felt more keenly the pressure of her living grief. Now she must work for *him*.



SARAH BERNHARDT.— SEE PAGE 55.

She took the letters that she had kept from her mother's knowledge out from their hiding-place, and read them, though her faithful memory still held their every word. What a sad story they told!

The first was from a farmer's wife in Pennsylvania, written in a stiff, cramped hand, as if the fingers that held the pen were stiffened with hard work, and unused to writing. It ran:

"DEAR MADAME: I write you this letter partly because my husband desires it, and partly because I feel for your trouble. I have a son in the army, too, and I would be glad if any one could give me news of him, even were it such news as this."

But a line had been drawn through these last words, as if the writer's second thought disowned them.

"Last Thursday night, as my husband and I were going to bed, we heard a faint rap at the door. He opened it, and found there two boys, who asked for a bit of bread and leave to sleep in the barn. I was by Peter's side when he saw them, and thought of my own boy. 'Let them come in and eat, Peter, and we will talk about the barn afterward,' said I. So they came into the kitchen, and after they had satisfied their hunger they told their story. They had deserted from the army, and one was your son. At first my husband's face was stern and grave, but as the boys went on, I saw him grow more pitiful.

"'How old are you?' he asked, turning to your son.

"'I am sixteen, and Ephraim fifteen.'

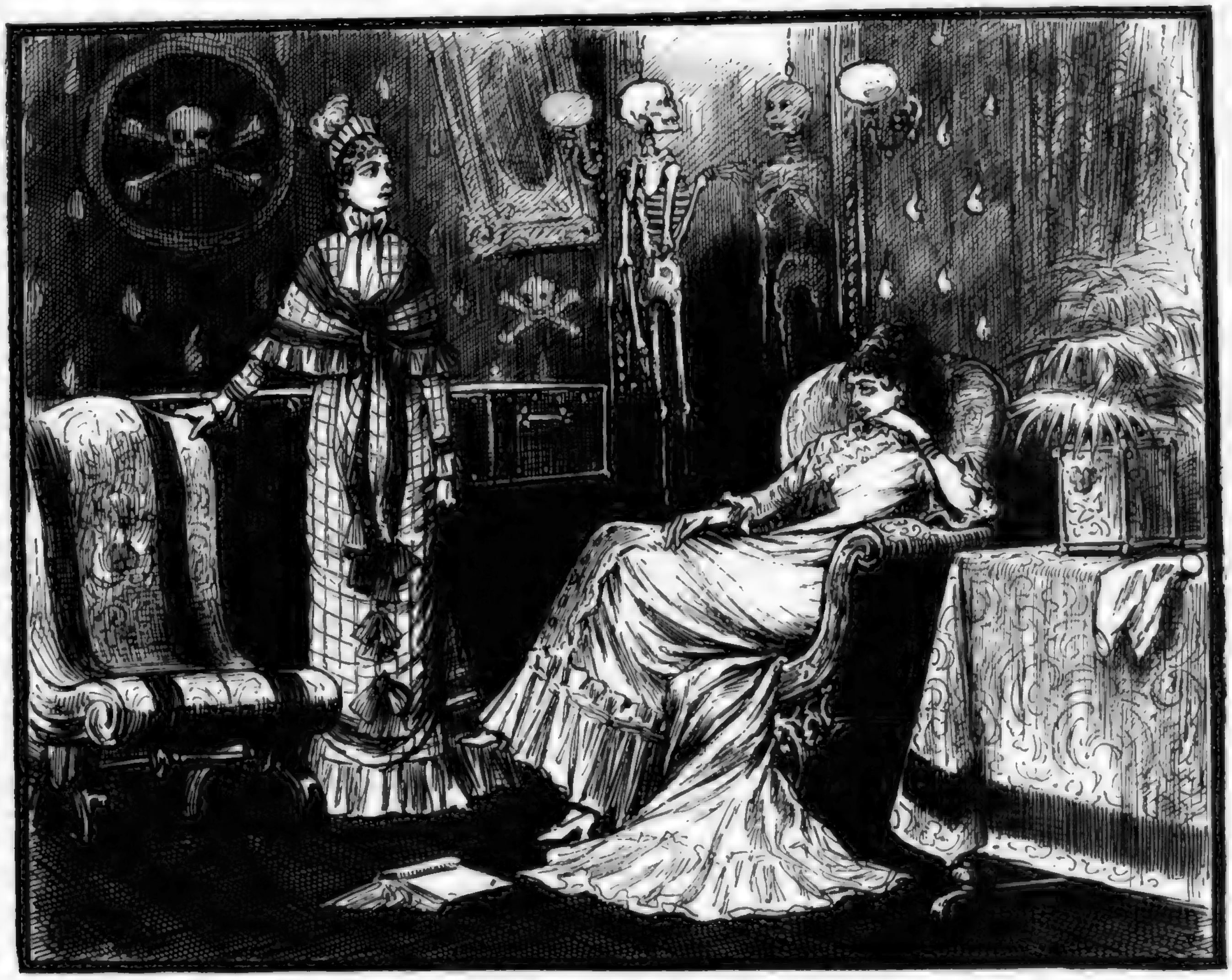
"'They are but children!' cried I, 'and they will be shot if they are taken.'

"'Yes,' said my husband; 'but if boys will play at being men, they must expect men's fate. Give them a bed, and we will see what can be done to-morrow.'

"So I took them up-stairs, and brought them water for their feet, and gave them my son's bed. Then I went down, and Peter told me that that afternoon there had been a sergeant and a squad of men in the next town searching for deserters, but finally they had gone over the borders. Then I begged of him to try some way to save them. My husband sat a long time thinking, and this was the plan which he hit upon at last: The boys were to be roused at early dawn, dressed in some of my son's clothes, and ride away upon two of our best horses. My husband was to follow them, overtake them at Lancaster, and have them arrested and imprisoned for horse-stealing. They would escape the certain fate of the deserter by a short imprisonment in the penitentiary.

"When he first proposed this plan to your son, he angrily refused to comply with it. 'A Brockway a thief!' cried he. 'Never!' But he at last gave in, and they rode away this morning, and my husband has followed them."

Inclosed in this letter was a half-finished one from



A VISIT BY MISS MARY ANDERSON TO MLLE. BERNHARDT'S BOUDOIR ORNAMENTED WITH EMBLEMS OF DEATH.

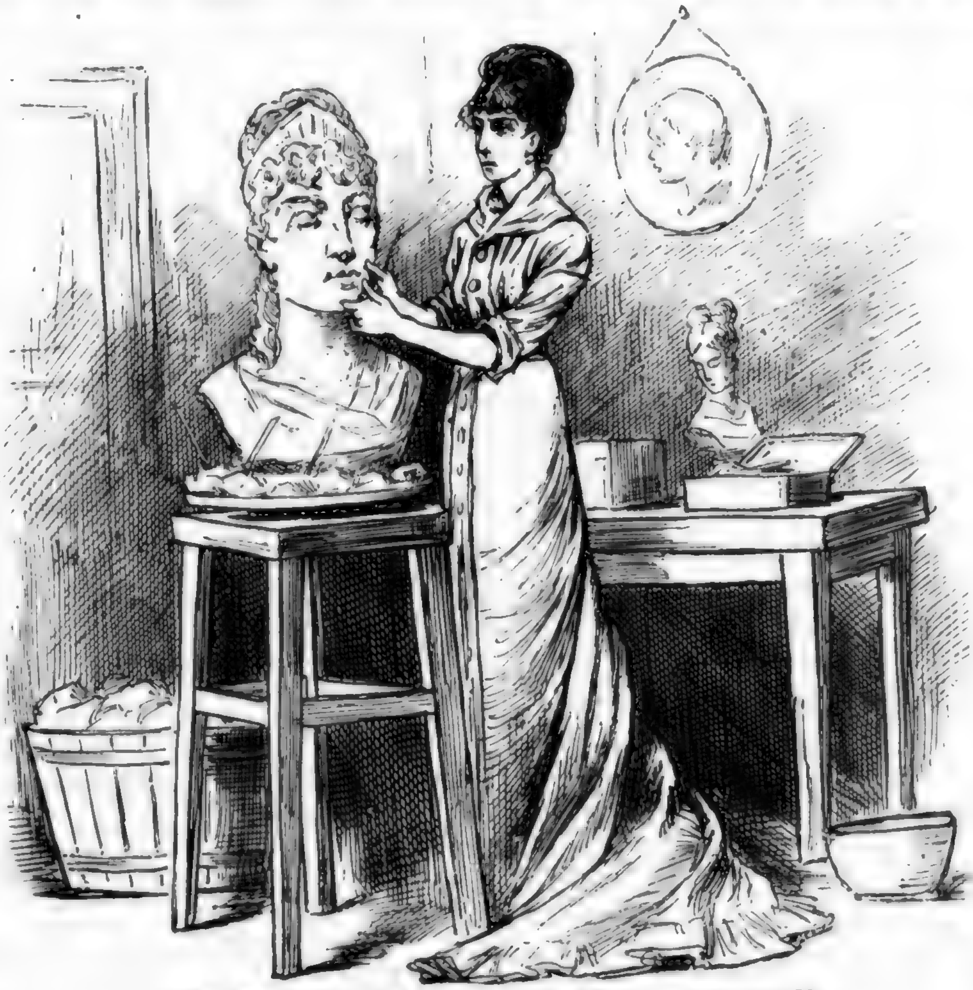
Horace, which Mrs. Stuyvesant said she had found in the pocket of the clothes which he had left behind him, and it was that Margaret had tried to read to her unsuspecting mother.

The second letter was from the lawyer who had been the counsel for the prosecution.

Mr. Stuyvesant had told him the whole story, and after Horace's conviction he wrote to Mrs. Brockway, with almost a woman's nicety of detail; told her of her son's appearance and behavior at his trial, and tried to comfort her with the assurance that the term of his imprisonment could be shortened, and a pardon finally obtained; and he offered his services to them in any way to obtain that end.

It was too soon to attempt anything now, but in a year he thought that something could be done.

The third letter was from Horace to "Margaret, in which the



SARAH BERNHARDT.—THE ACTRESS IN HER STUDIO.—SEE PAGE 55.

boy pleaded with a passionate earnestness that his sister would keep his sad fate from his mother.

"It would kill her, I know, Margaret, and she never need hear of it if you do not choose. I would not have told you anything, but left you to suppose me wounded, dead, or what you would, had not Mr. Andrew told me that Mrs. Stuyvesant had written you all. Do for me now, Margie, the only thing you can do, or that I shall ever ask you: Keep silence when you need not speak."

Margie folded up the letters. She had kept silence till the ears that her words would have pained so deeply were beyond listening. Well or ill, she had fulfilled the wayward boy's request. Now she must act.

With a scantily filled purse, and Mr. Andrew's letter, she started in the depth of Winter for Lancaster to find the only man that knew or cared for her brother's fate.

Arrived at her destination, she learned that the promising young lawyer had been chosen a member of Congress, and was now at Washington.

She followed him there alone, and without a friend to help her. Timid by nature, her courage would have failed her utterly had it not been for the great motive which urged her forward. But it was a duty which she owed her brother, and the dead mother whom she would not allow to share her sorrow while living.

How to prosecute her inquiry she did not know, but remembering the name of a hotel at which she had heard many of the Northern members of Congress boarded, she went to the clerk's office and asked for Mr. Andrew.

Something in her timid air and her country dress seemed to the supercilious clerk to warrant an impertinent reply. As he uttered it, the tears forced themselves to her eyes. She lowered her vail hastily to conceal them, and, as she was passing out of the room, repeated her question to a gentleman who had been watching her unobserved.

"What do you want of him? If you will tell me, perhaps I can assist you."

"I cannot tell you—at least, not here and not now," stammered she, looking up at his gray hairs with a beseeching look.

"Come with me," said he, kindly—"come to my wife. Perhaps you will find it easier to speak to her than to me."

Something in the voice and face inspired Margaret with confidence, perhaps all the more readily because she found her overtaxed faculties giving way.

She followed Mr. Blount to his quiet parlor, where, after a little interval of rest, she told his wife, whose kind, motherly ways cheered and soothed her, her sad errand.

She could not have told it to one more ready to sympathize and assist. At their solicitation, friends started up on every side. Members of Congress, governors, generals, all interested themselves in the fate of the boy who but a week before was comparatively unknown.

From the penitentiary came accounts of Horace's good behavior and docile submission to all the requirements of his hated life. And in a month's time Margaret was on her way to Lancaster with a pardon from the President, releasing her brother from prison, and remitting his penalty as a deserter.

For her and for him Margaret's labors were over; but while working unselfishly for him, she had been unconsciously making friends for herself. Mr. Blount and his wife had grown to look upon her as a daughter, and in the next Summer Mr. Andrew found his way to the old farmhouse, a suitor of a different temperament from Roger Dearborn—one who loved her all the more because she had so nobly said, "For her, for him, and, lastly, for myself."

THE JUDGMENT OF THE SWORD.

(From the French of Coppée, by O'Shaughnessy.)

When iron-browed Guntz returned from Palestine,
Lying one night awake beside his wife,
Hilda, Sueno's daughter, in her dream
Low muttering, he heard her speak a name,
A man's name, his whose lands adjoined his own.
Jealousy seized him; he believed her false,
And, taking down his sword, half drew the blade.
But lo! the candor of that sleeping face,
Half-hid in wealth of chestnut hair, and lit
By lingering, fond looks of the moon, arrests
His hand; he hesitates, and now, rough lord
Though he is, feels love a moment more than honor.
Yet sure was Guntz his ear had heard aright.
Then Guntz took counsel of his sword—that sword
His fathers handed down invincible.
He set it up, half naked as it was,
Before the crucifix, and thus he spake:

"O sword, my sword, O trusty African,
Rebaptized in the blood of Saracens
So lately, speak! resolve me now! My wife,
Low muttering in her dream, pronounced a name,
His name whose lands are joined unto my own;
I fear her false, but yet I am not sure.
Resolve me now; I know that treachery
Aye found thee fatal, and my line's fair fame
I trust in thee, since thou hast kept it fair.
Judge now my wife! thy clear, keen look of steel
Alone shall read her innocent or false;
I know thou wouldst not have me lie beside
One among womankind less true than thou;
Whether I strike her now, or strike her not,
Judge therefore thou!"

Then, true and sure, the sword,
Knowing that, though her heart had suffered taint,
Hilda had never sinned the dreamed-of sin
With him whose name she muttered in her dream—
Then generous, yea, and yet as ever true,
Not willing that the warrior should smite
Like an assassin, sharply, of itself
The sword of Guntz slid back into the sheath.

THE DESERT OF SAHARA.

Although the name of this vast desert is familiar as a household word, few of those who speak of it are aware how much of North Africa it covers. Its area is about 3,000,000 square miles, and it extends east and west from the Valley of the Nile to the Atlantic, and north and south from the Atlas Mountains to the River Niger.

On the edge of this sandy sea is situated the City of Timbuctoo, founded by the Berbers in A.D. 1176, on the Niger. It is well built, and possesses several magnificent mosques. The largest has nine naves, a lofty tower, and measures 286 by 212 feet. The population of Timbuctoo is about 20,000, but in former times was much larger. It is the capital of Central Africa—the region known by the name of Soudan, whose peoples number about 40,000,000. At present the foreign trade with this great city is about $20,000,000 per annum, carried on by caravans, which have to cross 2,000 miles of the great desert, to the ports of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli.

It is evident that commerce carried on by such medieval arrangements will not suit the genius of modern times; and Mr. Donald Mackenzie, a British engineer, has proposed to flood the Sahara from the Atlantic, and thus bring Liverpool within ten or twelve days' steam of Timbuctoo, and immensely develop the trade of the country. He finds that there is a great depression in the land, called El Juf, which approaches within 100 miles of Timbuctoo.

This depression is about 500 miles long, and 120 miles wide, and its surface is 200 feet below the level of the Atlantic, from which it is separated only by an enormous sandbank.

From the salt, the shells, and other indications, it is clear that at one time this district was covered by the sea. The great mouth of this old inland sea, called Bocca Grande, lies between perpendicular rocks, which rise to about 200 feet above the sea, and is about two miles and a half wide. It will only require a ship canal of 300 yards long through the sandbank to let in the Atlantic, and re-form this great tract of water; and a small cutting once dug across the bar, the rush of the sea-water would itself do the rest of the work.

When the great inland basin has again been filled, there will, no doubt, be difficulties to overcome in preventing a fresh formation of the bar. But with the example of the Suez Canal, there can be no reason to think that it may not be kept open.

It is believed that this tract of country has been unfertilized by the cutting away of forests. In A.D. 681, the Arabs found it well wooded, and with extensive lakes and streams of water. The inhabitants, sheltered by the woods, kept the invaders at bay for a century. The Arabs then destroyed the timber, and by A.D. 1200, the lakes had become salt marshes, the streams only occasionally appeared, and were swallowed up by the sterile, sandy soil. Even in our time the same process and result have been existing in some parts of the United States and in Australia. Several of the North American States have been obliged to forbid the indiscriminate destruction of timber, and to offer inducements for planting. In Nevada, the pines have been so cut away, that the result is periods of excessive drought, and the drying-up of lakes and streams. In Australia, the cutting down of the gum-trees is to be stopped by special enactment. Modern knowledge will, therefore, it is considered, prevent these countries from following the plan which, out of a smiling region of wood and water, formed the Desert of Sahara.

Besides the proposed flooding from the Atlantic, M. de Lesseps and a French engineer, Captain Roudaire, are now preparing to flood, from the Mediterranean, some other portions of this desert. These portions are the basins of Tunis and Algeria, but the extent to be covered with water is not yet publicly known. These works, when accomplished, will cause wonderful changes in North Africa, by which future generations will benefit more than the present one. Commerce, however, will be increased, and the trade in slaves diminished, and civilization and religion spread far over the land. The desert will be made to blossom as the rose, and another habitable world be re-created out of a land that old races of men had destroyed, in which new races of men will find their homes.

Mr. Mackenzie, in exploring for the purpose of the project for flooding this portion of the desert, has discovered a new route from the port of St. Bartholomew to Timbuctoo, which is only 800 miles, or 1,200 miles shorter than any other route leading to the coast. He has made the necessary preliminary arrangements for opening out this route, which is expected to result in very greatly increasing the trade with Timbuctoo and Central Africa.

PUT your heart in your work; in business, concentrate your thoughts upon it. Be ever ready to learn; strive to excel; be in earnest.

THERE are few things in life more interesting than an unrestricted interchange of ideas with a congenial spirit; and there are few things more rare.

SARAH BERNHARDT, AND HER "LOGE" AT THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE.

PARIS, *Aug.* 15, 1879.—At the Comédie Française, where the stage traditions still exist as they did in the time of Molière—where the actors are still proud to be called his children, there is a door with the inscription "No. 1," and below, the name "Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt."

It is here—— Let us pass the threshold; let us pass in and make our bow to this queen of art. Here in this boudoir she wields her sceptre and holds her court; here, far from the protecting arm of the *sergent de ville*, lies this crown diamond.

First we pass through a sort of antechamber, scarcely measuring more than a square yard, then through a doorway hung with a heavy *portière*, and we are in the reception-room.

The whole room is papered in dark red; the half-obscurity, even severity, is still further heightened by the black velvet picture-frames, studded with gilt nails, that hang upon the walls; but all these dark surroundings only serve to bring the room's mistress out in bolder relief. Who that has seen that face can forget it?—a face with genius stamped on every feature, but a look of fixed melancholy in the eyes, which vanishes with her ever-changing expression. I have never seen any one on the stage or off whose expression was capable of so many changes; after seeing her and hearing her talk, the statement of the man who declared "he could tell what she said by merely watching her face" scarcely seems an exaggeration.

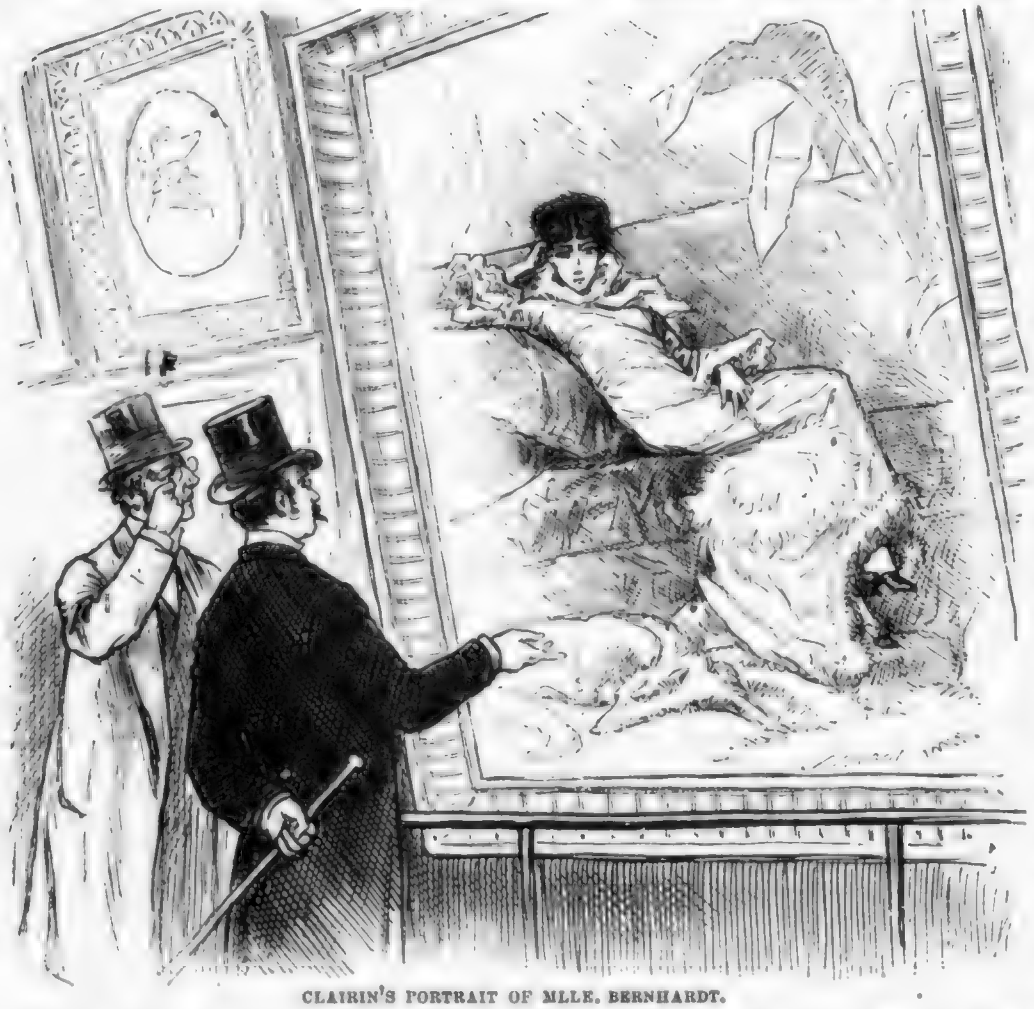
On the walls hang several pictures—here a photograph of the balloon of the Tuileries Garden; there a sketch of Sarah in the *rôle* of *Gabrielle*, by her friend, Louise Abbema; some curious little Chinese figures embroidered on silk panels; an engraving—"The Crowning of Voltaire"; a caricature of fashions; the Invisibles in *tête-à-tête*. On a pedestal stands a bust by Matheus Meunier, the man who has made a sculptress of Sarah. Between the doors hangs an oil-painting, "Hanged," by Griffon—unpleasant in subject to the last degree, being corpses hung from a gibbet, reduced to skeletons by birds of prey. Further on a death's-head looks at us with a ghastly grin, and on the mantelpiece is a sort of companion to it—a bronze of Clessuger's, called "Nothing." An owl has discovered a skull, the forehead still encircled with the remains of a kingly crown; nevertheless, the eye-sockets are empty, and the owl finds "nothing."

So at every turn our eyes meet the same dismal subjects. Death! death always, like the skeleton at the old Egyptian feasts. In the midst of gayety, Sarah surrounds herself with objects that must keep the end of life always in her mind. A most singular thing it is that this image of death seems to be continually following this woman. Enough has already been said of the coffin she keeps at her house. Only the other day she was photographed in a shroud, as rigid and death-like as though already dead.

One evening, while they were playing "The Sphinx," Febvre handed her a slip of white paper in a gray envelope, and asked her to write down her deepest thought on it. Why, she did not take the trouble to ask. Febvre had that day made a similar request of all the *Societaires*, varying it according to the person.

An album was made of these pieces of paper, and on the first page Sarah drew a sketch of Genius crowning Molière and Shakespeare. The whole was dedicated to his Highness the Prince of Wales, by the artists of the Comédie Française.

XUM



CLAIRIN'S PORTRAIT OF MLLE. BERNHARDT.

But to return to the thought—between the acts she meditated, scratching with a pencil on an album bound in gray linen, entirely filled with charming drawings. In this album, during the rehearsals of "Ruy Blas," Mlle. Abbema sketched the wonderful costume Sarah wore in the first acts of that play as *Queen.*

I read the thought that first entered her mind, and I give it *verbatim*—it is an answer from "The Sphinx": "Think without ceasing of death, so you will escape the fear of it in your last moments."

Afterward, doubtless, the idea did not suit her, for with one stroke of her pencil she scratched it out, and, turning the paper over, wrote:

"Egotism is a vice or a virtue: a virtue for intelligent men who know how to use it; a vice for fools."

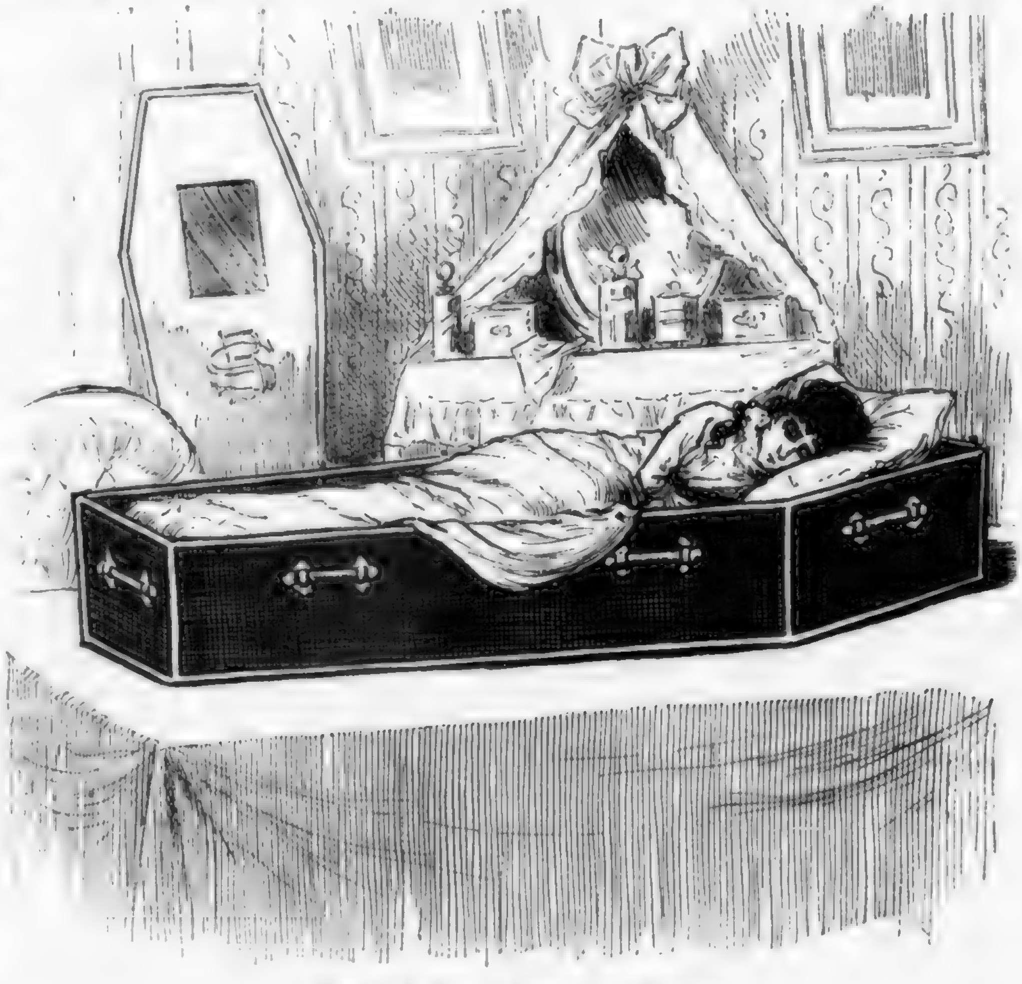
There is generally a numerous assemblage gathered in her *loge.* The talk runs on all subjects — literature, art, poetry; and politics, sometimes.

Sarah moves among them, smiling and chatting—a slender, buoyant figure—so light, she scarcely seems to touch the ground she treads. All the sylphs of Rosecrucian legend seem for the moment embodied in her.

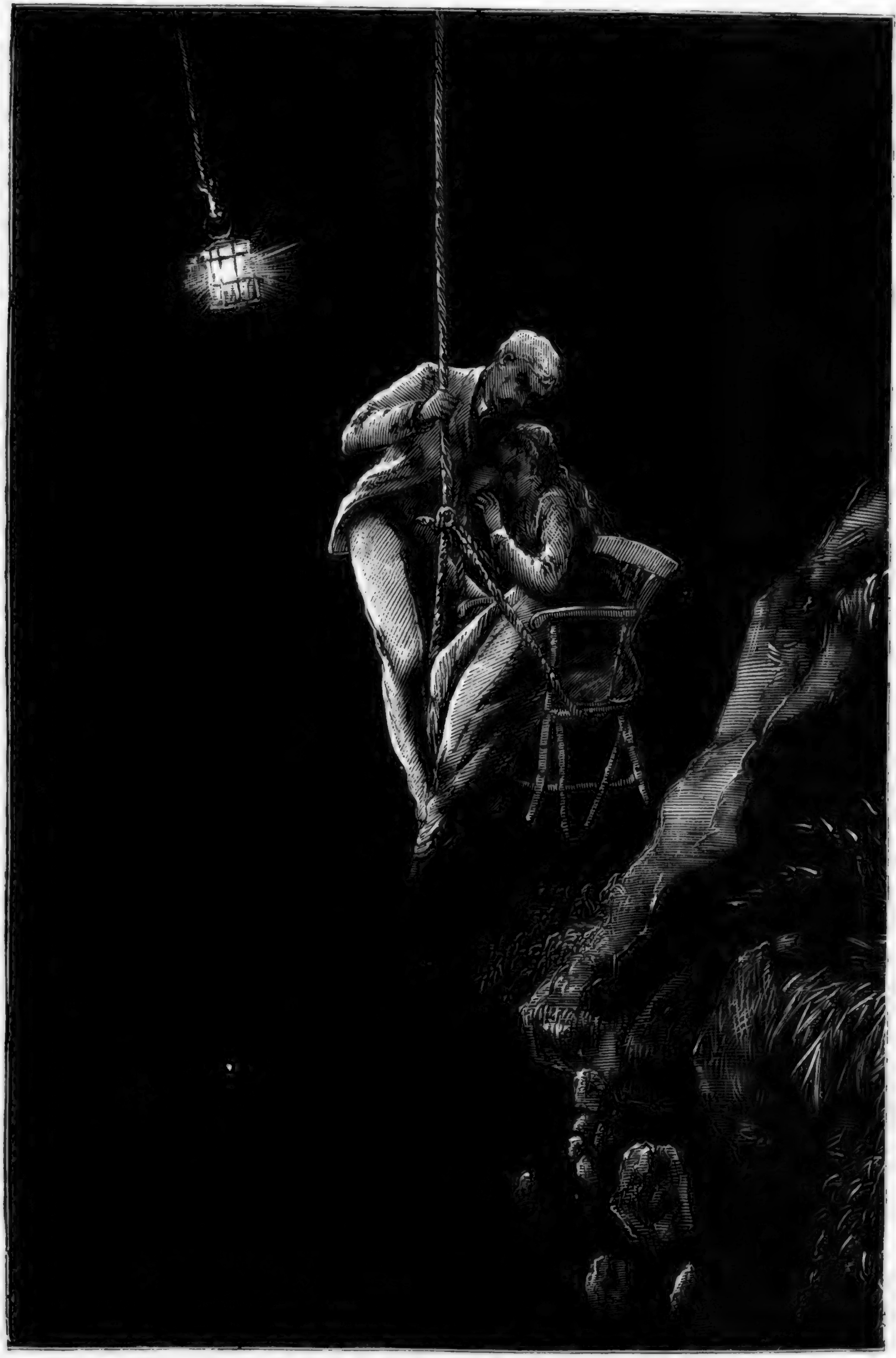
"Often," writes Felix Champsaur, "she converses in a voice so sweet that it can only be compared to music; passing from one theme to another like a bird going from branch to branch, now flying, now resting, until finally it stretches its wings and mounts into the heavens, singing always."

Coquelin comes there, too, when politics and Gambetta allow him the time, and smiles a self-satisfied smile as they ask his advice—Napoleon and Talma, Coquelin and Gambetta—history repeats itself. Coquelin, the father, listens admiringly while his eldest talks; Croizette discusses grave military topics with Maubaut, while Reichemberg gives vent to her ideas on the culinary art.

Perhaps the famous tear is not yet forgotten—that, during the first representation of "Hernani," Victor Hugo sent to *Dona Sol* (Sarah Bernhardt). During the rehearsals of "Ruy Blas," he wept often and copiously; consequently, Sarah is expecting a perfect flood of



A CURIOUS FANCY—SLEEPING IN A COFFIN.



TEMPEST.—"BURDENED NOW WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE BRAVE GIRL, WARREN WAS IN DANGER OF BEING SWUNG AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF AND DASHED TO PIECES."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

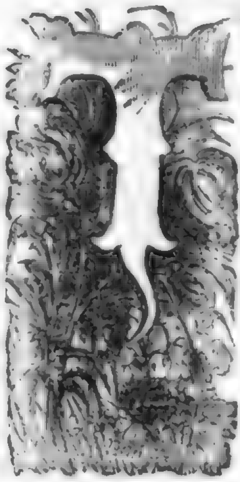
epistolary tears. But as far as I can understand, she is still waiting.

These two lines of Musset seen on the poet's table, written conspicuously in the middle of a large sheet of paper, may unravel the mystery :

"Hélas, je doute des larmes,
C'est que je l'ai vue pleurer."

RAOUL.

TEMPEST.



THEY called her Tempest, as other girls were called by such pet names as Daisy, Pearl, or Darling, because it suited her. Never mind what her name was, Tempest was her very own, describing, as no other word could, her brilliant dark beauty; her talents, as eccentric as they were dazzling; her capricious, varying moods; and her fierce, ungovernable temper.

She was an orphan, living with an old uncle who worshiped and, it must be confessed, feared her, and there was no voice to say "nay" to her most startling extravagances, her most daring disregard of all forms and ceremonies. Her will was as imperious and as uncontrolled as if she were a reigning empress.

With her wealth, her wonderful beauty, the panther-like grace of her figure and movements, and her winning manners, it was no marvel that Tempest was a belle. We were all ready to do her homage. Herman Estynge, who was the critic of the circle, pronounced her "peerless," and, in one word, sealed her standing. She treated hearts as she did her jewels, wearing them conspicuously, parading her victims at ball, opera, or drive, and coolly dropping them for new ones as caprice dictated.

"Men were such pests," she told her confidential friends, when this one's despair or that one's falsity were commented upon, and paler beauties were fain to hear their knights' confessions that had first sworn allegiance upon Tempest's banner.

Would any love conquer the proud, willful heart? was a question her uncle asked himself often, as one discomfited suitor after another retired from momentous interviews with him. Tempest would rave if he remonstrated, her large black eyes flashing with anger, her little white hand clinched, and her lithe figure erect; but ere the words could wound him, the soft white arms would encircle his neck, kisses fall upon his white hairs, and a voice of melodious sweetness plead with him.

"I love only you. Will you drive me away from home? There is no one who would love and pet me as you do, uncle. Poor Tempest would wear out any patience but yours." And peace would be concluded by tender caresses and loving kisses.

When Warren Rawlings came from Europe, we watched with deep interest the introduction to Tempest. A very prince amongst men we all owned him to be—would he bend to this queen of women?

Apparently not. One bow, a glance of involuntary admiration at her rich, glowing beauty, and Warren Rawlings turned again to Agnes Sears, the fair blonde who contested the belledom of the season with our Tempest.

It was rather entertaining to watch the game.

Agnes Sears, cold as an icicle, dignified, reserved and stately, a perfect contrast to our impetuous Tempest, accepted the attentions of Warren with apparent indifference; but one glance of triumph, shot from her languid blue eyes, quickened a latent jealousy in Tempest, and roused all her powers of attraction. She had walked triumphantly nearly through the season — should she lose this latest, greatest prize?

Warren did not travel with us, but we had promised to wait his coming before we made the ascent of Mount Washington, and he thus enforced upon us a week of rest. Tempest was restless, spending whole days in solitary wanderings. Agnes was in her own cold fashion fastening her chains around Boyd Craige, who counted his money by millions, but in whose handsome head Dame Nature had omitted to place the brains. The vacuum, however, at this time was filled, apparently, by the image of Agnes Sears.

Late in the afternoon Warren arrived. We were all upon the porch, excepting Tempest. Agnes, dressed in something blue that was thin and light as Summer clouds, was leaning with easy grace against a vine-trellis, letting the leaves form an effective frame for her fair beauty, while she sang, with her clear soprano, a mountain-song she had learned in Switzerland.

I imagined that Warren gave a quick, inquiring glance at our party, and that a fleeting shade of disappointment crossed his handsome face, but in a second it was gone, if indeed it was ever there. In a moment he was telling us the last city news, the freshest items of gossip, the incidents of his journey, and cause of his delay. Greetings over, Agnes resumed her interrupted song at Warren's request, while he sat at her feet upon the low porch-steps.

The sun was setting, and the golden light surrounded Tempest like a halo. Her thin black dress, touched here and there with vivid scarlet spots, glowed as if these were tongues of flame. In the broad glossy braids of her heavy black hair were twisted tiny, star-shaped scarlet flowers. Agnes in her shaded spot was a cool shadow beside this personation of living, glowing sunshine.

The last echoes of the mountain-song died away, and before a word of praise or comment could be spoken, Tempest sang.

I have heard voices that the world at home and abroad praised and applauded; I have listened entranced to the queens of song, and given the touch of gloved hands as my meed of applause; but I have never heard a voice that could carry my soul away as Tempest's could.

Gay! She could make the saddest laugh. Sad! She could draw tears from the most merry.

A rich contralto, without one coarse tone, womanly in sweetness, with a power and strength rarely equaled. Compared to the sweet soprano of Agnes Sears, it was like organ-tones heard after a flute.

She was sad. A minor strain of infinite sweetness opened her song, and as the rich, full tones floated out upon the air, more than one tear glittered in the eyes of her listeners.

Involuntarily, Warren leaned toward the singer, his soul in his eyes as he gazed at her, drinking in the wondrous strains. She looked at him, smiled once, and without prelude burst forth into a glad, jubilant strain, ringing with merriment and triumph.

I saw Agnes clinch her white hand once, and bend to speak to Warren.

He only raised his hand, as if he feared to lose even one note.

The song over, Tempest dashed into conversation before a word of compliment could be spoken. She was in one of her most tempestuous moods, witty, saucy, brilliant, full of witching coquetries and winsome grace.

When the moon rose, we had music again. Warren sang, and others joined in glees and choruses, but no entreaties could win one more note from Tempest or Agnes, nor could the most observant say that Warren was more attentive to one than to the other.

He turned from Tempest, after a gay passage of witticisms, to enfold Agnes in a soft white shawl, when she shivered in the cool evening air; he left Agnes, after a sentimental discussion of Tennyson, to clasp a falling bracelet upon Tempest's round arm.

We "did the mountain," and were homeward bound when our adventure occurred.

Slightly swerving from the road was a deep gully, probably formed by rain, and about twelve feet deep — not more — to its bottom. But this bottom, some five or six feet wide, was formed of jagged rocks, pointing upward; and beyond this yawned a precipice, a deep, black gulf, at the bottom of which, hundreds of feet below, we could hear the rush of water.

We all stood a moment, looking downward.

"Easy to get down there," some one said, "but hard to climb up."

"Not safe, if you are down," said a guide. "The shelf last year was nearly two feet wider; but the rocks fall off at the edge. A heavy weight would carry the whole mass down."

This last remark was solely for my benefit, for the others had gone forward.

"I think," he added, as we also moved away, "that three or four hundred pounds would carry that shelf down."

Darkness was gathering, and we had a long walk still, if we were to reach the hotel by nightfall, so we walked rapidly forward.

As we came up to the main party, I noticed Agnes Sears and a little brunette, who was her confidential friend, lingering a little behind the others.

"Was it the bracelet Boyd Craige gave you, Agnes?"

"Yes. I missed it when we were looking down that gully they made such a fuss over. I did not see anything so frightful about it. I have been down worse places since we came here, and climbed up again safely."

It was quite dark when we reached the base of the mountain, and stopped to rest.

At once we missed Agnes Sears and Minnie Wallis. Before there was time for more than a wondering exclamation, we heard Minnie calling, and she ran toward us:

"Help! Help! Agnes has fallen down the gully!"

A shudder ran through us all.

"She saw her bracelet, and thought she could get it; but just at the bottom of the slope she missed her footing, and fell! I called to her, but she did not answer, so I hurried after you!"

One moment of silent horror, and then Tempest spoke:

"Go for lanterns and ropes! Bring a chair! She may be too much hurt to hold a rope. I will tell her you are coming!"

Before a word of opposition could be spoken, she was speeding away, throwing aside her cloak and wraps, to leave her movements free, in her short mountain-dress.

Sending the ladies of the party forward with one of the guides, the gentlemen hurriedly retraced their steps, the guides uncoiling ropes as they walked, lighting lanterns and jointing a mountain-chair to fasten to a rope.

We spoke but little—the horror was too great for words.

We were nearly at our journey's end, when we heard Tempest's superb voice, in a ringing cry:

"Here! She is alive! Come quickly!"

In the darkness, brave Tempest had made the perilous descent, and was on the rocky shelf, holding the head of the injured girl in her strong arms. A lantern was lowered first, then a pocket-flask, and then Warren prepared to go down. A cry from Tempest arrested his steps.

"Do not come here! Your weight would hurl us all down!" Her tone was that of wild entreaty. "Hold him! Do not let him come here!"

"Can you lift Miss Sears to the chair?" Boyd asked, as Warren stood erect again.

"Easily. She has hurt her arm, and is faint. Lower the chair and ropes to bind her in. Make haste, for the rocks are loose."

And to make her words true, we could hear pieces of rock bounding down the abyss, and splashing in the water below.

"The lady is right," said a guide, as the chair was slowly lowered over the edge of the cliff. "Any added weight would certainly hurl all down the precipice. The chair is down. God bless the brave girl! she has lifted her friend to the chair, and is tying her firmly in. How cool she is, with those rocks crumbling under her very feet!"

It was as he said. Tempest had lifted Agnes in her strong young arms, and was fastening her in the chair, taking time to do it securely.

Suddenly she shouted:

"Quick! Raise the chair! The rock is giving way, Warren! I have saved her for you!"

The chair rose slowly, and we heard a crash that sickened us all, as the great mass of rock loosened, and rolled thundering down the abyss. We scarcely dared look again. The lantern hung still over the gulf, and clinging still to the narrow shelf, barely a hold for her little hands, we saw Tempest.

"Can you hold?" we shouted.

"Quick!" was the answer, and the voice now was faint.

Oh, the eternity it seemed before the chair was over the cliff, and Warren swung over to make the descent, now so doubly hazardous!

"Hold fast!" he cried. "I am coming to you."

Quickly and carefully he approached the clinging figure, till, with one swing, he caught her in his grasp, and folded her in his arms.

One shout from all above greeted him; but the danger was not yet over. Burdened now with the weight of the brave girl, Warren was in danger of swinging against the side of the cliff, and being dashed to pieces.

Tempest, still self-possessed, saw the danger, and reaching up, grasped the rope firmly with one hand. So, slowly and with bated breath, we drew them to the edge of the cliff. There, strong hands grasped each, and they were lifted into a place of safety.

Agnes, who was recovering slowly, dropped her icy mask, as she poured forth her thanks, kissing the cheeks and lips of her preserver.

"Come!" said an imperative voice, "this will not do! Miss Sears, we will carry your chair to the hotel, and make a litter for——"

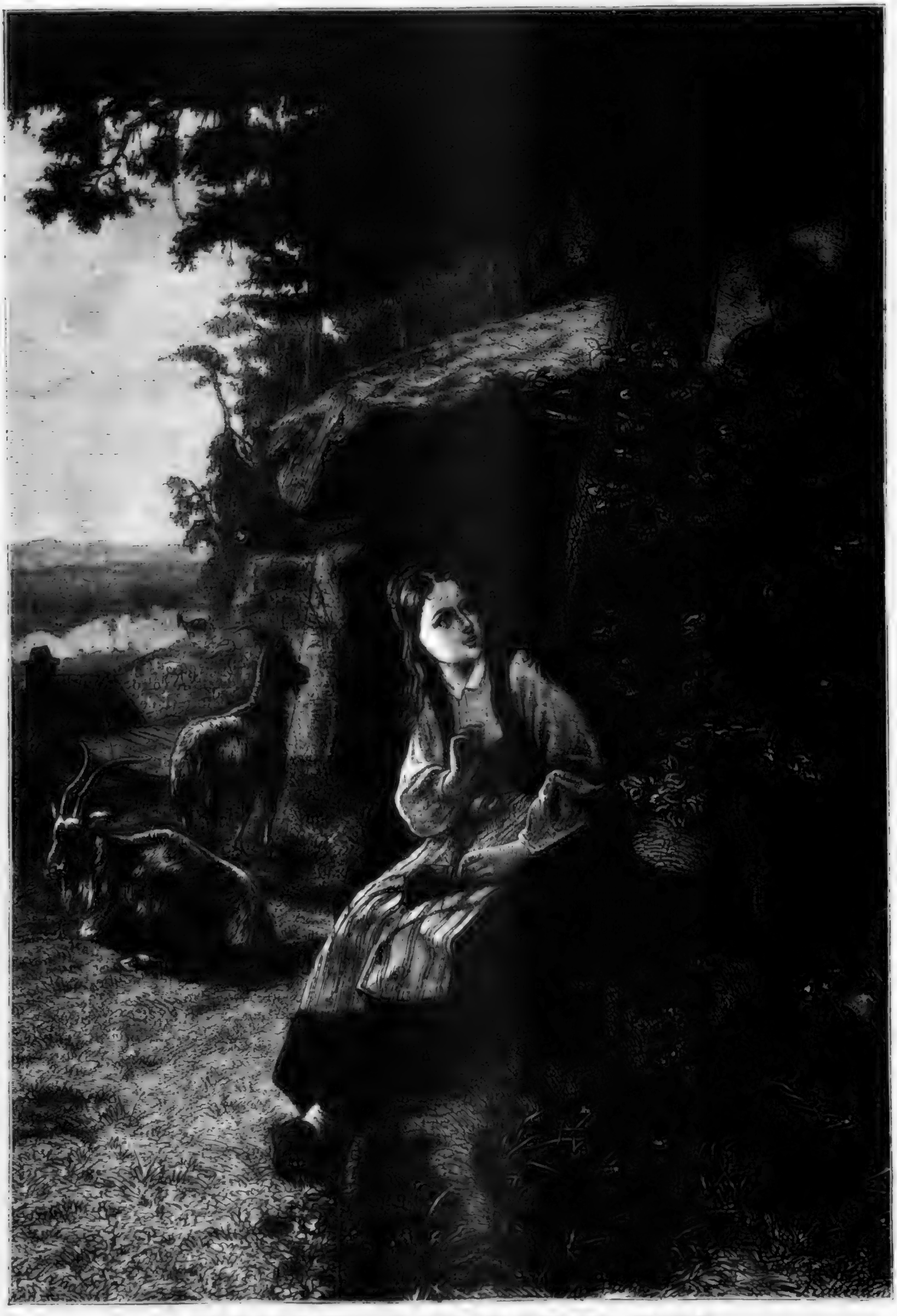
"Me?" interrupted Tempest. "I can walk."

Warren offered his arm, and the party formed in procession, Agnes being carried like a conquering queen in advance. But a little in the rear two figures lingered.

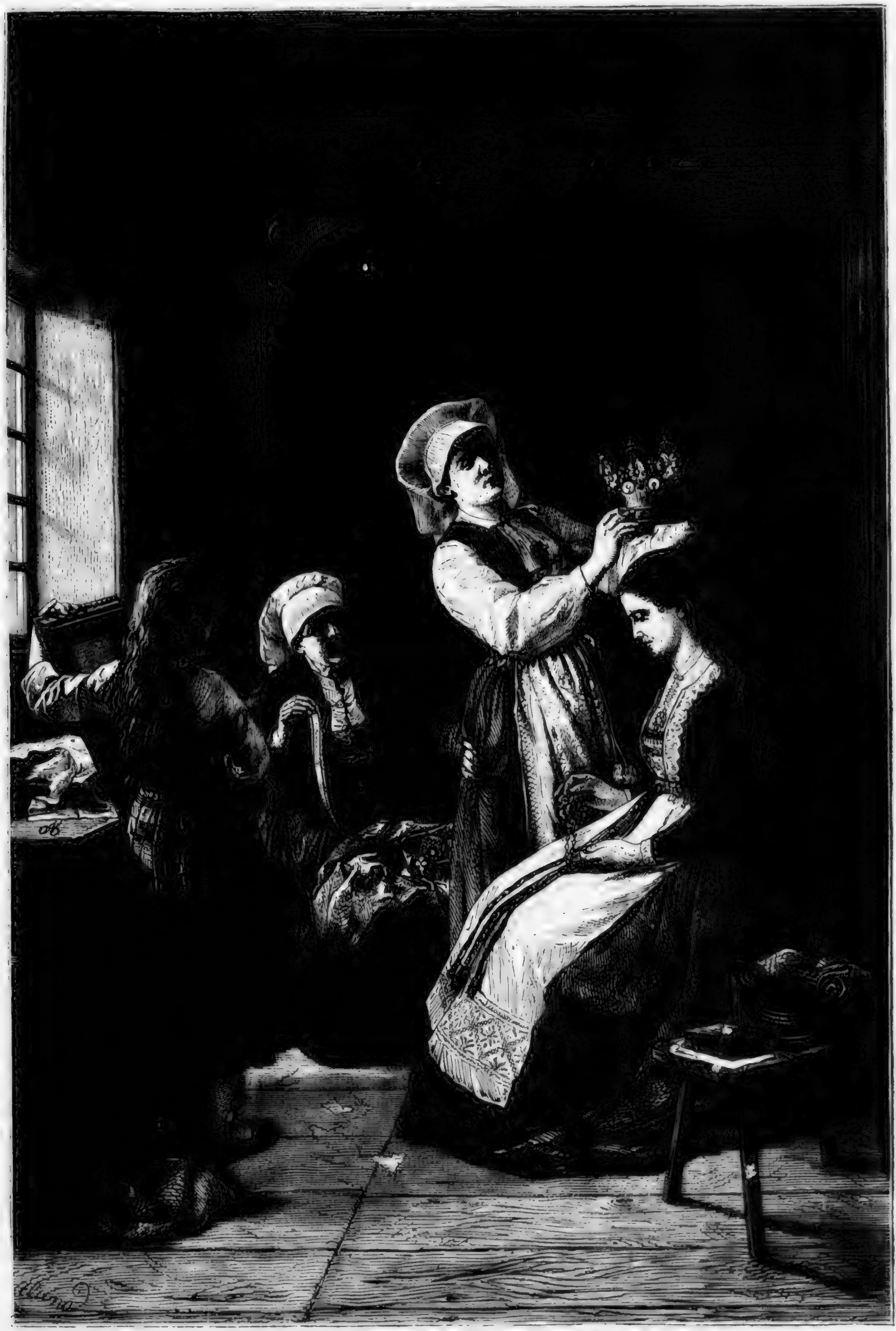
"Tempest," said a rich, manly voice, that quivered a little with emotion, "was it indeed to save Agnes for me that you periled your own life?"

For a moment there was no answer. Something of the old wayward spirit tempted the girl to answer saucily, but in the solemn moment so lately passed, the violent temper of the past had fled from her for ever.

XUM



LIFE AND LOVE IN NORWAY.—THE FIRST MEETING OF THE LOVERS.—SEE PAGE 62.



LIFE AND LOVE IN NORWAY.—CROWNING THE BRIDE.—SEE PAGE 62.

"We are even," she said, quietly. "If I saved her life, you have paid the debt, for you certainly saved mine."

"And do you think," he said, with earnest vehemence, "her life is equal to yours in my eyes? Do you think I value her cold, calculating brain as I do your warm, impulsive heart, my darling? Oh, Tempest, I can be silent no longer! I have not dared to speak before, for men's hearts have been playthings in your hands, and I dreaded a repulse. But surely, if for my sake you would have risked your life to save one you deemed dear to me, you will give me the life you say I have saved? "Tempest!" his voice was steady now and solemn, "in my hand as I came to you was an open clasp-knife. Can you guess for what?"

The girl's soul must have read his own, for she answered at once:

"If I had fallen, you would have cut the rope that bound you."

"And followed you, Tempest."

LIFE AND LOVE IN NORWAY.

An enthusiastic tourist writes from Norway: Do you wish your lungs to expand, your eyes to dilate, your muscles to spring, and your spirits to leap? Then come to Norway! I repeat it—be you man or woman, grave or gay—come to Norway, and you will receive much satisfaction, I assure you. Are you a man?—you will find subject and occasion for your manhood. Are you a woman?—you will find yourself at the fountain-head of the sublime and beautiful. Are you scientific?—the rocks are bold and bare, the flora rich and varied. Birds and beasts of many kinds are there; glaciers, too, miles and miles of them, filling up the valleys, and covering the mountain-tops—awaiting the inspection of your critical eye. Are you a painter?—there is ample field for the wildest pencil and the boldest brush. Are you a fisher?—here is your paradise: but you must be a fisher of the rough school—not "a follower of the gentle art." Can you wade all day in snow-water? Can you swim down a roaring rapid—perchance shoot over a cataract and count it but a trifle—with a twenty-foot rod in your hands, and a thirty pound salmon at the end of your line, making for the sea at the rate of twenty miles an hour?—then, by all means, come to Norway. Are you a daring mountaineer?—the mountains of Gamle Norge (Old Norway), though not so high as those of the Himalaya range, are high enough for most men. The eagle will guide you to heights—if you can follow him—on which the human foot has never rested.

Do you love the sunshine?—think of the great luminary that rules the day, rolling through the bright blue sky all the twenty-four hours round. There is no night here in Summer, but a long, bright, beautiful day, as if Nature were rejoicing in the banishment of darkness from earth.

But, above all, do you love simplicity, urbanity, unsophisticated kindness in man? Are you a student of human nature, and fond of dwelling on its brighter aspects? Then, once more, I say come to Norway, for you will find her sons and daughters overflowing with the milk of human kindness. In the regular highways of the country, indeed, travelers of every class and nation are common enough now. But there are still regions—plenty of them—in Norway, where travelers have never been. This fact is a matter of rejoicing in these days of railroads and steamboats.

But even in the most unexplored of these regions, you may be sure that the same human heart beats in the breasts of young maiden and young man as everywhere else in the wide world. The kinship of our common nature will be demonstrated in the series of illustrations of "Life and Love in Norway."

Throughout Norway generally the costume of the people is of an uncommonly sombre hue. But when a Norse girl marries, she comes out for once in brilliant plumage. She decks herself out in the gaudiest of habiliments, with a profusion of gold and silver ornaments. The most conspicuous part of her costume is a crown of pure silver-gilt, and a scarlet cloth breast-piece, which is thickly studded with silver-gilt brooches and beads of various hues, besides little round mirrors.

This breast-piece and the crown usually belong, not to the bride, but to the district! They are a species of public property hired out by each bride on her wedding-day for the sum of about one dollar and twenty-five cents. This costume is gorgeous, and remarkably becoming, especially when worn by a fair-haired, blue-eyed and pretty Norse girl.

Lady di Beauclerk, in "A Summer and Winter in Norway," says: "The native peasant jewelry is very pretty, and curiously like that of the *Contadine* of Rome, with the exception of the crowns for the brides; the said crown is like what a king wears in a pantomime, and each well-to-do peasant has one in his family, which is worn by his daughters and relations on their wedding-day."

At the church, on the wedding-day, all eyes were turned to the doorway, and to the thick avenue of trees which led to the porch. Through it advances a stately procession, headed by a gold-crowned figure, her long hair waving in the breeze. Has she stepped down from some Roman Catholic altar? She is attired as they love to represent the Madonna, ornament upon ornament twining round her neck and falling upon her breast.

A fine young man follows reverently a few paces behind; then some venerable, hoary-headed figures; a troop of maidens with towers and tight bodices glide after, lengthen, and close the scene. They advance, enter the porch, and seat themselves around the walls of the outer chapel, the bridegroom alone standing.

The bashful bride leans on her mother—a hale old woman, in dark homespun cloth, richly bordered with gold embroidery, open in front, and gold-inserted bodice, covered with brooches. The father is full of dignity, waving his long gray locks; his dress, quaint in style, made of rough blue cloth, fastened with silver buttons, the edges bound with deep crimson; white stockings, knitted with very patient needles, and fastened at the knee with crimson ribbon; silver-buckled shoes, and broad-brimmed hat, completed him. The bridesmaids showed a pretty row of dimpled chins beneath the 'hundred-weights'; their bodices, cut square, allowed the white underdress to come up to the neck and hang below the short sleeves; their aprons, of smartest design, were fastened with handsome classic belts. Still prettier were the tiny children, dressed the same, in little gold bodices and towers all complete, looking like the dolls one buys to commemorate the costume of a country.

All the party waited with the greatest patience, their feet on the cold stones during the whole service and very long sermon, which gave us an excellent opportunity of sketching them in detail, particularly the bride, who sat very meekly, with her hands in her muff of lace and embroidery.

In our picture the expectant bride is represented "trying on" the gorgeous and fateful crown at home, before she sets out for the church.

When Christianity had been introduced into Northern Europe, the Church tried to root out certain old heathenish

XUM

customs—which, nevertheless, are still deeply rooted there—by ordaining that "only chaste brides should wear the coronet." The crown worn by our bride betokens, therefore, her innocence. But it also signifies that she is the Queen of the Day. Moreover, in Norway, as in Sweden, the wedding has, from time out of mind, been always looked on as a sort of coronation; and, therefore, the man from thenceforward was hailed King of his Home, or master in his own house.

Upon being told that the bride's father is a descendant of the old barons, as the bridegroom is a descendant of the Vikings, you will not be surprised at their "noble air," or at seeing among the group accompanying them out of church the forms of countenances and figures to which we are accustomed, without, perhaps, having any distinct meaning, to attach the word "noble." Lang testifies that the Norwegian peasants themselves "have all the high feeling of a conquering and unconquered race; and since the time of Harold Haarfage, in the ninth century, when the small kings were sent forth from Norway to found the aristocracies of Europe, Norway has remained, even by its annexation to Denmark and Sweden, unmoved by any internal readjustments—a democracy of aristocrats. In the remote glens of the North there are said to be families which can trace their descent from the days of Harold Haarfage." At all events, the moral qualities of the Norwegian are exactly those which an aristocracy of birth in its purest state professes.

But to return to our bride, the Queen of the Day, and to her bridegroom, the descendant of the Vikings. Upon coming out of the church, as before she entered it, the wedding-party must pause for a while in the churchyard, so that the congregation may again feast its eyes upon the bride's finery. All the omens have been auspicious. The marriage has taken place during the first quarter of the moon, so that the circumstances of the young couple promise to be constantly improving. On the night preceding her nuptials the bride had a boy-baby to sleep with her, so that her first-born may be a son. The ornaments worn by her glitter and shine in the most commendable and commendatory fashion. No horses neighed, no violin-strings snapped during the nuptial procession to the church; no hair fell from the heads of her bridesmaids during the ceremony. The wedding *cortége* kept well together on the way to church. Early in the morning it rained just enough to foretoken a numerous offspring, without too long darkening the sunshine of the day. Whilst the connubial knot was being tied, the bride luckily remembered that it is needful for her, if she wishes in after years to have the upper hand of the house, to place her foot in advance of that of the bridegroom, and to drop, as if by accident, her handkerchief or her glove upon the floor, which he, out of politeness, picks up. His fate will then be to bend the back during the whole of his wedded life. When the pair were at the altar they inclined their heads toward each other, in the belief that the affection thus mutually expressed will be lastingly blessed. The bride also stood as close as possible to the bridegroom, so that the "Evil Eye" might not come between them, and thus cause strife and variance, or separation and death.

All these favorable portents have combined to put everybody in the best spirits, and now the wedding-party is about to ride gayly off to the house of the bride. Before starting, the mother will carefully pin up her red petticoat from the mud for the transit. Upon arriving, the guests, seated at a long table spread with all the Norwegian delicacies of the season—game, cream, eggs, *flatbröd* and porridge—will take alternate bits of each, quaffing ale out of the great drinking-cup, which will go round and round till it brisks even those "most unaccustomed to public speaking" into saying something.

Then will come kissing the bridesmaids, and the dance, including the act of "dancing the coronet off the bride's head," the chairing of the bride, her disappearance, her reappearance attired as a young matron, and, in fine, an incessant round of festivities, lasting for three days, and sometimes even longer.

However monotonous the future life of the young married couple may be, it opens with a splendor and a joy not unworthy of their noble and royal origin.

The last cut in our series of illustrations of "Life and Love in Norway" represents "The Grandparents' Visit" after the birth of the young married couple's first child. The old people manifestly renew their youth upon this joyful occasion. While the grandmother fondles the babe in her lap, the grandfather will drink heartily to the little one's health and future happiness.

One of the strongest of the amiable traits of the Norwegians is their fond pride in their offspring. Should a mother present her baby to you, she will call it her *smook bürn* (pronounced *barn*)—her pretty child, or bairn, *smook* being the Norse word for pretty. And it is a curious fact, worthy of particular note, that all the mothers in Norway think their bairns *smook*, very *smook*, and they never hesitate to tell you so. Why, you cannot imagine, unless it be that if you were not told you would not be likely to find it out yourself.

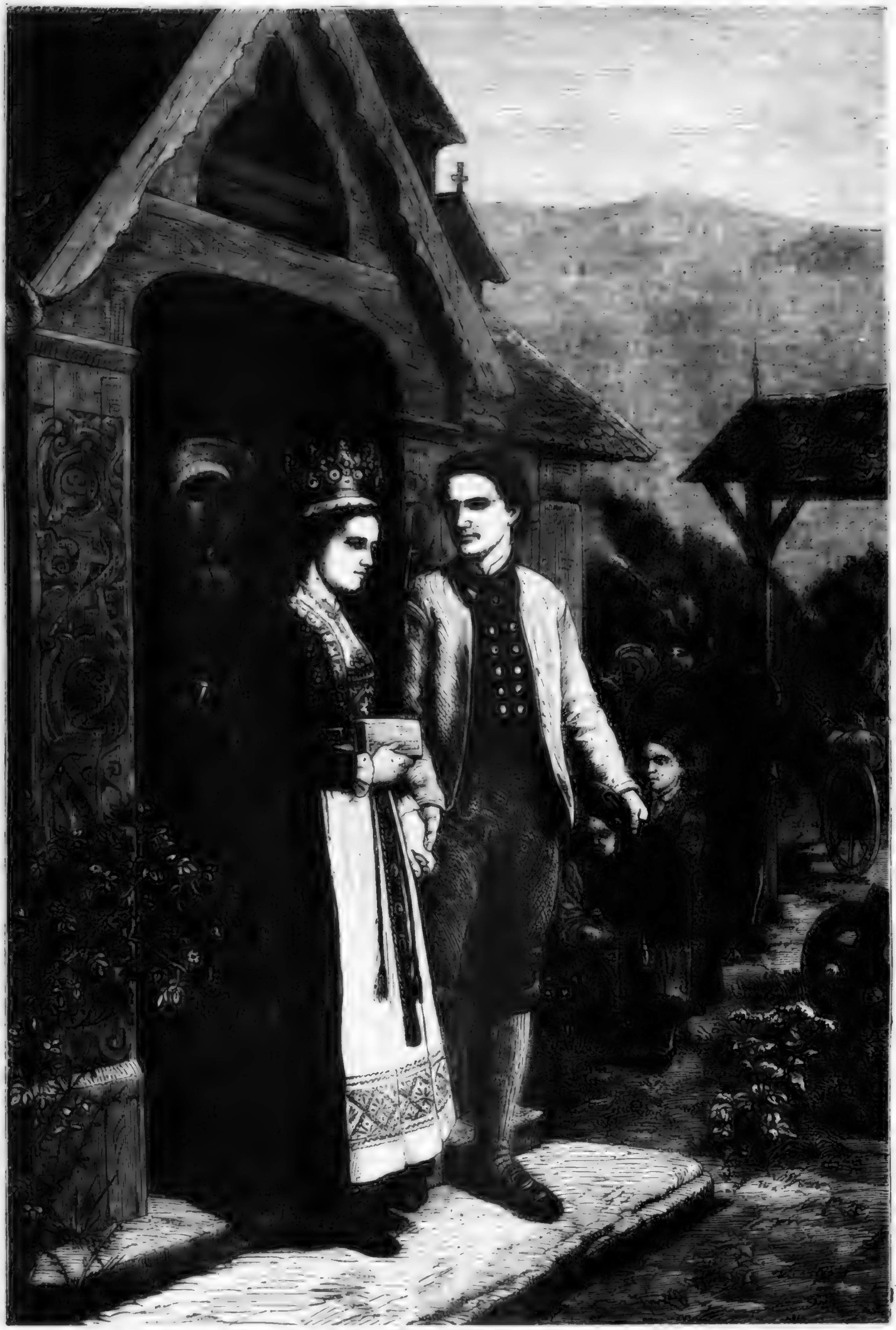
Nor is the father in Norway less fond than the mother of their *smook bürn*. A recent tourist, Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, testifies to this fact, in an amusing account of his visit to the fat and good-humored people living near a branch of the Sogney fjord, which runs between stupendous mountains about a hundred miles into the interior of the country. According to the unvarying experience of travelers in Norway, he found the natives kind and hospitable. He says: "One bluff, hearty fellow of about fifty, with fair hair, a round, oily countenance and bright blue eyes, took me off to see his wife and family." On the way the new acquaintance contrived to keep up an imperfect conversation by means of smiles and nods and gesticulations, the tourist having soon exhausted Murray's list of sentences and taken refuge in a mixture of bad Norse and broad Scotch, and the Norwegian telling him innumerable stories, of which he did not comprehend a sentence. "But nevertheless," he tells us, "I looked as if I did, smiled, and nodded my head, and said '*Ya, ya,*' to which he always replied, '*Ya, ya,*' waving his arms, and slapping his chest, and rolling his eyes.

"The cottage was a curious little thing—a sort of huge toy, perched on a rock close to the water's edge. If it had slipped off that rock—a catastrophe which had at least the appearance of being possible—it would have plunged into forty or fifty fathoms water, so steep were the hills and so deep the sea at that place. Here my friend found another subject to expatiate upon and dance round, in the shape of his own baby—a soft, smooth counterpart of himself—which lay sleeping, like Cupid, in its crib. The man was evidently extremely fond of this infant, not to say proud of it. He went quite into ecstasies about it; now gazing at it with looks of pensive admiration; anon starting and looking at me, as if to say, 'Did you ever in all your life behold such a beautiful cherub?' The man's enthusiasm was really catching. I began to feel quite a paternal interest in the cherub myself.

"'*Oh!*' he cried, in rapture, '*det er smook bürn.*'

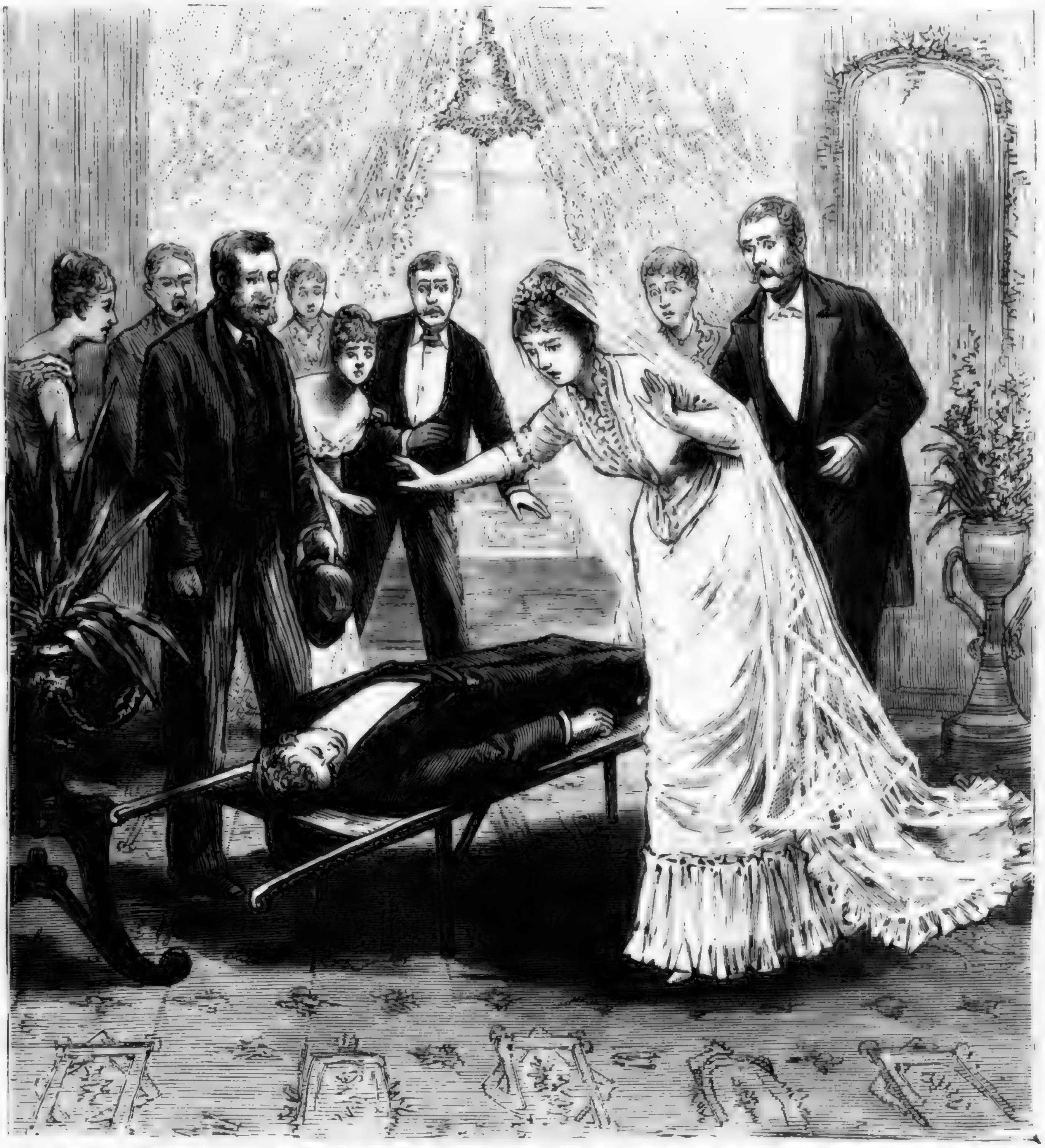
"'*Ya, ya,*' said I, '*megit smook*' (very pretty), although I must confess that *smoked* bairn would have been equally appropriate, for it was as brown as a herring."

XUM



LIFE AND LOVE IN NORWAY.—THE MARRIED COUPLE.—SEE PAGE 62.

XUM



NOT GUILTY.—"THEY CARRIED HIM IN THROUGH THE GREAT DOOR, INTO THE LONG DRAWING-ROOM, ALL FLOWER-DECKED FOR HIS NUPTIALS, AND THERE LAID HIM DOWN IN SIGHT OF EVERY ONE."

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter I.—"A Laggard in Love."

A raw, sunless day in early June. A flat, gray Massachusetts beach, dotted with gulls and sand-pipers, and swept by the searching east wind which loves at all seasons of the year to whistle its chilly tune along the New England coast. There had been a storm on the previous night, and heaps of drift lay all about the sands, like the relics of a hard-fought battle. Clouds still hung low upon the horizon, and the bay looked vexed and white after its recent lashing. With sharp, regular reports, the surf broke against the beach—broke, and spattered with its powdery spray two young persons who were walking among the salt pools and over the drenched sands, grandly oblivious to east winds and influenza, and all other little discomforts pertaining to a raw day on the seashore.

Two persons—one, a shabby young fellow, with a sober, rugged face, a pair of brown eyes and a dejected air—heaven knows that he had good reason to feel dejected at that particular moment! The other was a girl, as bright and tantalizing as some fabled naiad of the deep. Figure—neither tall nor short, but simply perfect; hair—black, shot through and through with golden gleams, like the tresses of poor Charlotte Corday; skin—dazzlingly white,

XUM

like a newly opened tuberose; eyes—gray, but so dark and lustrous that they seemed black—defiant, mischievous eyes, made to work grievous trouble to the unwary of mankind; nose—Grecian; mouth—scarlet and saucy, formed only for smiles and kisses; chin—dimpled; throat—firm and white, half concealed by a floating gray vail.

In a year's journey one would not meet a more enchanting face.

"Meg"—it was the shabby young fellow who was speaking, and his voice was full of pain and chagrin—"can't you bring yourself to care for me a little—a very little? I've loved you—well, I cannot remember when I did *not* love you! It was long before you left Beach Hall for school. Of course, I've nothing to offer you now; a poor devil of a law-student has no right to talk of marriage—but sometime, Meg—sometime, when I have won a position in the world—when I am not ashamed to ask Colonel Dysart for his niece, do you think—would you—could you——"

His voice failed him altogether.

They had reached an old hulk half buried in the shifting sands of Gull Beach. Meg Dysart stopped short, and planting her back against the skeleton ribs of the ancient wreck, looked at her lover with bright, disdainful eyes.

"No, Robin, I do not think I could, or would—in fact, I am confident that I could not—would not! You are not my style at all."

He had paused before her, with his hands in his pockets, and was digging his heels disconsolately into the wet sands.

"Am I not?" he queried, mournfully.

"Idiotic question! You know yourself that you are not. When I marry—which, of course, will not be for ages to come—I shall choose a husband like—like——"

"Well, out with it!" said Robin Leith.

"Like Constance's Southern lover!" cried Meg, defiantly. "Oh, he is just heavenly, Robin! Blue eyes, golden hair! I adore that kind of beauty. Any girl, save Constance, would be in ecstasies over such an Adonis. It was very shabby of her not to invite you to the wedding. But she likes to snub my particular friends."

The surf beat loudly at their feet; the white sail of a coaster flitted by, ghost-like, on the gray horizon.

Robin Leith looked gloomily at the speaker. It was a comfort to know that this man whom she was praising was the lover of another woman—that in a few hours, at most, he would be safely married. The fact made her words a trifle less bitter.

"Beauty is a woman's prerogative," said Leith, savagely. "Blue eyes, golden hair—bah! What business has a *man* with such things? And who gave you a list of this Southerner's charms?"

She laughed mischievously.

"I have seen his portrait, painted on porcelain; that tells the story. In her amiable moods, Constance exhibits it with pride."

Leith shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose he hasn't arrived at Beach Hall yet?"

"No; he is expected to-night, in time for his own wedding. Ah, Robin, I would that your eyes could behold the dress which I am to wear!—the loveliest, sweetest pink silk, straight from a New York *modiste*, and the colonel has given me a set of pearls. I am to be bridesmaid, you know. Of her own will, Constance would never have chosen me for the place, but nunky would force the honor upon me, and she dare not displease him. Tell me, shall I not look lovely in pink silk and pearls?"

She gazed saucily up into his morose face. Her rich hair was blowing in the wind, the crimson *bournous* which wrapped her shoulders lent a glow to her white-rose skin. Her incomparable eyes shone with anticipated delights. Robin Leith, poor young law-student, hopeless, infatuated lover, could only groan in spirit.

"You are lovely in anything. I would as soon see you in calico as in pink silk; but I dare say there'll be plenty of snobs at Miss North's wedding to admire you—maybe you'll find among them some one like this New Orleans fellow—this blonde Adonis—what's his proper name?"

"Mr. Danton Moultrie," she answered, sweetly.

His rugged face grew red with wrath and pain.

"It's hard, Meg—abominably hard! I used to think you liked me; you always acted as if you liked me."

She buried the toe of her stylish little boot deep in the wet sand.

"Like you? Of course; but there's a great difference between liking and loving, Rob."

"True."

"I came out upon the beach," said Miss Dysart, with sudden resentment, "to escape from Constance and the general hubbub indoors, and lo! I meet you, and fall into new torments! I hate love-making, anyway, and yours is the very worst I ever heard in my life!"

He stepped straight toward her. He had grown quite white, and his voice was as hoarse as a raven's.

"Meg! Oh, darling, if you would only give me a chance!"

She put out one delicately gloved hand to hold him off.

"How unreasonable you are! Do I not tell you that if I ever marry, which isn't likely, I shall choose some grand seignior? no other sort of a person would please the colonel or myself. I am a proud little beast, Robin—proud and worldly, and full of greed. Now, you are good, you know, but oh, so dreadfully commonplace and tiresome! Go home, do, and study your law-books!"

She was as cruel as death. His close, grave lips twitched spasmodically.

"You will leave me no hope, then?"

"Not a bit."

"You do not, you never can, care for me?"

"I do not, I never can, care for you. Good-by. Constance will want me—the colonel will want me, and I am not sure that the pink silk is quite ready. You will read a full account of the wedding in the *Sea Gull Chronicle*."

The next moment the crimson *bournous* and the dazzling, mocking face had vanished from the old wreck—Miss Dysart was flitting away up the beach. Like a statue stood Robin Leith on the spot where she had left him. He saw neither land nor sea now—only that lovely shape, slipping away from him, like a will-o'-the-wisp.

When she had quite disappeared, and the gray shore lay barren and empty before his gaze, he flung himself, with a groan, upon the wet, cold sands, buried his haggard face on his arm, and lay there, as voiceless and motionless as the dead.

Meanwhile, Miss Dysart had turned her back upon the windy beach, and was flitting homeward as fast as her light feet could carry her. She had a wonderful, bird-like voice, which had been cultivated by the best teachers, and she lifted it suddenly as she went, and sang these lines:

"I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds;
And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath;
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death."

And the taunting words were wafted back to the young fellow on the beach. Small thought had she for his misery and despair. Betwixt the niece and heiress of Colonel Dysart, and the penniless law-student, with the battle of life all before him, there was, indeed, a great gulf fixed.

She entered a wide, smooth road, and soon came to the tall entrance-gate of Beach Hall—Colonel Dysart's seaside house

It was an imposing place, situated on rising ground, overlooking the heaving, tossing bay. Acres of carefully kept lawn and garden, and a rich growth of oaks and beeches and Norwegian firs surrounded it. The three-story house, substantially built of stone, lifted its gray, weather-beaten gables out of the wilderness of foliage, and blinked solemnly at the sea from the many windows of its long façade.

Miss Dysart went up a graveled drive, mounted a terrace, on which a peacock was spreading his plumes, and entered a handsome hall, furnished in sombre black-walnut.

Throughout the house she could hear notes of preparation—hurried feet, doors opening and closing, orders tossed from mouth to mouth. She shrugged her shoulders expressively. Constance's marriage had set every living thing at Beach Hall by the ears.

"I will take refuge with nunky," she said to herself, and she moved toward Colonel Dysart's library, which opened on one side of a broad, shallow staircase.

It was a handsome room, furnished in dark, rich colors. Two deep windows, draped in Persian silk, looked out on the terrace. Carved bookshelves and rare paintings lined the walls. On a hearth of Dutch tiles smoldered an open fire. High chairs, black with grotesque carving, tables, cabinets and costly bric-à-brac filled up the remaining space.

Colonel Dysart was a rich man, and luxurious in his tastes. On a tiger-skin before the fire lay the sole occupant of the place—a big house-dog. He looked up and wagged his tail violently at sight of Meg.

"What! all alone, Castor?" she said, and then slipped into one of the deep windows, and behind its heavy curtain sat down to await the appearance of the colonel. The image of poor Rob Leith rose before her.

"How can he be so absurd as to fancy that he loves *me?*" she thought, impatiently. "I never heard such a ridiculous thing. I hope *I* shall never be in love—it must be a dreadful bore. The most sensible people immediately become driveling idiots——"

The library door opened abruptly, and Colonel Dysart entered—the uncle with whom Meg had lived all her life, who had been to her as father and mother in one, and whose idol and heiress she was. Partly from choice, partly from infirmity, he mingled little with the world. This old house on the lonely, storm-swept bay had long been his favorite residence. He was a slight, aristocratic man, with an appearance of ill-health. He had a frail figure, a melancholy face, and the unmistakable look and manner of a gentleman. With one hand on the door-knob, he called, in an unsteady voice, to some one still outside:

"Come in, Martin."

Meg was about to spring out of the window, but stopped short at sight of the person who shuffled across the library threshold in answer to this invitation.

An old man, a stranger, dressed in ill-fitting clothes, and with a heavy, pock-marked face, surmounted by bristling tufts of thin, red hair. Bushy brows lowered over his small, sharp eyes; a scant, grayish beard fringed his square, stubborn chin. He held his hat awkwardly in his bony hand, and looked around the room with the uneasy air of one unaccustomed to such surroundings.

Castor sprang up from the hearth and made a rush at the intruder, but was sternly ordered back by his master.

"The dog doesn't know me, sir," said the man, with a wary smile.

"No. Sit down," answered the colonel, briefly.

Mr. Martin seated himself in the nearest chair, and crushed his hat between his knees.

Meg might have stepped out of ambush now, but a strange curiosity concerning the man had suddenly seized her. Who was he? Not one of the wedding-guests, surely. A beggar—a poor relation? The colonel had often told her that he had no living kindred save herself. She sat quite still, and peering through an opening in the curtain, saw her uncle go up to the stranger, and lay one hand on his shoulder.

"I'm afraid I've given you a turn, sir," said Mr. Martin—how gruff and unpleasant his voice sounded! "You wasn't expecting me—of course not?"

"No," answered Colonel Dysart, and he shuddered violently. "Great God! the sight of you brings back everything!"

"I suppose so. We haven't met before for many a day. I had business in Blackhaven, and being so near, I thought I would venture to call at Beach Hall. Was that right?"

"Quite right."

"Begging your parding, the house seems uncommon lively."

"My ward is to be married to-night," explained the colonel, in an unsteady voice.

The stranger started—looked sharply up.

"Your ward? Not—not——"

"My ward, not my niece, Martin."

There was a little pause, broken only by the snapping of the fire and the uneasy movements of Castor, who was sniffing suspiciously around Mr. Martin's legs.

Colonel Dysart took a sudden turn across the floor. The sweat started out on his pale, thin face. Now and then a muttered word dropped from his lips. It was an amazing sight to Meg, for he was a man who rarely betrayed agitation.

Presently he paused before Martin, and striking his hands together, cried out, in a loud, unsteady voice, and as if he was trying to force his own conviction upon some doubting heart:

"*Not guilty! Not guilty!*"

Meg gave a jump. Oh, that she was safely out of that window! But escape was now impossible. She must listen, willing or unwilling. As for Mr. Martin, not a muscle of his heavy face moved. He simply crushed his hat an inch further out of sight, and answered:

"On that point, sir, I've naught to say. What's the use of words at this late day? Every man has a right to his own opinion. I have mine—you have yours. Sometimes we out with it boldly, sometimes we keep it locked inside. Some folks get justice in this world, others do not."

This ambiguous answer did not seem to puzzle the colonel, but he breathed heavily.

"Martin! Martin! Think of it! Sixteen years of utter hell!"

Martin stared blankly into space.

"Yes, sir. God knows it's hard."

"Hard!"—the colonel dashed his clinched fist down upon his library table—"that is not the word! It is cursed—horrible! It drives me mad to think of it. I would give all that remains to me of life to set that matter right!"

"No man can give his life away, sir. I know what you

XUM

mean, but don't go to aggravating yourself—now don't! It's past setting right. I s'pose you guess the errand that brings me to Gull Beach?"

He glanced up at the colonel from under his bushy brows. It was a pitying, kindly glance.

From her covert Meg looked out on Mr. Martin, and then and there fixed his ugly face indelibly in her memory. A long, deep sigh escaped Colonel Dysart.

"Speak it out, Martin."

"I am here, sir, to receive some message from the living to the dead."

An odd thrill went over Meg. She could scarcely believe her own ears. But the colonel showed no surprise; he answered, sadly:

"Has the dead no wish to see the living?"

Mr. Martin shook his head.

"No. That would be too painful for both parties. But any news will be gladly received."

The colonel stood for a moment, as if collecting his thoughts, then he replied:

"Say this to the dead: All is well with that which I keep—all is well with me. The belief of my heart remains unshaken—the years come and go, but they do not change that. I am steadfast, I am faithful. I have no other news, Martin."

"None could be better, sir," said Martin, promptly.

"If the dead has any commands for me concerning the thing which I hold in trust, I earnestly desire to know and execute them."

"Being done with this world, sir," replied Mr. Martin—reducing his unfortunate hat to a shapeless mass—"being dead and buried, the person we speak of has no longer any commands or wishes. It is better for the living to look after the living."

On the table near Mr. Martin stood a tiny gilt easel, supporting a photograph of Meg Dysart—a picture so like the lovely original, that it was the colonel's delight to keep it ever before him. He pointed to it now.

"Martin," he said, in a low voice, "that is my niece."

Martin's sharp eyes rested on the photograph for a full moment, then he expressed his approbation by a quiet nod.

"Take it," said Colonel Dysart.

To Meg's infinite horror and surprise, Mr. Martin carefully lifted the charming face from its support, drew out a big red handkerchief—a vulgar, hideous handkerchief—in which he wrapped the card as carefully as if it had been the Koh-i-nor. Thus enveloped, he placed it in the breast of his coat. Meg grew hot with wrath. How dared the colonel give her portrait to that horrible old man?

"Martin," faltered Dysart, upon whom this interview seemed to be telling disastrously, "you are a faithful fellow! Can I be of any help to you? Do you need money—anything that I can give?"

"Nothing, sir; I'm obliged to you—nothing."

Colonel Dysart fell helplessly into a chair.

"Then, go! Don't think me wanting in hospitality, but go, for the sight of you kills me."

"That's not strange. I'm sorry I came to-day—it will upset you for your ward's wedding—you're quite upset now. I can find my way out, sir. Good-by. Maybe the time will come——"

"No, Martin," groaned the colonel, "it will never come now—it is too late; all hope is over."

"Well, sir, I'm of the same opinion."

The next moment he was gone, with his messages to the dead.

Meg sat motionless behind the curtain. How was she to escape unseen from the room? The colonel's chair was not more than two yards distant from her covert. Could she open the window softly, and creep out upon the terrace? She was about to make the attempt when a strange sound fell on her ear. She listened. Yes, it was a sob. She sprang into the room, rushed recklessly up to the colonel.

"Oh, nunky, what is the matter? You are crying! Who was that dreadful man? How could you let him annoy you? Why did you give him my portrait?"

The colonel started to his feet. Never would Meg forget the horror, the consternation which the sight of her there at his side called up to his face.

"Meg, in God's name, how came you here?"

"Oh, nunky," she faltered, appalled by his look, "forgive me! I was in the window all the time. I did not want to listen, but I could not get away. Goodness knows that I heard nothing which an ordinary mortal could understand."

He held her off at arm's length. As he looked down into the lovely, *riante* face, so scared now and perplexed, his own began to soften.

"Meg, you saw that person?"

"Yes, nunky," she answered, with a frightened little laugh, "he was not much of a sight. I did not know that you had such people on your list of friends."

"You heard our conversation?"

"Every word. I wish you would interpret it. Of what world is Mr. Martin a native? How does he convey his messages from the living to the dead; and where, oh where, are such dead buried?"

The colonel's pale face grew paler yet.

"Meg!" he cried, in a voice that made her quake, "this is a very unfortunate accident. I regret it exceedingly. Mr. Martin is an old friend of mine. I gave him your portrait because it suited me to do so. Believe me, he can safely be trusted with it. You have listened to that which was not intended for your ears. I can pardon you on one condition only."

"Name it," faltered Meg.

"Never speak of that man, nor his words, to a living mortal—never even *think* of him again! The matter which brought him here was of a strictly private nature. My child—my precious child, promise that you will forget it all, and at once!"

His strange earnestness startled her.

"Oh, I promise!" she cried, with alacrity. "It wasn't so pleasant, nor so lucid, that I should wish to remember it."

He turned and walked away to the fire. How pale he looked—how troubled!

"Where have you been?" he said, at last, with forced cheerfulness. "Down to the beach, pet?"

She tossed off her round hat and crimson *bournous*, glad to change the conversation.

"Yes, nunky, walking with Rob Leith. He has been asking me to marry him."

Colonel Dysart started.

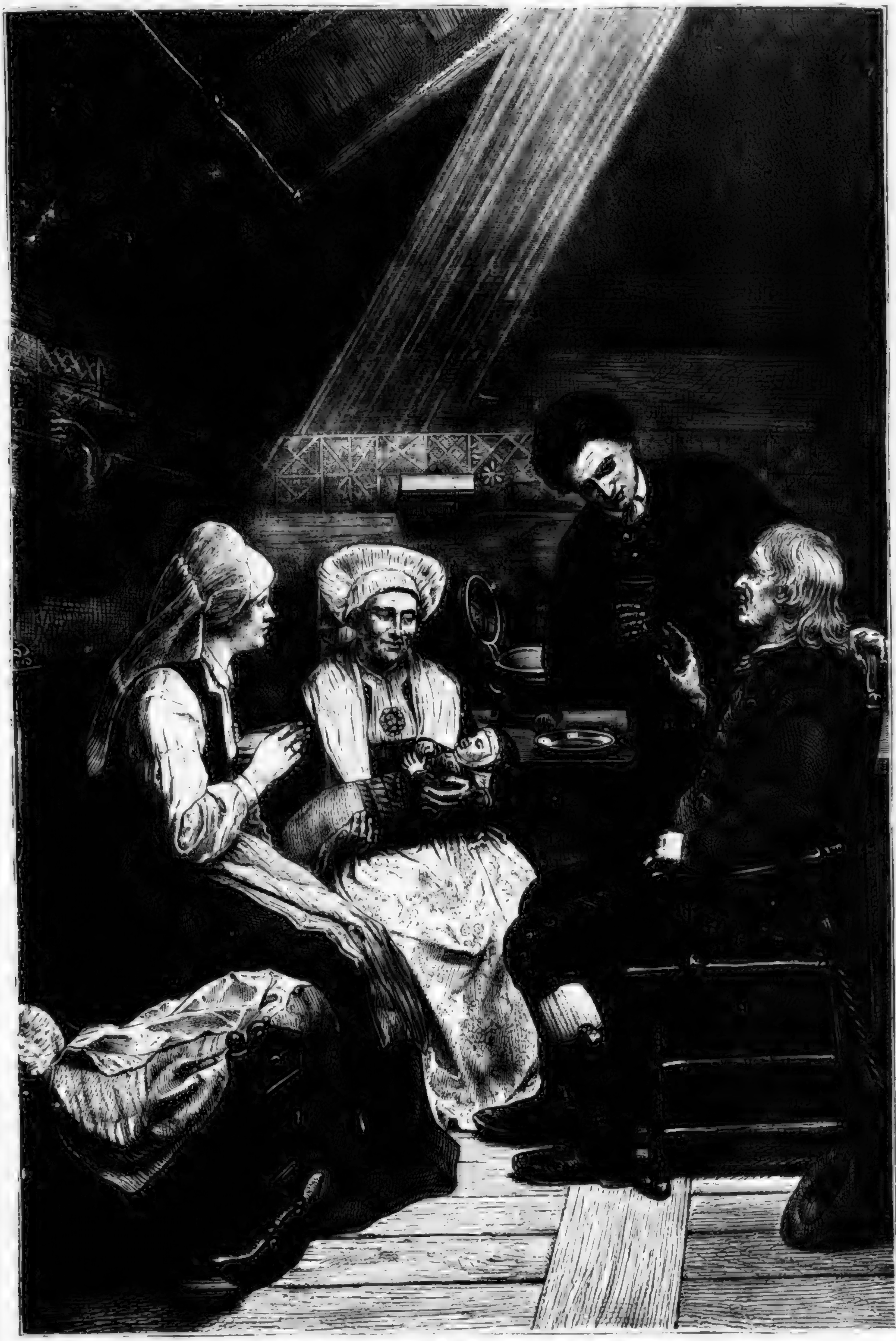
"The young idiot! And what answer did you give him?" he demanded, sharply.

Meg curled her red lip.

"I told him that I could not think of such a thing; that I did not care a fig for him—of course, I do not. Why should I? I do not wish to marry for ages to come."

He drew a breath of relief. Thank heaven, that danger was passed!

"I fear you are something of a flirt, pet," he said, with a faint smile.



LIFE AND LOVE IN NORWAY.—THE GRANDPARENTS' VISIT.—SEE PAGE 62.

She rubbed her soft cheek fondly against his shoulder.

"Perhaps. Let me make a confession, nunky. *You* are my favorite lover; to all the others I am sublimely indifferent. Ah! we will have great times together when Constance is gone."

"Will we?" said the colonel, doubtfully. "I fear we shall be very lonely, pet—that we shall miss Constance to an unbearable degree."

She tossed her head.

"Not a bit of it; at least, *I* shall not. I am in ecstasies at the thought of being rid of her. You like her, uncle, but I—— Oh, you know without being told that Constance and I are born antagonists. She hates me, and I return the sentiment with interest. Don't look so shocked. It's dreadful, of course; but it cannot be helped. I fear—I really fear that Constance is not half good enough for Danton Moultrie."

Colonel Dysart stared, then frowned.

"Not good enough for him! Reverse your statement, pet. I doubt if he is half good enough for her. A man with a handsome face and plenty of French gallantry; poor, of course—all Southerners are poor now. These are his principal merits, as far as I can discover. I am surprised that Constance, with her good sense and cool judgment, should have allowed herself to be drawn into marriage with this stranger."

Meg laughed, mockingly.

"Oh, he is no stranger to her. She has taken care to collect abundant information concerning him from her shrewd Southern friends. She can tell you that he comes of one of the oldest families of the South; that his blood is 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue'; and, though poor now, he has rich prospects for the future. Catch Constance making an imprudent marriage! She is too phlegmatic, too dreadfully calculating for that. I pity Danton Moultrie. How can he ever be happy with such a woman?"

The colonel looked displeased.

"Meg, I beg you not to speak in that tone of Constance. You do her great injustice. There are depths in her character that you have not fathomed."

"She never shows but one side of her character to *you*, nunky," answered Meg, with a grimace. "She is a sleek white cat; and woe to the one who strokes her fur the wrong way! I repeat my statement—with my whole heart I pity Danton Moultrie!"

A small, affected cough echoed through the library. The door had swung noiselessly back, and on its threshold stood the bride-elect, the colonel's ward, the subject of Meg's frank comments, gazing calmly in upon Colonel Dysart and his niece.

She was a blonde of the coldest type. No changeful tints marred the purity of her waxen skin, no flashes of passion disturbed the serenity of her yellow-hazel eyes. Pale flaxen hair crowned her statuesque head; her figure was tall, and formed upon a generous plan. She had a placid voice and the manners of a duchess. In all her life she had never been guilty of an unbecoming act, or anything approaching imprudence. Society admired her. She was a Cleopatra, without the passion and impetuosity of that ill-starred queen. A dozen Antonys could not have quickened her cool pulses or betrayed her into a single injudicious deed. She possessed a small fortune in her own right, with abundance of friends and admirers, and she seemed made to go the even tenor of her ways with little tear of nerve, little strain on heart or brain. Betwixt this woman and rash, fiery, daring Meg Dysart, a deep and unconquerable antipathy existed.

As soon as her presence was discovered, Miss North stepped into the library. She was dressed in soft white cashmere, brightened by knots of pale-blue ribbon. There was no agitation in her look or manner—even her own wedding could not move her a hair's breadth out of her constitutional calm.

"I have just a half-hour that I can call my own," she said, looking straight over Meg's curly, dark head to Colonel Dysart, "and I have come to pass it with you, guardy."

His pale, worn face glowed with pleasure.

"Thank you, my dear. How good of you to remember me at such a time. Pray sit down." He placed a chair for her at the corner of the hearth. "Who will read to me when you are gone? Who will write my letters, and humor all my whims? I don't know how we are to live at Beach Hall without you, Constance."

Miss North had scholarly tastes—she was clever. When Meg was rowing on the bay, or romping the sands with the dogs, or flirting with poor Rob Leith, *she* was reading a favorite book to the colonel, writing his letters, helping him with his accounts, looking over his daily papers, making herself necessary to his comfort—it was part of Miss North's policy to make herself necessary to valuable people.

"Meg, I doubt not, will more than fill my place," she said, serenely.

"No," flashed Meg; "that's impossible! I could never do your work, Constance."

Miss North gave her a languid stare.

"And so you pity Danton Moultrie?" she said, with a faint smile. "Pardon me—I heard you say that as I entered. How good of you, Meg! He would be greatly obliged, I am sure, if he knew it."

"My dear Constance, if I was fated to spend my whole future life with you, I should think myself deserving of the most profound pity."

"Meg, Meg!" said Constance, with a laugh that stung the girl like a hundred needles, "did you never hear of the sentiment to which pity is said to be akin? I fear you have looked too often at Danton's portrait—it flatters him somewhat. Confess, dear, that you envy me a little—just a little—the possession of such a lover."

Meg colored high with wrath.

"Envy *you!* I should think not! Colonel Dysart's niece has small cause to envy any one. I have lovers of my own—one, at least," she mentally added, thinking of Rob Leith—"and even if I had not, the man who would choose you from a world full of women, Constance, dear, could never awaken in me any feeling save that which I mentioned a moment ago—pity!"

This was sharp language. The colonel made haste to interfere.

"Pet, pet, you have a temper like a hornet! Go, my dear, and look at the decorations about the house; they are all complete by this time. I want to talk with Constance alone."

He looked so worn and harassed that she could not refuse. With a mocking bow to her fair enemy, Meg ran out of the library, and left the two together.

Vexed as she was, she still felt a lively interest in the preparations going on in the house. She looked into the drawing-rooms, and found them gorgeous with new French upholstery and costly flowers. From windows and corners, from mantel and chandeliers, swung balls and baskets of the rarest hot-house blooms—orchids and daphnes, lilies and roses, English violets and heliotropes, fiery geraniums, myrtles and hyacinths—their combined odors filled the air like incense. She peered into the supper-room, where great tables stood, covered with massive plate, frail crystal, costly French china and frost-white damask. Rare shrubs and plants decorated all the stairways and landings. Wood fires were burning the dampness away from unused rooms. In kitchen and larder a mighty bustle reigned. Already the house was full of guests, and many more would arrive by later trains. Colonel Dysart, indulgent guardian that he was, had spared neither pains nor money to make his ward's wedding an event to be long remembered at Gull Beach.

Meg ran up the stair to her own chamber.

On the white bed lay the pink silk, with its garniture of lace and its embroidered train. In a velvet casket on the dressing-table glimmered the set of pearls which the colonel had given her.

She sat down at her window, and looked out on the oaks and evergreens of Beach Hall, lifting sharp points against the gray sky, out upon the steel-dark rim of the melancholy sea. To-night Constance would marry her Southern lover, and go away, and then she, Meg, would have peace and comfort. She could not remember a time when Miss North had not been a thorn in her flesh. She would act as her bridesmaid. She would behave in a civil, yea, magnanimous manner toward her ; but all the same, she should rejoice in her departure. Meg was an honest self-examiner.

"*Do* I envy Constance her lover ?" she said to herself, with burning cheeks. "Well—perhaps—a very little—he is so handsome—at least, his picture is ! Of course, it must be very gratifying to have such a suitor. I wonder if one of his kind will ever fall to *my* lot ?"

Bear in mind that Miss Dysart had never seen Danton Moultrie.

Far away, at a Southern watering-place, whither she had gone twelve months before to visit a school-friend, Constance had met and lost her heart to the handsome Southerner.

At that time Meg was wrestling with French verbs and Chopin's music, at a fashionable boarding-school.

Brief and victorious was Mr. Moultrie's wooing. A note from the colonel soon informed his niece that Constance was engaged.

The ardent lover followed his enchantress to the North, was duly presented to Colonel Dysart, upon whom, truth to tell, he made no very favorable impression, languished for a few days at the feet of his lady fair, and departed like a brilliant meteor.

Meg knew nothing of his coming or going.

New Orleans is a long journey from Beach Hall, and for eleven months frequent letters alone had kept the fire of love burning in the hearts of the betrothed pair.

Through the same medium, all arrangements had been made for the marriage which was to be celebrated this night at Gull Beach.

Danton Moultrie was now hastening to the arms of his plighted bride, and Meg would soon behold him, face to face.

Among Miss North's friends, it was understood that the happy couple would spend the honeymoon, and the remainder of the Summer at Newport and Saratoga, and start in the Autumn for their Southern home.

"Let me see," mused Meg, as she consulted her watch ; "he left New York this morning, he will reach Boston at five this afternoon. The wedding is appointed for eight o'clock."

Even now the shadows of twilight were gathering, and every moment the hubbub in the house seemed to grow louder. Absorbed in the excitement of the occasion, Meg had already forgotten Mr. Martin, and his strange messages for the dead.

Presently the door opened, and Constance looked in.

"It is time for Morris to dress your hair," she said, sweetly ; "let us bury the hatchet to-night, Meg—guardy particularly wishes us to part friends. Who knows when you will see me again ?"

She held out a languid hand. Meg was generous—she took it promptly.

"Oh, Constance," she said, wistfully, "are you very, very happy—are you in the seventh heaven of bliss ?"

Miss North shrugged her large shoulders.

"Certainly, I am happy — very happy. As for your seventh heaven of bliss, I am afraid I do not know what you mean. Such hyperbole is vulgar. Now, pray come, and help that girl Nina to finish my packing—she is quite worn out."

Darkness gathered on the long gray stretch of Gull Beach—on the tossing, churning bay.

Lights began to flash out from the many windows of Beach Hall. The packing was all done, the guests were assembling.

"Low on the sand and loud on the stone" sounded the carriages, up and down the winding drive. As night closed in, a hundred colored lamps were lighted in the grounds, and the fountains, catching their changeful hues, splashed and leaped in the big stone basins like liquid rainbow fires.

In her warm, bright chamber stood the bride, surrounded by her attendants, and waiting now for the groom. It is the duty of every woman to look well at her own marriage, and, certainly, Miss North's beauty on this important occasion was simply dazzling.

Her dress of ivory satin, with its square corsage and immense train, displayed to the best advantage her full, queenly figure. The cobweb vail floated about her like a morning mist. She wore the inevitable orange-flowers of the bride, and a set of superb diamonds—Colonel Dysart's gift. Her yellow-hazel eyes shone serenely ; her waxen skin was as cold and pure as snow. As usual, her self-control was perfect.

Of the four bridesmaids—all chosen from Miss North's intimate friends—Meg was the queen rose. The pink silk fitted her lovely young figure like a glove. The colonel's pearls shone like big drops of condensed moonlight—if such a thing could be—on her faultless throat, in her small ears, and on her velvety, dimpled arms. The excitement of the hour had brought a vivid crimson to her cheeks, and a great lustre to her gray eyes. Beside the bride's cold beauty she looked like some radiant tropic flower.

A rap at the door. Colonel Dysart begged permission to look in upon the bride. There was a little parley, and then the favor was granted. After he had duly admired Miss North, he turned to Meg, and searched her face somewhat anxiously—perhaps he feared to find some remembrance of Mr. Martin in it.

"You are as pretty as a picture, pet," he whispered. "Are you quite happy ?"

"Yes, nunky."

"Does nothing trouble you, pet ?"

"Nothing—only my dress is—well, just a little tight in the seams."

Constance beckoned quietly to her guardian.

"Of course, the carriage has been sent for Mr. Moultrie ?" she said.

"Yes," answered the colonel—"an hour ago."

The next arrival was the clergyman from Blackhaven. The clocks struck eight. Everybody began to peer out into the drive for the bridegroom's carriage. There was no moon, but the oaks and firs stood up tall and stately.

XUM

The fountains and flower-beds shone brightly in the glow of the colored lamps.

Conversation grew fitful. Half an hour passed. A little impatience began to be visible among the bridesmaids, but Miss North remained serene.

"The train is often late," she said; "and he has a four-mile ride from the station at Blackhaven."

"'A laggard in love,'" murmured Meg, as she flattened her pretty nose against the pane. "Waiting is the most tedious thing in life, I think."

Another half-hour went by. Nine o'clock pealed out ominously. The guests began to stare at each other. What could be detaining the ardent Southern lover? On the previous day a telegram had announced his safe arrival in New York—therefore he *must* be on his way to Beach Hall.

The Blackhaven clergyman, who had a second engagement in another direction, looked anxious and uneasy. A portentous hush fell on the crowded room.

"Why does he not come?" was whispered from lip to lip.

Only Miss North, in her chamber above-stairs, retained her composure. Even the non-appearance of her bridegroom could not shake that.

"Oh, Constance! I am sure that something dreadful is keeping him!" cried Meg, in as much perturbation as if the laggard was her own lover.

"Don't be absurd, child," answered Constance, sharply. "He has probably missed the train—he will arrive by a later one. Nothing can keep him from me to-night."

But ten o'clock struck, and still bride and guests waited in vain. Consternation fell upon Beach Hall, and all within its walls. Even Miss North's well-regulated heart began to beat heavily. The flowers faded; the lights and the fires grew dim, and yet the gallant Southern lover came not to wed the waiting Northern bride.

CHAPTER II.

DANTON MOULTRIE.

TEN o'clock! For two miserable hours the bride and her friends had waited. Suddenly, in the graveled drive without, the sound of heavy feet was heard, rapidly advancing. Instinctively every one knew that a bearer of evil tidings was near.

A thundering knock made the hall-door shake. With one accord, Colonel Dysart and his guests rushed to open it. At the threshold stood Dermot, the colonel's Irish coachman, a startling apparition, disheveled, demoralized; his hat gone, his stiff hair on end, his face plastered with mud, and bleeding from many cuts and scratches.

"Begorra, they've done it, sur!" he cried, at sight of his master.

"Done it—who—what?" demanded the colonel.

"The horses took fright in the woods, sur—dirty bastes! and there's not a sliver left of the carriage. It struck a big tree by the side of the road, and och! it was that dark you couldn't tell your own mother's son, and it went all to atoms in the twinkling of an eye, sur. By the powers, I'm smashed, and I'm cut, and I'm murdered——"

"Mr. Moultrie" interrupted a dozen horrified voices—"where is Mr. Moultrie?"

"Faix, he's kilt entirely!" answered Dermot, grasping his forelock in sheer desperation.

"*Killed?*"

"He is that! His bones are broke, and his head is split, and his senses are clean gone out of him. Sorra luck for a man at his own wedding! There'll be a burying instead, I'm afeared. I've been all the way back to the town afoot, hunting for a doctor, and may the divil fly away wid the whole race of 'em! not the hair of one could I find. Some men from the beach are bringing the gintleman's body along—a fine, dacent corpse he makes—I was sint afore to tell the bride, poor darlint! There'll be no marriage here to-night."

A wild commotion ensued. The guests shrieked and lamented, and plied Dermot with questions. The colonel was deeply moved; Meg shook with fright. Poor Meg! Little did she dream that the catastrophe of this night was to affect her whole after life. In the midst of the uproar, the bride alone remained calm.

The horses had taken fright, and demolished the carriage, a long delay had occurred on the road, and Danton Moultrie was coming to his bride, not in health and strength, but desperately hurt—dying—perhaps dead! These were the facts to be gathered from the frightened coachman.

A few moments later, two men appeared in the long lighted drive—lighted for an event which was never to be—bearing a litter, on which lay the stark body of a man. And in this way Danton Moultrie came to Beach Hall—to his beautiful, waxen-faced bride. They carried him in through the great door, into the long drawing-room, all flower-decked for his nuptials, and there laid him down in sight of every one. His eyes were closed; about his forehead clung the soft, dead-gold hair, clotted and darkened with blood. Blood streaked his ghastly face, upturned in the light of that sumptuous apartment. Ah, what a handsome face it was! indicative of great passion and pride and will, but chiseled as if from marble. Admirable, too, was the deep-chested, symmetrical figure that lay so still and helpless in the midst of the horrified company. Surely his portrait had not flattered him. Luckily, there was a surgeon among the colonel's guests. He now came forward, raised the wounded man's hand, and felt for his pulse.

"Is he dead?" said Constance North, in a calm voice, but with a face whiter than her bridal dress.

"No, not dead. Let him be taken above-stairs at once, and I will examine his hurts," was the answer.

Even as he spoke, Danton Moultrie's eyes opened—they rested on the lovely face of Meg Dysart, who, frightened, trembling, clinging with one hand to the colonel, was bending in deep concern and pity over the rude litter. As those wild, violet dark eyes flashed their fatal light into hers for the first time, a strange thrill went over her from head to foot. His lips moved; a single muttered word dropped from them:

"*Darling!*"

"His wits are wandering," said one of the guests.

Constance pushed Meg quickly back, and leaned over her lover.

"Danton, it is I!" she cried; "do you know me?"

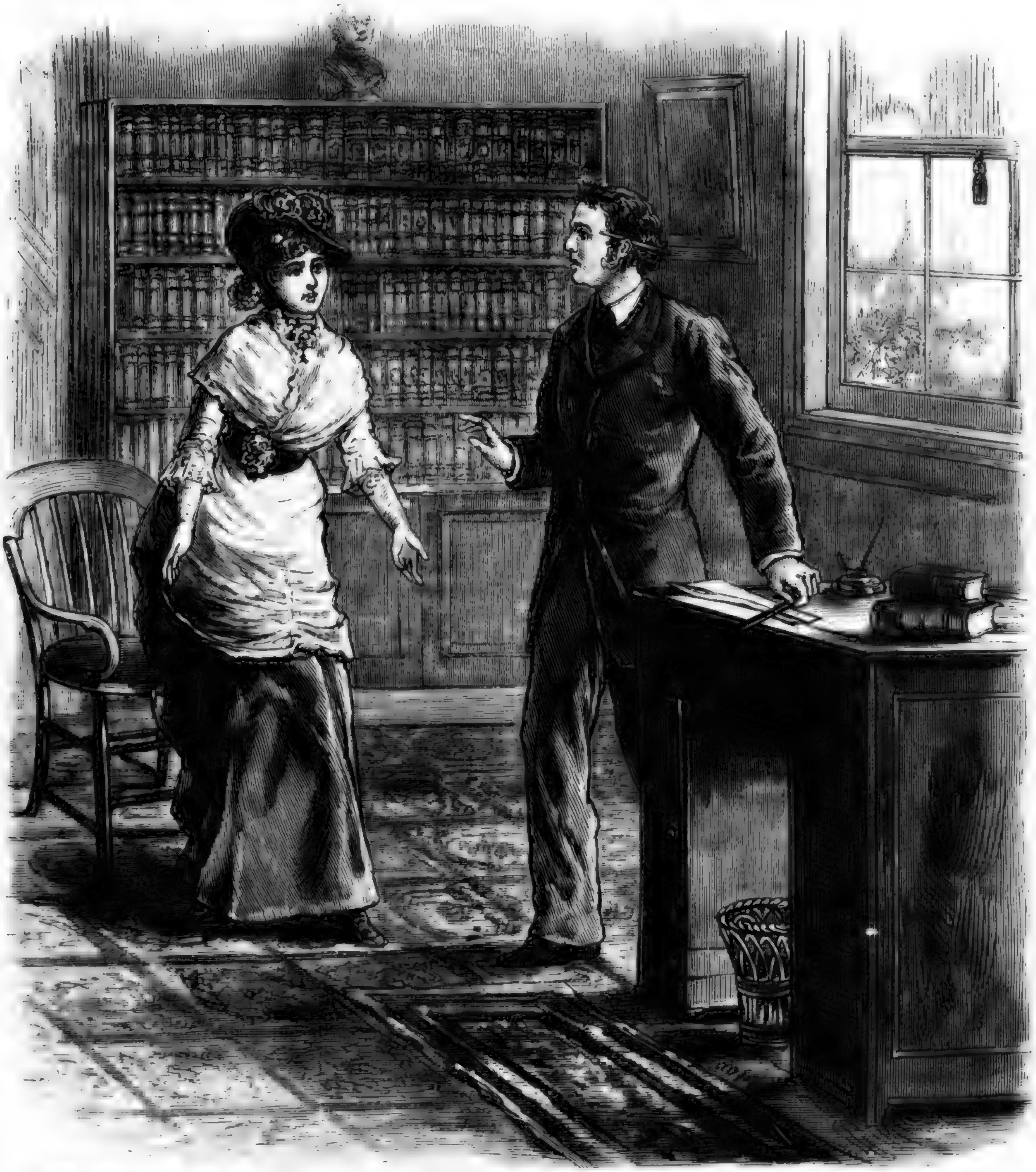
No, he did not know her. The heavy lids fell again. He was raised and borne up the stair. The impatient clergyman could now depart, and the guests, also. It was time to put out the lights and close the doors. There would be no wedding at Beach Hall to-night.

The company lingered long enough to hear that Danton Moultrie had sustained a fracture of the arm and shoulder, several ugly cuts about the head, and internal injuries of a very serious nature; that he was insensible, and likely to remain so. Then they went, one and all, full of sympathy for the disappointed bride. By midnight darkness and silence reigned at Beach Hall.

The servants had extinguished the lamps, and covered the decorations. A messenger had been dispatched to Blackhaven for a skilled nurse; the surgeon and Colonel Dysart were watching by the bed of the unconscious bridegroom, and gloom and sorrow brooded where, but a few hours before, all had been joyful preparation.

In her own chamber Constance North stood at a window opening seaward, and stared blankly out into the dismal night. She had thrown off her bridal garments—the ivory-satin dress and cobweb vail lay in a heap on the bed, the odor of crushed orange-blossoms filled the air. The room was a wreck of splendor, for Miss North had dismissed her maid before the girl could bring order from the general confusion.

She had donned a long black wrapper—ominous color! —and as she stood gazing out into the blank night, her tall figure motionless as stone, there was something particularly gloomy—yea, almost weird, in the appearance of this bride who had so suddenly changed her white robes for the sombre hue of mourning.



"NOT GUILTY."—"SHE FLUNG BACK HER HANDSOME HEAD DEFIANTLY, AND REPLIED: 'PREPARE YOURSELF—ONE—TWO—THREE! ROBIN, WILL YOU MARRY ME?' HE STARED AT HER BLANKLY."

Now and then some movement across the passage, in the chamber where Danton Moultrie lay, made her start and listen. Presently a rap echoed on the door. She did not move or answer. It was repeated; then the knob turned and Meg appeared, still in the pink silk and pearls, which she had forgotten to lay aside.

XUM

"May I come in, Constance?" she quavered. "Oh, how dreadful it is, and how sorry I am for you! Yes, we may not be very good friends, but I am sorry for you now, Constance."

"I am greatly obliged to you," said Constance, coldly. "Good heaven! how preposterous that dress looks!—cover it—do."

Meg seized a shawl from a chair and flung it hastily around her.

"I forgot. Are you not lonely? Would you not like to have me stay with you? Of course, Mr. Moultrie will soon be better—the marriage will be postponed only for a little while."

Miss North gazed steadily out of the window. "I am not lonely," she answered; "I do not need or want you, Meg. You see that dress upon the bed? I am not superstitious, but I have a presentiment that I shall never wear it again."

Meg's eyes opened wide with horror.

"Don't say that, Constance. A broken arm and a bruised head do not kill. Mr. Moultrie will not die—heaven forbid! You make me shiver. Take courage. He will pull through this disaster all right, and, of course, you will wear your dress. What put that gloomy thought into your head?"

"I do not know—it is there," replied Miss North.

"Dear, dear! Nunky has just gone to bed with a chill. I am sure that we shall have another patient in the house by morning. How forlorn everything seems! What a dreary end to a day of gay anticipation! I am *awfully* sorry for you, Constance."

"You said that before," answered Miss North. "Go now—I prefer to be alone."

At this ungracious dismissal, Meg closed the door and retreated to her own chamber.

"Were I Constance," she thought, as she laid her sleepy head at last upon the pillow, "I am sure my heart would break. Of course, Danton Moultrie will die—he is really too handsome to live." And, with that, she fell asleep and dreamed all night of a pair of blue, bewildered eyes looking into her own, of a faint, dreamy voice calling her "darling"; and in the morning she grew red with shame to remember how the face of Constance's lover had haunted her slumbers.

She went down to the breakfast-room to find it entirely deserted. The colonel was ill in bed, threatened with rheumatic fever, a servant told her; Miss North would take the meal in her own chamber; Mr. Moultrie was still unconscious, and in a precarious condition; and, to crown all, the rain was falling outside, the surf beating tumultuously on Gull Beach, and the Norwegian firs and strong-armed oaks in the grounds of the Hall tossed and writhed wildly before a roaring northeast gale. Without and within, all was gloom and trouble. A more depressing morning Meg had never experienced in her life. She devoured her breakfast in solitary state, half angry with herself because she could eat under such circumstances. But the appetite of youth and health is prone to assert itself even in the midst of tribulation. When the meal was over, she ran up to the colonel's chamber. He was tossing from side to side of his rich bed, full of pain and impatience. The doctor stood by his side, pouring some medicine into a glass.

"Oh, nunky, how ill you look!" cried Meg, in dismay "Are you going to have that nasty fever? Well, I will stay and nurse you, dear. You shall see how skillful I can be in emergencies."

"A pretty nurse you would make!" answered the colonel, irritably. "No, no; a sick-room is no place for a child like you. Constance will attend to me. Beach Hall is a hospital this morning, and you will have your match to take care of yourself for the present, pet."

"Constance has her lover to nurse, nunky."

"Yes; but she is a wonderful creature—she will find time to minister to the needs of her guardian also. At any rate, you must not remain here, child. Go—play your piano, dress your dolls, amuse yourself in some way."

Truth to tell, Colonel Dysart, when ill, was very, very cross—and Meg knew it. She was not altogether sorry to be sent away. But alas! the whole house was as dreary as death. The decorations of the previous night had been hastily swept from sight; the servants went about on tiptoe, and that depression which comes from the presence of danger and suffering was on every face.

Meg wandered from room to room like a ghost. She tried to read, but books had lost their charm. The dogs came whining to the door—she admitted them joyfully; and, with no other company. the passed the weary, laggard hours in yawning and sighing.

"And this is the life that I am likely to lead for the next month or two," she said to herself. "I do not love solitude—no, I abhor it! Why does not somebody come? I could welcome Rob Leith, or even that ghostly Mr. Martin, to-day."

But neither of the parties referred to appeared. She was left to knit her lovely brows, and hold undisturbed soliloquies concerning the sadness of the situation. Bedtime came at last. As Meg ascended the stair, she met Constance North, dressed in a severe gray gown, and looking not unlike some Sister of Mercy.

"Oh, Constance, stop a moment!" implored Meg. "How are your patients? I never passed such a horrible day in my life! Cannot I do something to help you? The hardest labor would be preferable to this masterly inactivity. Oh, is Mr. Moultrie conscious yet—does he know what has happened?"

In her calm, cold beauty, Constance stood and looked down on the troubled, fair face of the other.

"Mr. Moultrie is conscious—he has recognized *me*. No, thank you; there is nothing you can do. Guardy is quite ill; the doctor says he must not be disturbed. You had better go to bed."

She swept on and vanished across the landing; and to bed Meg went, disgusted with the whole world.

Alas! this day was but the precursor of many others of like character. The storm passed, indeed, but the internal condition of Beach Hall remained about the same. Colonel Dysart grew worse daily, and the door of his chamber was closed against his niece.

Constance was queen of the situation. She never did anything wrong. Cool, serene, noiseless, skillful, her presence always brought joy and relief to the sick man. Meg possessed none of these virtues; consequently she found herself compelled, for the time being, to play what is vulgarly called "second fiddle" to Miss North. Danton Moultrie was improving, but very slowly. Broken heads and internal injuries require time to heal.

Betwixt gaurdian and lover, Miss North, no doubt, had a busy time of it; but her life was bliss compared with poor, disconsolate Meg's. Beach Hall was closed to visitors. The girl had no companions but the dogs. Even the servants were as dull as death. More dismal work she had never known than this waiting for two sick men to recover.

One day—it was three weeks after the interrupted wedding—Meg, half dead with ennui, tied on her hat, called the dogs, and rushing off to the shore, unmoored her boat.

and went out for a row on the bay. Into the stern of the little craft scrambled Castor, the big house-dog, stern and dignified as a judge.

"Now, this is something like life once more—eh, Castor?" said the girl, as the water fell in great strings and ropes of pearls from the uplifted oars.

Castor wagged his tail expressively. His little mistress had good muscles—she could handle a boat as dexterously as any fisherman on Gull Beach. Off, at a dashing pace, she shot through the quivering sunshine and salt, sweet air of the bay.

"At least, we can kill a little time out here, Castor—the sole purpose of my life is now to kill time. Keep very quiet, sir, or you will upset the boat."

Castor sat like a graven image. Around them a thousand little waves rippled joyfully in the sun. Overhead skimmed the gulls, their gray-and-white breasts ruffled by the wind, which tore through Meg's rich hair, and blew a vivid carmine into her cheeks. The vigorous exercise made her blood leap and her deep eyes shine. Hither and thither danced the boat—the bright loveliness of the bay was as paradise compared with Beach Hall, and the afternoon shadows began to lengthen, the sun dipped low in the west, before she turned her smart little craft toward the beach. Then something unpleasant happened.

A big gray sea-bird came flying lazily over the water, over the boat—so low that his indolent wings well-nigh brushed Castor's hairy black head—uttering the while a faint, peculiar cry.

Such audacity could not be tamely borne. Castor forgot his dignity and his young mistress's commands. He sprang up, made a clumsy leap toward the bird, fell back, and the next instant Meg found herself in the water, with the oars floating off in opposite directions, and her boat, bottom upward, moving away toward a third point of the compass. By her side, Castor, guilty beast! splashed about like a porpoise.

The shore was a mile away. She was a tolerably good swimmer, but now her tight skirts clung about her limbs and held her powerless. A sudden thrill of fear ran through her veins. Happily, she was able to grasp one of the oars, by aid of which she managed to keep afloat; but how far away the beach looked! and, though the season was Summer, the water was very cold. It would be horrible to drown out there, unseen by any living thing save Castor. She tried to strike for the shore, but could make little headway. A benumbing chill, a sickening terror seized her. She began to sink!

"Am I going to *die?*" That was her thought; and the amazement which youth and health must always feel in the face of the great mystery rushed upon and overwhelmed her. "Oh, am I really going to die?"

"*Halloo!*"

It was a prolonged shout, raised high to attract her attention. She looked, and saw a boat, some fisherman's dory, moving swiftly across the water from the direction of Gull Beach. In it a man was seated, plying the oars like mad. She recognized him, even at that distance, and waved one hand feebly.

"Hold up!" he cried; "hold up!"

By a mighty effort she rallied her failing powers. The dory flew before his tremendous strokes like a leaf in the wind. He was approaching; he was close by. He seized Meg by the shoulders, and dragged her by main force into the boat.

"Oh, Rob," she gasped, with her mouth full of sea-water, "what a God-send you are, to be sure! Oh, how fortunate for me! Did you see me from the beach?"

"Yes."

His lean, grave face was quite colorless. She had never seen him look so frightened.

"It was all Castor's doings, but I forgive him. Take the poor beast into the boat—he will surely drown. And now, for charity's sake, Rob, make haste and row me ashore."

Her word was his law. He assisted the dog into the dory, whipped off his coat—a very shabby one—and threw it about her shoulders, then pulled lustily for Gull Beach. By the time they reached it, Meg's teeth were chattering in her head. He lifted her out upon the sands, knelt down, and with both hands wrung the water from her drenched skirts.

"You are shaking with cold!" cried Leith, in alarm. "Dawson, the fisherman, has a shanty near by, and there's a fire burning in it—I made that discovery as I crossed the beach. Come, and warm yourself there. You cannot go up to the Hall in this plight."

"Lead the way," gasped Meg.

He took her hand, hurried her round a bend in the shore as fast as her clinging skirts would permit, and she saw before her on the rough shingle an old brown shanty, with the door standing hospitably ajar. Leith entered without ceremony.

"Mr. Dawson is a bachelor," said he, "and a particular friend of mine. We are safe to make ourselves at home in his quarters."

The place was empty, but a fire burned in the rusty stove, through the front bars of which long shafts of red light fell along the not particularly clean floor. Leith found a three-legged stool, and seated his companion comfortably. She drew a long breath, and spread her little wet hands to the blaze.

"How heavenly!" she cried. "You dear old Rob, I should have drowned but for you. Indeed, I am infinitely obliged for this service. It is a sight for sair een, as the Scotch say, to see you again."

He stood on the other side of the stove, looking supernaturally grave. The red light from the rusty bars played on Meg's limp figure, and shone in her saucy dark eyes. He gazed steadily away from her.

"Thank you," he answered, briefly. If she had forgotten their last meeting, *he* had not.

"Of course you know all that has happened up at Beach Hall, Rob?"

He nodded.

"Imagine the life I lead at present. Mr. Moultrie is at death's door, the colonel is down with fever, Constance devotes herself entirely to the two, and I am left to fate. Mariana in the Moated Grange was never half as forlorn. I think I shall be a maniac if this thing continues much longer. Why—why—*why* haven't you called at the Hall, Rob, if only to inquire if I still lived?"

Her aggrieved tone was as soft as silk. She shot a melting glance at him through her black lashes. He winced visibly.

"It is time for me to cease coming to the Hall," he answered; "the best thing that I can do for myself is to avoid you upon all occasions."

She opened her eyes wide, then smiled.

"You absurd Robin! Suppose you had avoided me this afternoon? where would I be now?—among the lobsters, stone dead. Pooh! We can be friends, can we not? A friend is better than a lover at any time. You have been foolish, but you will reform, and some day when you have become a famous lawyer, you will marry a woman a thousand times fairer than I am, and love her dearly, and blush with shame when you remember your first flame."

Something like a spasm contracted his rugged face.

"Perhaps you do not realize the fact, Meg, but you are as cruel as the grave."

"Cruel ? Oh, not all," she answered, airily ; "I say this for your good, dear boy. You would be delightful, if you would not talk nonsense. Now listen : Do you know all about Constance's wedding ? how it came to naught, and how the bridegroom was brought to his bride, wounded, half dead ?"

Leith nodded.

"It is the talk of the town."

"Well, you have no idea how handsome he looked, Rob, when they brought him in on a litter. I could think of nothing but a picture which I once saw of the dead Philip the Fair. He is an Antinous, an Apollo—not at all like the usual idea of a Southerner—not dark, but fair as the old Norsemen, and with celestial yellow hair."

An expression of deep disgust appeared on Leith's face. It is not in nature that a disappointed lover should hear with pleasure the praises of other men from the lips he loves.

"I saw Mr. Moultrie," he answered, "on the night of the accident. I happened to be at the station when he arrived. Shall I tell you what *my* first impression concerning him was? I am no judge of the beauty of men, but to Miss North, to you, to any girl in whom I felt an interest, I would say, do not trust that fellow. He is cruel and insincere, he would drive a knife to the heart of his best friend, if policy or self-interest urged him to do so."

"Miss North would be greatly pleased to hear you say that of her betrothed husband."

He leaned forward over the rusty old stove in his earnestness.

"I am a blunt fellow—I cannot mince my words. Don't admire that man, Meg. I have felt a presentiment of evil ever since I heard that his marriage had been postponed ; that he was lying ill at Beach Hall. Don't think too much of his handsome face. You are foolish and romantic. Meg, Meg, in heaven's name don't lose your heart to Miss North's lover !"

The angry blood flamed into her cheeks, her gray eyes flashed. She arose from the three-legged stool, with an outraged air.

"Lose my heart to Miss North's lover !" she scoffed. "I have borne your love-making with a tolerable grace, Robin, but I shall not bear this. It is an insult ! I foolish—I romantic ? I am neither the one nor the other, and you are very ill-bred to tell me so. Henceforth we are strangers ! Do you hear ?—*strangers !*" And she stamped smartly on the floor of the shanty.

"Meg, listen to me !" he implored, his lean, brown face pale with dismay.

"Impossible ! Don't speak to me again ! Constance's lover ! I never heard a more ridiculous idea, even from you. Farewell, sir. When we entered this shanty, I felt that you had laid me under eternal obligation ; but now —*now* the debt is canceled !"

With one look of wrathful disdain, she turned and rushed out of the place, and never heeding the voice which implored her to return, she ran across the beach, and home to the Hall. Her cheeks burned as she went. She *had* thought too much, perhaps, of Danton Moultrie's handsome face. She would never think of it again, she vowed to herself resolutely.

She told her adventure to no one—there was nobody at the Hall now to watch her movements—but changed her wet clothing, took a solitary cup of tea, with Castor for company, and then went over to the piano, and, for the first time in many days, opened it, and sat down to play.

"Nunky will not mind," she said to herself ; "and as for Mr. Moultrie, he may shut his ears."

She sang as naturally as a bobolink—her voice was as full of trills and bubbling sweetness as that ravishing bird's. It poured through the open door, crossed the hall, and went up the stair to Danton Moultrie's room. It was like the sigh of sea-winds in the firs outside his window—it was like the laughter of many little waves on the brown shingle of Gull Beach.

Mr. Moultrie did not shut his ears. For the first time he was sitting up in an easy-chair before an open fire, wrapped in a velvet dressing-gown, his wounded arm in a sling, a bandage about his head, his classic face pale and wasted. The hired nurse moved about the apartment, adjusting some medicines on a table ; and at the other end of the hearth sat Miss North, placid and fair, netting meshes of colored wool—an occupation which displayed to the best advantage her large, white arms and jeweled hands.

Mr. Moultrie gave a slight start as a wonderful trill leaped joyfully into his room.

"Who—what is that ?" he asked.

Miss North raised her calm yellow eyes.

"That—oh, that is Meg," she answered, carelessly.

"Meg ?"

"Miss Dysart—guardy's niece. If she annoys you, I will send a request for her to stop."

"By no means. She has an uncommon voice."

He leaned back in his chair, and listened with half-closed eyes. Meg played and sang till she was weary, then closed her piano and went to bed.

She had quarreled with her last hope—Rob Leith. Hopeless ennui, unbroken solitude, would be her portion now until the recovery of the two invalids. On her way to her own chamber, she stopped at Colonel Dysart's door.

"Cannot I do something for you, uncle ?" she said, wistfully, as she looked in upon the sick man.

"No, my dear," he answered. "Constance will attend to me ; she is a superb nurse."

"Constance—always Constance !" muttered Meg, as she went drowsily away. "I believe she is thrusting me out of nunky's heart."

The next day Danton Moultrie was permitted to sit at a window of his chamber, and look down upon the lawns and winding walks and fair gardens of Beach Hall. There it was that he saw a picture which was destined to evermore remain indelibly impressed upon his memory.

Under the dark fir-trees a girl was walking, with a big dog by her side. Her dress of airy white fluttered softly in the wind ; a gypsy hat, brightened by knots of cherry ribbon, shaded her lustrous hair. Somewhere on high, among the thick branches, a bird was singing. She paused, and, with upturned face, stood listening to his song. It was an attitude which fully revealed the perfect coloring, the sweeping lashes, the incomparable eyes, the arch, bright, piquant expression which made that face so strangely fascinating. She caught the song from the bird turned it about in her own silvery throat, and then tossed it into the air with variations ; and Castor stood by, wagging his tail the while in admiring delight.

The doctor chanced to be the only person in the room with his patient.

"Who is that young girl ?" said Danton Moultrie.

"Oh, that's Miss Meg, the colonel's niece and heiress," answered the doctor ; "as pretty a creature as you will find in all the Bay State. She'll have a neat little fortune, too, when the colonel goes."

He watched the graceful figure as it went on down the walk. He saw her dawdling before a fountain, feeding

XUM

some purple doves from her slim hands. She looked bored and lonely.

"Poor little thing! Wonder if it isn't as dull as death for her here?" said Mr. Moultrie, with a stifled yawn.

"Dull? Well, at present, perhaps, but not always," replied the doctor. "The colonel is very fond of his heiress—very indulgent. Miss Meg mostly has her own sweet will, I fancy."

Presently Miss Dysart chanced to look up at the house—at Danton Moultrie's window. She could see him sitting there in the sunshine—could see that he was watching her. The color rushed into her face—she vanished, like magic, in the shrubbery, the door opened, and Constance North North came in.

There was nothing unusual in the history of these lovers. The handsome Southerner had besieged and conquered Miss North's heart in purely orthodox fashion. She loved him with all the strength of her cool, cautious nature—she would love him till the last day of her life.

And Danton Moultrie? There was a dash of gay French blood in his veins; he had the grace and polished manners of a Frenchman. He was passionately attached to his cold, white lady-love—at times. She had a tolerable fortune. She had beauty and style—the match could not fail to be advantageous to himself. He was a man whom all women admired—a trifle wild, perhaps, but in a refined way. He had been the cause of many a feminine heartache in his time.

"How is your other patient?" asked Moultrie, glancing languidly up at his betrothed.

"Ill—quite ill," she answered. "Poor guardy! He is satisfied only when I am beside him."

"That's rather hard upon you, is it not? Why doesn't his niece share your labors?"

"She is but a raw schoolgirl. He can never tolerate her in his room when he is sick. I have always been his favorite. What can I do for your entertainment, Danton? You look bored."

"I *am* bored," he answered, frankly. "It's hard lines for a man to be shut up here, week after week, with a fractured arm, a broken head, and his wedding-day still in the future. Constance!"

He looked up at her eagerly. She looked down upon him with the placid eyes of some ruminating bovine.

"Well?"

"Let us be married at once—this very day! Call your clergyman, and let him perform the ceremony here in this chamber. Will not both of us be happier? Will not this tedious waiting for my recovery seem shorter, if you are my wife? I am sure of it!"

Constance North did not, could not know how much depended upon her answer. Had she said "yes" to her impatient lover that morning, three destinies might have been changed; but she did not say "yes." Her cool, blonde face put on a surprised look. She shook her head gently.

"My dear Danton, such a marriage would not suit me at all; it would not suit my friends. I hate *outre* things. My duty to society forbids it. You are improving—you will soon be well; then new invitations can be issued, new preparations made. A marriage in a sick-room, without guests, without the usual adjuncts—oh, that would be dreadful! I do not think that I am of a romantic turn of mind, Danton. Shall I read to you?" She went to a table, and began to turn over some books. "What shall it be, something grave or gay, lively or severe?"

He made an irritated movement.

"Neither. Pardon me, I do not care a fig for the poets to-day—the sight of those books makes my head ache!"

She passed her hand softly over his bandaged head.

"Can I do *anything* to amuse you, dear?" she purred.

His drooped lids flashed up quickly. He made a sudden, bold move.

"Yes," he answered; "ask that raw schoolgirl, that Miss Dysart, to sing for me. I feel like Saul, when the evil spirit troubled him."

Miss North did not take offense at this request, but answered, promptly:

"Certainly. I dare say she will oblige you. As a general thing she is tolerably good-natured." And she departed at once to find Meg.

After some search, that young person was discovered in a corner of the vine-hung piazza, with Castor by her side. She was pulling to pieces a rose, and scattering its petals over the rough coat of the dog.

"Will you have the kindness to come into the drawing-room and sing for Mr. Moultrie's amusement?" said Constance. "He is in low spirits this morning, and particularly wishes to hear some music."

Meg colored.

"Why don't you sing for him yourself?" she said.

'I have, as you know, an indifferent voice," replied Miss North. "He did you the honor to admire your singing last night—he would like to hear it again."

"He did me the honor! Oh, indeed!" Meg hesitated—wavered, and was lost. "Of course I cannot refuse, since you ask me."

And five minutes after, through wide-open doors, up the stair to Danton Moultrie's ears, floated her ravishing, bird-like music.

She sang as she had never sung before. She seemed to throw her very soul into her efforts to please the fastidious invalid. Constance, who had returned to her lover's side, netted her colored wools calmly. Moultrie looked out on the sea, and made no sign, no sound.

At the end of a half-hour the strong, rich, flute-like notes ceased. Then he roused himself, and said to his betrothed:

"I wish you would call Miss Dysart here for a moment; I would like to thank her."

Miss North arose—she was very willing to oblige her lover to-day. She encountered Meg at the foot of the stair, just as the girl was escaping to the garden.

"Well, why should I not see him?" said Meg, haughtily; and so she went to meet her fate—that is, she followed Miss North into Moultrie's presence. She stood before his chair, heard a few words of formal introduction, felt his eyes burning her face, saw him stretch out a languid hand, and placed her own in it mechanically.

"A thousand thanks, Miss Dysart," he said, with fervor. "A raw schoolgirl," Constance had called her. He could scarcely repress a smile at the absurdity of the description. She looked like a little queen, with her daring, defiant eyes, her proud curled lip, and high, disdainful head.

"I am most happy to make your acquaintance," said Danton Moultrie. She bowed without a word.

"Your marvelous voice has given me great pleasure. I trust that you will take pity on a stranger and an invalid, and let me hear it often."

Silence on the part of Miss Dysart.

"Perhaps you will condescend to sit down, Meg," suggested Constance North. "Your uncle thinks you romp too much upon the beach with Bobin Leith. I'm afraid the housekeeper does not look after you at all. It is scarcely proper to give so young a person the unlimited freedom which you have here at Beach Hall."

Meg's eyes flashed.

XUM

"Do not trouble yourself about me, Constance. I will romp the beach with Bob Leith, or anybody else, as much as I like. You are not the person to whom I account for my movements. I am glad to have given Mr. Moultrie pleasure, and I am greatly obliged to him for his flattering compliments."

With that she made a mocking courtesy, and was gone, like a beautiful comet.

Miss North drew her colored wool through one large, cool hand.

"A terrible little spitfire!" she said, with emphasis.

Danton Moultrie answered not a word.

CHAPTER III

REJECTED.

A MONTH had passed away. It was midsummer. The blue waves murmured placidly on the sands at Gull Beach. A fervid sun glowed on the shingle and dried up the salt pools left by receding tides. The long windows were open at Beach Hall, and above them gay awnings fluttered in the sweet south wind.

The garden beds were blazing with bloom, the fountains dropped softly in their stone basins, the firs and oaks stood up sedate and motionless in the heat, and under their spreading boughs, in a sheltered nook of the garden, two persons were passing an idle hour—Meg Dysart and Miss North's Southern lover, Danton Moultrie.

The girl was sitting in a low garden-chair, with her lap full of roses. Castor lay at her feet. The man was leaning against the rough bole of a tree, watching her with quizzical, laughing eyes.

The sling was gone from his arm. He looked pale and interesting, but he had evidently regained his strength. In the last four weeks his acquaintance with Colonel Dysart's heiress had progressed wonderfully. Miss North's constant attendance upon her guardian had left her lover somewhat lonely, and to whom should he turn for amusement but to Meg Dysart?—that song-bird, whose bright, fresh beauty was only equaled by her wonderful voice.

"Tell me," he was saying, in a teasing tone, and his blue eyes shone down upon her with a dangerous light, "who is this Rob Leith whose name Constance couples so often with yours?"

"He is a good fellow—a thoroughly good fellow," answered Meg, warmly.

"I am not curious concerning his goodness," said Mr. Moultrie; "is he your lover?"

"He *was*, once upon a time."

"Was!—that implies that he is so no longer. Impossible to believe! The man who had once knelt at your shrine would never bend knee at another. Did you love *him?*"

"A very impertinent question."

"Pray answer it."

Her ever-ready color mounted high.

"No, I did not love him. I know nothing about love—I wish to know nothing."

Moultrie twirled his long, fair mustaches.

"Whence comes such prudence, such marvelous wisdom, Miss Meg? Love is a torment, a fever, a misery; it is also a rapture a delight, a heaven. Did not Rob Leith tell you as much?"

She made a little grimace.

"No, indeed! Robin has too much good sense."

He laughed languidly.

"My dear child, your hour has not yet come."

There was a little silence, broken only by the drip of a neighboring fountain in its cool, deep basin. The girl began to gather up her roses. Her face was in shadow the man's fair, *insouciant* face was lifted to the sun.

"I wonder where Constance can be?" said Miss Dysart.

"With her guardian, most likely; he seems to monopolize all her leisure moments."

"Dear me! I hope you are not jealous of nunky," she said, with a scornful little smile; then added, recklessly, "When—*when* are you going to marry Constance, and take her away?"

He opened wide his blue eyes.

"Inhospitable child! are you so anxious to be rid of me?"

"I am anxious for Constance's wedding," she answered, hurriedly. "All her fine gowns, and my own, too, will be out of fashion if this delay continues, and the patience of the invited guests worn to shreds."

"Miss North now thinks it will be better to postpone our marriage until her guardian is quite recovered."

"How like Constance——"

Then she uttered a cry. Roses have thorns—one, sharp as a needle, had pierced her hand from the stems that she was grasping too closely. Moultrie bent over her—seized the wounded member.

"Allow me to draw it out. I am something of a surgeon," he said, with concern.

They were close together now. He extracted the thorn carefully; the delicate palm trembled in his hold; he raised it to his lips; pressed upon it a swift, hot kiss.

White as death, Meg flung back from him, and, dropping all her roses, turned and disappeared among the trees.

Moultrie stood as she had left him, gazing straight down at the fallen flowers. There was an odd expression on his face, he gnawed his lip savagely. These were the thoughts which crowded up in his mind:

"By Jove! this will never do! I must leave this place at once. I am getting beyond my depth here. Curse that 'spill' in the woods! Was it the most fortunate, or unfortunate, thing which ever befell me? Hard to tell. At all events——"

"Do you find it good fun to flirt with Miss Dysart? Does she amuse you?" said a calm voice at his side.

He turned, and confronted Miss North. She wore a white dress and a white hat, and she looked as dignified as a queen, and as cool as a water-lily. He wondered if she had seen him kiss Meg's hand.

"A man may talk to a girl and not flirt with her, may he not?" he answered, carelessly. "You must admit that you leave me a great deal to myself, Constance, and life at Beach Hall is—well—just a little dull."

"Dull!—with me?"

"No; dull without you. You seem to pass the greater part of your time in Colonel Dysart's company."

She came close up to him—the odor of violets exhaled from her white draperies; a cluster of these honeyed flowers drooped in her flaxen hair.

"My guardian fancies that no one can fill my place in his room. He depends upon me to read to him, to attend to his business correspondence."

"Why the deuce doesn't the man marry? He isn't so old but that he might possibly find a wife to perform these offices in your stead."

"I do not know," answered Miss North, coldly. "I am very glad to be of service to him. But this I must say, Danton—your conduct toward Miss Dysart is the talk of the whole house; even the servants notice it, gossip about it. I believe, yes, *know*, that I am above petty jealousies, but I must request you to let that girl alone. She is quite ignorant of the ways of men, and Colonel Dysart will not thank you for turning her empty little head. It may be harmless amusement for you, but a very serious matter for her."

Harmless amusement for him—was he quite sure of that? A vivid red shot across his cheeks. He looked greatly annoyed.

"I will ignore Miss Dysart's existence from this hour," he said, "in the wild dissipations of Beach Hall. I will no longer recognize her presence. Turn her head? Not for the world! Moreover, I think it too well-balanced a head to be easily turned. My dear Constance, I am your slave—command me!"

She paid no heed to his mild sarcasm; only said, placidly:

"Colonel Dysart will leave his room to-day for the first time. After my marriage, he proposes to go abroad for a season, and take his niece with him. She will then have a chance to acquire some knowledge of the world." Her manner changed; she laid her hand softly on Moultrie's arm. "For the next two hours I am at your service, Danton. Shall we walk, shall we ride, shall we row on the bay? Ah, do not look so gloomy! You will soon be able to leave this dull Beach Hall. In a week, or a fortnight, at the most, I—I—shall be ready."

"Will you?" he cried, brightening; "that is good news."

She was a handsome woman, and he was pledged to marry her. He made a sudden resolution to mend his ways, and take the goods which the gods had provided. So he kissed her hand as fervently as he had kissed Meg's little paw fifteen minutes before, and down the shady drive they walked away together in a very lover-like manner.

Sheltered under the vines of the porch, Meg saw them go. A strange pain stabbed through her heart, bewildered and sickened her. She did not attempt to analyze the change which had come over herself in the last few weeks—she shrank instinctively from self-examination; but she knew that she was not the same girl who had romped the beach with Castor, fancy-free, one little month ago.

Just before dinner the lovers returned from their stroll. Meg was still sitting under the vines, pretending to read. Neither of the two noticed her. Danton Moultrie was talking to his betrothed of their future Southern home—he did not deign so much as a glance at Meg. What could it mean? She fled indignantly to her room, and made a charming toilet, with the vague intention of outshining Constance. Her dress of opal-tinted silk was garnished with forget-me-nots. She fastened a cluster of the same flowers in her lustrous top-knot, which Nature had so kindly crimped and curled. Her dark eyes were feverishly bright, and she did outshine Constance; but, alas! no one seemed to notice the fact.

Danton Moultrie was all devotion to his betrothed. He did not look once at Meg, nor address a single word of conversation to her during the meal.

Constance was calm and happy. Colonel Dysart, who dined with his family for the first time since his illness, monopolized the attention of everyone. He looked haggard and worn, but he was kind and affectionate to Meg, courteous to Moultrie, and almost doting in his manner toward Miss North. It was a miserable dinner. The opal-colored silk and her own good looks were but vanity and vexation to Meg. Moultrie's studied attentions to Constance, his high-flown compliments, sickened her. What a wretch she felt herself to be! The only thing which enlivened the repast was a strange little scrimmage which occurred betwixt the colonel and Danton Moultrie.

"You have no friends in the North?" the colonel was saying—he had been doing his utmost to play the genial host to Constance's betrothed.

"I have one," answered Moultrie, as he toyed with a cluster of hot-house grapes—"a man who once did me a great service—in fact, he saved my life. That reminds me that I must certainly pay him a visit before I return South. It would be scarcely fair to sojourn two long months at his very elbow, and make no sign."

"Where is he—not *here*—not in Massachusetts?" cried the colonel and Miss North, in a breath.

"He is a resident of Boston," answered Moultrie, carelessly; "a native, too, if I remember rightly."

"And you have not communicated with him?" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, my dear fellow, that is abominable! Telegraph for him to come down to Gull Beach to-morrow; I shall be only too happy to extend a hearty welcome to any friend of yours."

Moultrie looked languidly pleased.

"Many thanks; he is a jolly good fellow. Five years ago I was desperately ill of yellow fever at a New Orleans hotel. Business—the settling of some old law claim, I think—had brought him to the Crescent City. He is, by-the-way, a lawyer of great talent. Well, the disease was raging fearfully at the time, and I was forsaken—left to die—when this man, this stranger, this hero, came to my aid, periled his life for one who had not the smallest claim upon him, for he was simply a guest, like myself, at the hotel, nursed me like a brother, and laid me under a debt of gratitude which, I fear, I can never repay."

"Good heaven!" cried the colonel, in a shocked tone, "and the person to whom you owe so much does not even know that you are in the North?—of course, he was not included in the invitations to your marriage. I am surprised at you. We must certainly see him at once. Such neglect is unpardonable—he will never be able to overlook it."

He rang the bell, and called to the servant who answered it:

"Let the carriage be ready in a half-hour to take Mr. Moultrie to Blackhaven." Then he said to his guest: "It will be easy for you to find the telegraph-office. I am very anxious to see this friend of yours. Such a hero is not to be found every day."

Miss North was smiling up in her lover's face.

"I, too, wish to see him—to thank him for saving your life, Danton. We shall be both proud and glad to receive him here."

Meg leaned forward on the table. She had been listening intently, but in utter silence. Now what demon prompted her to speak?

"You have forgotten to tell us his name," she said; "one likes to know the name of a hero."

He looked up at her reluctantly. Her gray eyes shone like stars, and a dawn-like flush was on her cheeks. How handsome she was! He could see that she felt more real interest in his heroic friend than either of the others.

"His name is Gerald Fortescue," answered Danton Moultrie. "As I said before, he is a brilliant lawyer, and the happy possessor of a large fortune."

"Gerald Fortescue!" She repeated the words, softly. "I mean to remember that name always."

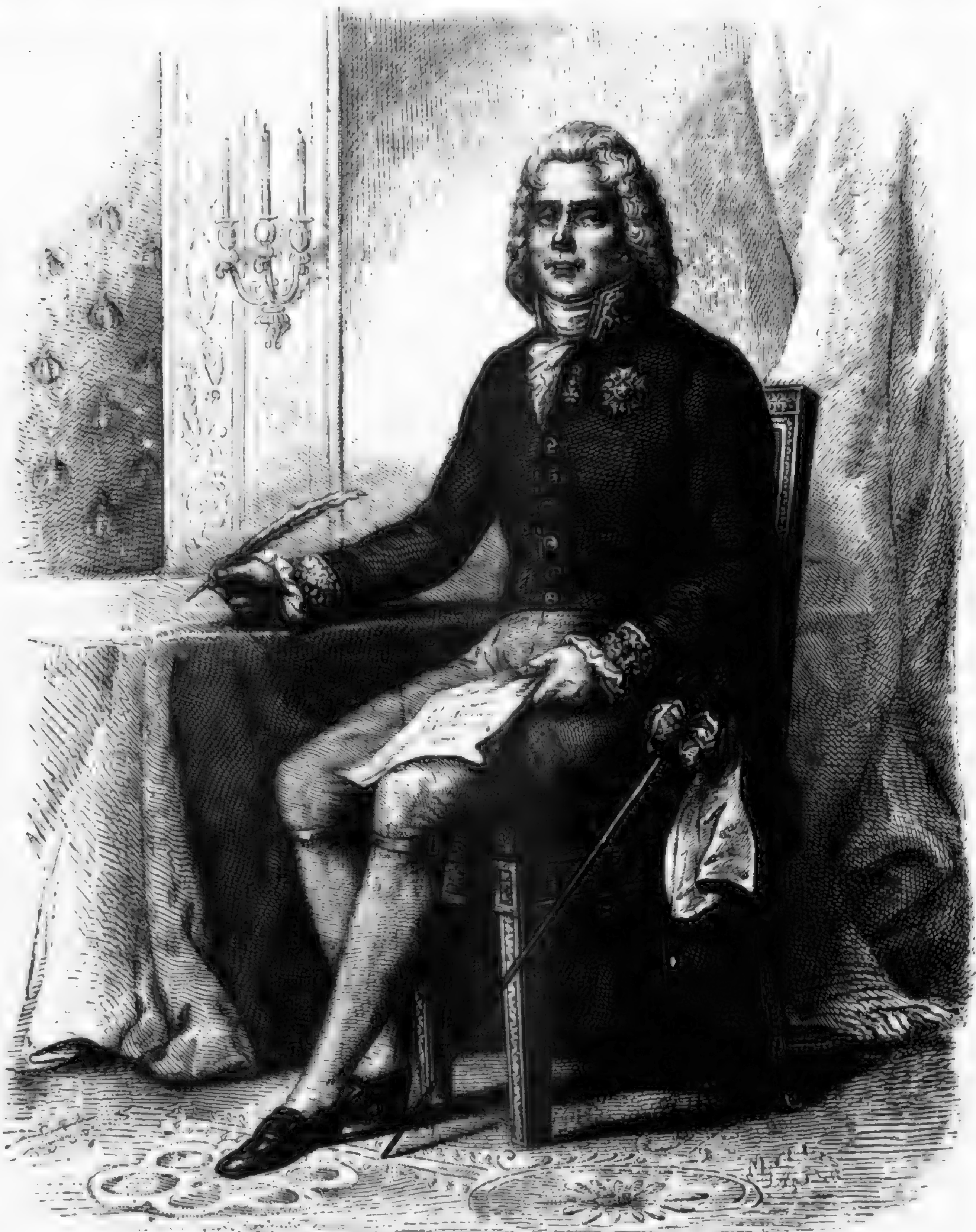
(To be continued.)

XUM

CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND,

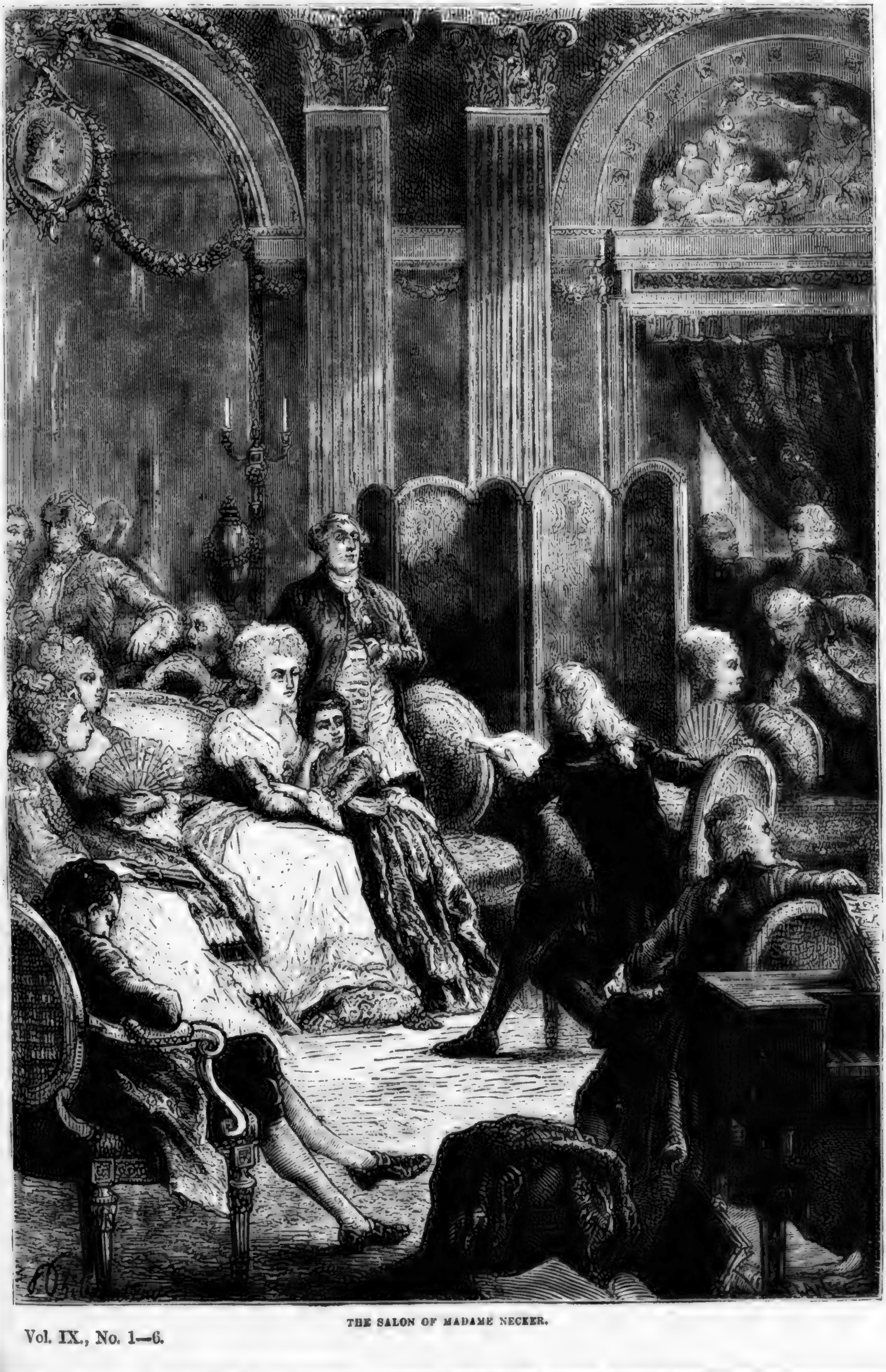
THE PRINCE OF THE OLD DIPLOMATISTS.

THE well-known French phrenologists MM. Place and Florens, after taking a cast of the head of M. de Talleyrand, at the request of his family, immediately after his death, declared, as their decided opinion, on a full consideration of the peculiar complications they discovered in his cerebral development, that the character of M. de Talleyrand, if ever thoroughly revealed to his contemporaries or posterity, must be revealed by himself. He must have written his own life, no other man being competent to write it—that is, a life in which the *rusé* diplomatist should stand confessed before the world, divested of that impenetrable mental mask and domino under which the real man and his motives were supposed to be habitually concealed. It has, however, in many instances been very clearly apparent that a man's judgment is rarely more at fault than when exercised in passing judgment on himself and his own actions.



PORTRAIT OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.—FROM THE ORIGINAL BY BOILLY.

All autobiographies, confessions, apologies, and similar personal statements exhibit an immense amount of self-



THE SALON OF MADAME NECKER.

XUM

deception in the writers, even when most anxious, from whatever cause, to make a clean breast of it or to set themselves right in the world's opinion, they attempt to disclose the secret motives, the hidden springs of thought, the mental or other influences which have determined them to this or that course of conduct. Rarely, too, has any posthumously published apology for an equivocal career succeeded in setting aside a verdict of condemnation already pronounced at the bar of public opinion. And even so, probably, will it fare with the apologetic Memoirs of Prince Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord.

It was generally believed that M. de Talleyrand had for many years been in the habit of noting down his private views on public events, to be amplified, when at leisure, into political memoirs of his own times, and that their completion formed his chief occupation when he withdrew from public life.

Startling revelations were therefore looked for at his death, from the conspicuous and Machiavelian part he had played in all the changes and chances the French nation had undergone during the preceding fifty years. But public expectation was doomed to disappointment; the Memoirs were not to be published until thirty years after his decease, and in 1868 a further delay was announced. It has, however, since transpired that the main object of the Memoirs is but to justify, by statements more plausible than probable, certain ambiguous acts of his own long political career, and that the explanations tend rather to confirm than to modify the unfavorable judgment which, with but few exceptions, his contemporaries and a succeeding generation have felt constrained to pass on his conduct and character as statesman and diplomatist.

From the earliest years of the reign of Louis XVI. the Abbé de Perigord was *un intrigant.* He could have afforded the most ample and curious details concerning the measures secretly adopted by a dissatisfied portion of the old nobility further to inflame the minds of the already greatly agitated and much oppressed people, with the view of abasing the kingly authority, regaining under a timid and incapable sovereign the power and prestige wrested from their Order by Richelieu and Louis XIV., and re-establishing a despotic aristocracy. For such are the motives that not without reason have been assigned to those high prelates and *grands seigneurs* who, on the day after the *séance royale*, which followed the more famous *séance* of the Jeu de Paume (June 20th, 1789), separated themselves from the rest of the *noblesse*, formed the first nucleus of the Assemblée Constituante, and became openly the leaders of a revolution they hitherto had secretly promoted, and whose headlong course they no longer had power to control. Of all and each might then have been said, as Necker said of Mirabeau: "*Tribun par calcul; aristocrate par goût,*" and of none with more truth than M. de Talleyrand, then Bishop of Autun. Probably he would have been willing to draw back when he perceived the fatal whirlpool to which the stream of events was leading. But it was too late. "*Laissez faire*" became the rule of his conduct and the *résumé* of his political creed; henceforth, "*se bornant,*" says Castille, "*à venir à temps pour faucher la moisson des évènements.*"

Yet his Memoirs, it has been asserted, add literally nothing to what is already known of that terrible drama, the great Revolution, or of the secret political intrigues by means of which the several changes were brought about in the form of government in France in the course of the first thirty years of the present century. As a whole, these Memoirs are said to be provokingly unimportant, being little more than an exemplification of the truth of the proverb, "*qui s'excuse s'accuse.*" In determining to defer their publication for a further term of twenty years, the heirs of M. de Talleyrand are believed to have been influenced far less by personal and family considerations than by a desire to spare some annoyance to the relatives of those public men who held office with him, and shared the responsibility of the measures of government recommended by him in the latter part of his official career. Of the younger of those public men some two or three were in 1868 yet living, and on them the statements of M. de Talleyrand were calculated to cast much odium, which, whether undeserved or not, could not but be prejudicial to their interests or to those of their immediate descendants who had become adherents of a second empire under a second Napoleon Bonaparte. This second empire the keen political foresight of M. de Talleyrand, and his experience of the truth of La Rochefoucauld's *mot* "*tout arrive en France,*" may have led him to look forward to, and even with some satisfaction to have seen looming in the future; for was it not one of his last injunctions to his heirs, that "if at some future day a man of the name of Bonaparte should be in want of assistance he should not fail to find it in the family of Talleyrand"? though he may not have regarded it as likely to become so speedily and readily an accomplished fact.

The private life of this "*homo duplex,*" as a French writer has termed him, is attractive. One cannot refuse admiration to the possessor of so many genial qualities. His wit, his brilliancy in the social circle, his exquisite taste and polished ease of manner, are peculiarly fascinating. His apparent openness and sincerity complete the charm. Many most determinedly on their guard against him yielded to that spell, and were gained over to his views.

On the other hand, it is difficult to suppress indignation while attempting to follow him through the windings and turnings of that maze of intrigue which formed his political career—a career great from the historical importance of the period it embraces, but inglorious and almost without a parallel in recent times for moral turpitude, unscrupulous self-seeking, and that utter absence of honor and high principle which marked it throughout.

The private life and the political life of M. de Talleyrand have generally, as well by French writers as others, been narrated separately, as though representing two phases of character so entirely opposed to each other that they could not be blended in a single biography, and that the "homo duplex" must be described in a duplex form. But this is to attempt to separate the inseparable, for from the very outset of his public life, the winning tongue, the ready wit, the prepossessing personal qualities very greatly aided tact, talent and cunning in carrying their possessor safely and successfully through a period of anarchy and bloodshed. Nor did they fail him later on in life, when the wily diplomatist, as Minister of Foreign Affairs or as the representative of France, under the Directory, Consulate, Empire, or Monarchy, sought by the same means as those by which he shone in the *salon* to gain a political victory over his colleagues of the council-chamber.

Indeed, it may be confidently affirmed that throughout his career, whatever were the objects and results of his "*vie politique,*" they differed so little from those of his "*vie intime,*" that if they were not actually the same, they were severally the complement of each other.

"Two acts of the same comedy," says one writer, but somewhat unjustly, for, as the proverb declares, "one must give the devil his due," and it is believed that, like the rest of mankind, M. de Talleyrand had his weak moments, when he threw off the comedian and was sincerity itself. But as he has been surnamed Mephistopheles, and

XUM

painted as black as his Satanic Majesty himself, he may, at best, have been sincere only to deceive. Yet while following him through the long, devious and difficult track he pursued in public life (though within the limits of this article, it can be but very imperfectly marked out), some redeeming points in his character may probably be discovered to serve as lights to relieve the dark shadows with which it is customary to surround this prince of the old diplomatists.

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand was a scion of a very ancient family, whose armorial bearings and arrogant device, "*Re que Diou*"—"God only above me"—were those of the old sovereign-counts of Perigord. He was born in February, 1754, and was the eldest of three sons; but lameness, by unfitting him for the profession of arms, having deprived him of what was then a privilege of noble birth, his next brother was promoted to that honor, and Charles Maurice was relegated, as a younger son, to the Church. His lameness has been attributed to a fall when in his boyhood; but he himself related to Count Wissenbourg that it was caused by injuries inflicted on him by pigs, which made a ferocious attack on his legs when in infancy he was set down under a hedge by his nurse while she took a stroll with her lover. It may also have been partly owing to natural causes, as his uncle and other members of his family had some defective formation in one foot, slightly perceptible when walking. Condemned, however, from an early age to use a kind of crutch, cane or stick, "he learned to manage it with so much art that as he grew up the defect in his gait," we are told, "but added to his personal graces." Rather, perhaps, because of his good looks, it inspired unusual interest in him, for we learn that but for his lameness he would in personal appearance have rivaled his brother, the Comte d'Archambault, one of the handsomest men of his time. He was lively, piquant and agreeable, but by no means a studious youth, and his great aversion was the priesthood, into which circumstances had thrust him so sorely against his will. But rich benefices and ecclesiastical honors awaited him; the highest dignities of the Church being then regarded as the patrimony of the younger sons of the *haute noblesse*, as the most distinguished posts in the army were the birthright of the eldest.

While preparing for his clerical career, young Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord was a far more diligent student of the works of the patriarch of the philosophers and the Voltairian school generally, than of those of the Fathers of the Church. He imbibed from them much of the cynicism of Voltaire, and probably owed to him, in a great degree, that peculiarly incisive and epigrammatic manner of expressing himself, and, as it were, of formulating his thoughts into axioms, for which he was afterward distinguished.

He was never great as an orator; he had neither the *voix de tribun* of Mirabeau, nor the stentorian lungs of the Abbé Maury. He spoke little, but he spoke well and to the point, and "there was an eloquence in the nonchalant, disdainful or smiling and mocking air he assumed, as occasion suited, when silent."

He received his early education at the College d'Harcourt. Thence he was transferred to the Séminaire de St. Sulpice, completing his meagre course of theological studies at Rheims, where he became one of that group of dissolute young men of noble family destined for the priesthood (amongst whom were the Abbé Montesquiou, the Abbé Saint-Phar, and other "Abbés de Cour" of the philosophical school) who formed the ecclesiastical Etat-major of his uncle, Cardinal Alexandre Angélique de Talleyrand-Perigord, then Archbishop of Rheims.

In 1773 he received the tonsure, and on his return to Paris was introduced to the social circle of Madame du Barry. Associating himself with several of his former fellow-students, he then entered upon a course of such reckless dissipation, that even in the dissolute society of the Court of Louis XV. some few voices were raised in condemnation of the scandalous depravity of these youths—most of whom looked to wear the mitre, or even to attain to higher dignities—and of the vicious example thus set to the lower clergy.

The openly licentious life of a high-born and fashionable Abbé, well received in the *salons* of the reigning favorite and other *grandes dames* of the Court, was, however, no bar to preferment. At twenty years of age the Abbaye de St. Denis de Rheims, with two or three minor benefices then conferred on him, supplied him with ample means for the gratification of his dissolute tastes—*en attendant*, of course, a rich bishopric, or other eligible step to the archiepiscopacy, which, but for that thorough sweeping away of the corruptions of the old *régime*—as well in Church as State—he probably would have succeeded to, though his ambition did not point that way.

His position at this time has been compared to that of Paul de Gondy before the breaking out of the war of the Fronde; and some points of resemblance may be traced in the characters of these two dissolute young priests, whose *soutanes* formed their only claim to be ranked with the priesthood. The career of De Retz was shorter, less brilliant, and less important than that of De Talleyrand. The former has been termed "a rough sketch"; the latter "a finished picture." The hero of the Fronde was more impetuous, more honest, and exhibited much less cupidity than the revolutionary Abbé de Perigord; he had more learning, more genius, but less tact and political *savoir faire*. Both were professedly devoted to women, and woman, as has ever been her wont, repaid them in their hour of need with a true and self-sacrificing devotedness to their interests of which they were not always worthy—De Retz, with far fewer personal advantages, inspiring the warmer and sincerer friendships.

The young Abbé has been described as having, at the age of twenty, a face which might have served as a model for that of the Phrygian youth, Ganymedes—fresh and fair complexion, delicate features, and an abundance of fair hair; a chin, then, and throughout life, destitute of beard; nose slightly *retroussé*, which added piquancy to the *malice* and *espièglerie* of those searching glances he occasionally raised his drooping eyelids to fix on the person he conversed with, or on some silent individual of the company. His boyish countenance and slightness of figure gave no indication of physical force, or of the hardy constitution that enabled him to spend night after night at the gambling table, or in a round of suppers and wild orgies with dissolute companions of both sexes, and to appear in the morning, after taking a bath and sleeping for an hour, without showing the slightest trace of fatigue. Many of the escapades, wild adventures and midnight revels described in the meretricious romances of that day are said to have been, with scarcely any variation or exaggeration, those of the Abbé de Perigord and his companions.

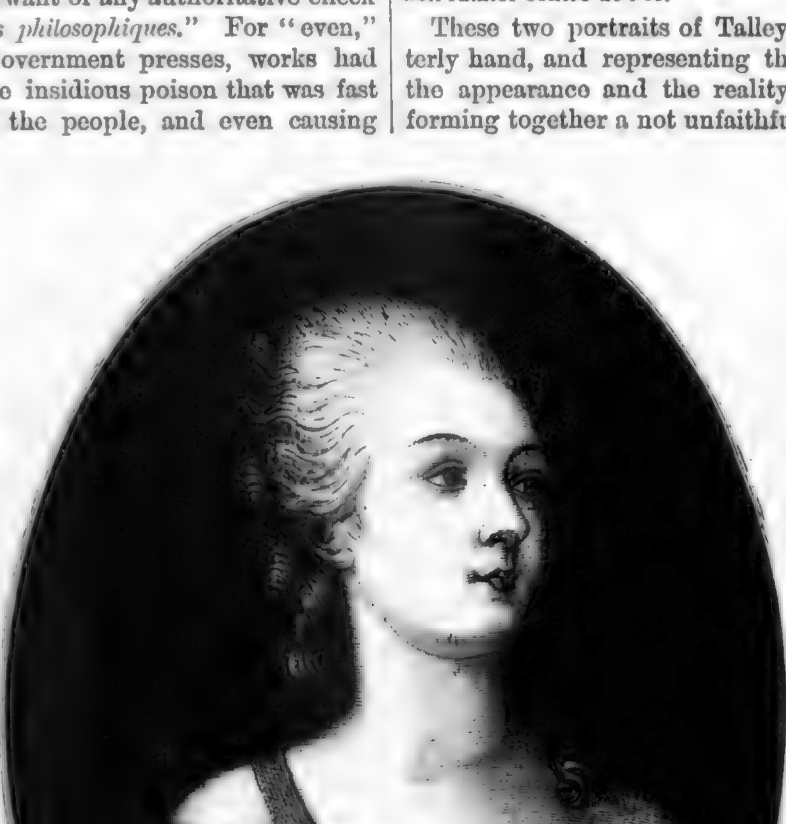
The disciple of Voltaire had a longing desire to become personally acquainted with his master. This desire was gratified when, in 1778, the aged philosopher paid his last visit to Paris, and was received there with frenzied exclamations, and the almost delirious joy of the people.

The young Abbé was rewarded for his enthusiasm on that occasion by the blessing of the patriarch, who, at a brilliant *réunion*, and in the presence of several distinguished personages of the Court, spread his hands over

XUM

the kneeling priest, and, with much mock solemnity, pronounced a formal benediction. The company congratulated and the Court smiled approval; though both Court and clergy had looked forward to this visit of Voltaire with considerable alarm, as likely to excite the "masses," and lead to commotions in the capital not easy to repress.

Only three years before, the dignitaries of the Church, being assembled to prepare an address of congratulation to the throne, availed themselves of that favorable opportunity to remonstrate on the want of any authoritative check on the spread of "*les idées philosophiques.*" For "even," they said, "from the Government presses, works had been issued containing the insidious poison that was fast corrupting the minds of the people, and even causing schism in the Church." Yet the clergy gave no frigid reception to the chief of the philosophical sect.



THE COUNTESS DU BARRY.

Louis XV. was dead; his Du Barry was deposed; a feeble-minded young King and a vain, frivolous Queen reigned in their stead. The nation groaned under oppressive taxation, and the State, financially, was on the brink of ruin. But "*les idées philosophiques,*" with which Montesquieu, Voltaire and Rousseau had leavened the minds of the people, had yet some years to ferment before that terrible upheaving came, to overthrow in its fury both Church and State, and to spread misery, bloodshed and desolation throughout the land.

Meanwhile the gay Abbé de Perigord, though still pursuing his wild career, was chosen to fill the important and very lucrative post of Agent Général du Clergé de France. During the five or six years he held it, he materially increased his private fortune. Stock-jobbing had occupied much of his attention, and some successful adventures on the Bourse made him anxious to acquire a more thorough insight into financial operations generally. With this object, and as his sacerdotal duties were too slightly onerous to interfere with his secular occupations, he sought an appointment in the Treasury Department, and obtained it from Calonne, Necker's successor as Contrôleur Général, at the instance of Mirabeau, who, when introducing his friend to Calonne, wrote as follows of his qualifications for official employment:

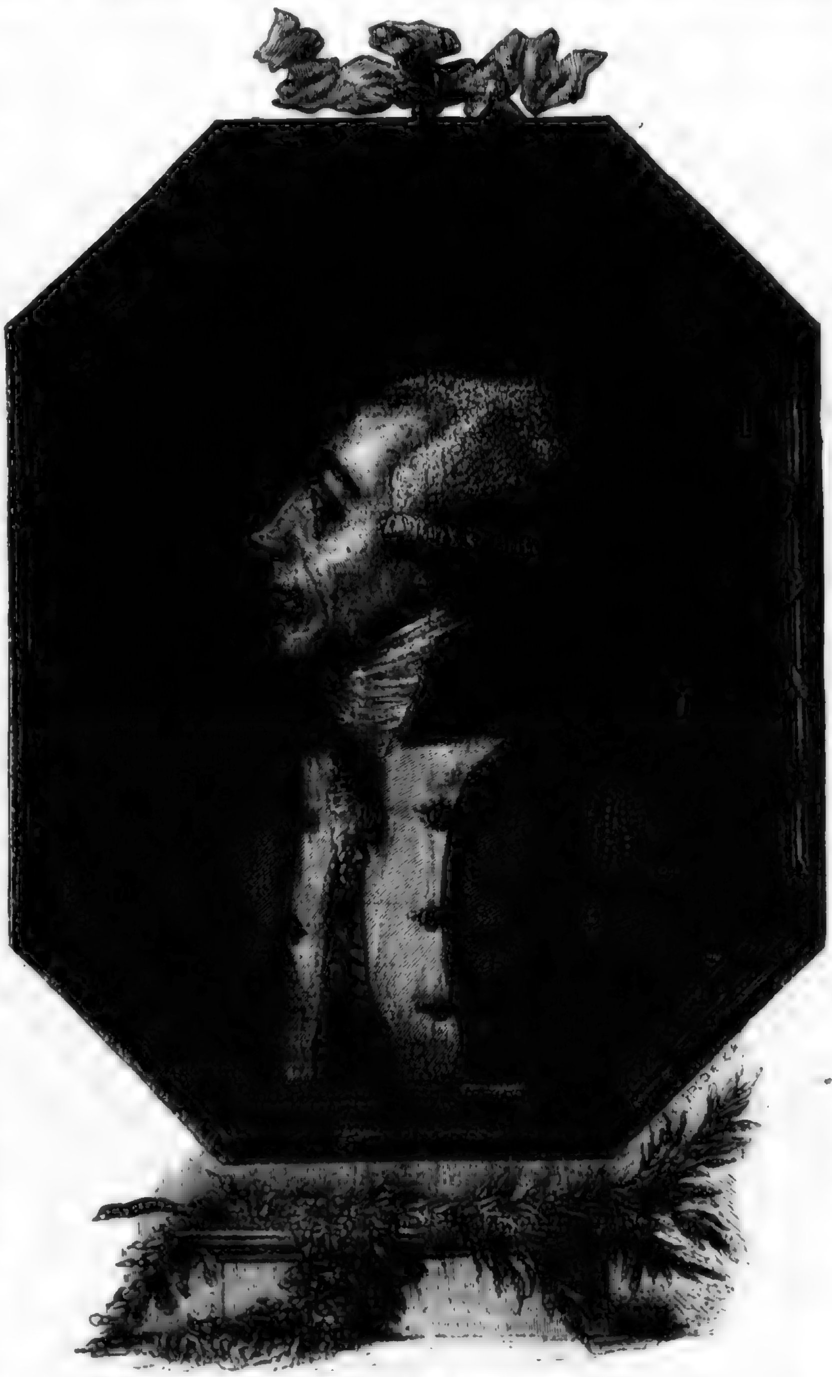
> "M. l'Abbé de Perigord joint à un talent très réel et fort exercé une circonspection profonde et un secret à toute épreuve. Jamais vous ne pouvez choisir un homme plus sûr; plus pieux au culte de la reconnaissance et de l'amitié; plus envieux de bien faire; moins avide de partager la gloire des autres, ou plus convainçu qu'elle est et doit être toute entière à l'homme qui sait concevoir, et qui ose exécuter."

Not very long after, Mirabeau wrote to the Comte d'Antraigues:

> "Ma position est assombrie par l'infâme conduite de l'Abbé de Perigord. L'histoire de mes malheurs m'a jété entre ses mains, et il me faut encore user de ménagement avec cet homme vil, avide, bas, et intrigant. C'est de la boue et de l'argent qu'il lui faut. Pour de l'argent il a vendu son honneur et son ami. Pour de l'argent il vendrait son âme; et il aurait raison, car il troquerait son fumier contre de l'or."

These two portraits of Talleyrand, sketched by a masterly hand, and representing the outer and inner man—the appearance and the reality—have been accepted as forming together a not unfaithful likeness of the wily and supple, unscrupulous and stock-jobbing priest. He and Mirabeau had become acquainted at the Palais Royal, where both were welcome guests at the libertine *réunions* and suppers of the Duc d'Orleans, then Duc de Chartres, (Philippe Egalité), and were also frequenters of the *salon* of the duchess, where the fascinating and *spirituelle* Madame de Genlis then figured so prominently. They were drawn toward each other by similarity in their habits and mode of life, in which vice was combined with courtly manners and aristocratic tastes. Yet Mirabeau, with all his faults, had noble sentiments. There was grandeur in his character, and, though freedom was his watchword, he loved glory and power as much as Talleyrand loved money. The rupture between them was caused, as Michaud (his uncompromising enemy, it is fair to say) asserts, by the conduct of Talleyrand in turning to account the secrets of Government in the carrying out of his private financial speculations. This came to the knowledge of Mirabeau while in Berlin, on a secret mission to the Prussian Court. In his correspondence he took occasion to pass some severe strictures on practices so dishonorable; which Talleyrand by some means becoming aware of, immediately revenged himself by disclosing to the minister certain circumstances relating to those dark years of his friend's past life which cast so deep a shadow on his otherwise great reputation. Hence the changed tone of the second letter. But the "*ménagement*" it speaks of as necessary led to a speedy reconciliation, or, at least, the semblance of one.

In 1788, M. l'Abbé de Perigord became M. d'Autun, the rich bishopric of that name being then conferred on him, its ample revenues affording him increased facilities for extending his operations on the Bourse. He was then on very intimate terms with Necker, and a diligent student of his financial policy. This flattered Necker (one of the vainest of men). He was proud, too, of his proselyte; for Talleyrand, formerly an upholder of Calonne, had turned his back on him as soon as he perceived that his waste of the public money and manifest incompetency to hold office were exciting murmurs too loud and deep to pass unnoticed, and that a change was imminent. Talleyrand, consequently, on the dismissal of Calonne, was already the firm partisan of Necker, who was again summoned to take office in order that with his own credit he might support the tottering credit of the State, and replenish its empty coffers.



THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

With the blue-stocking Madame Necker, Talleyrand was immensely in favor. His high-bred courtesy and repose of manner, evident desire to please, and, above all, apparent attachment to M. Necker, whom both she and her daughter regarded as a god, were peculiarly agreeable to the learned lady. And no less so the deferential attention with which—his eyes half closed, and a beaming smile on his countenance, that meant, when the subject under discussion was indifferent to him, anything you pleased; it might be either approval or placid contempt—he listened to her long disquisitions on classical learning, in which she was deeply versed; far more so, indeed, than Talleyrand was, for he had little learning, and even less genius. Literature scarcely interested him at all. He had, however, abundance of talent, and had learned in the Church (as Mignet observes) the art of divining men's characters, of penetrating their motives, and, with singular tact, and without any apparent constraint, using them to further his own purposes.

But "*les soirées Helvétiques*" had grown far more staid and formal since Germaine Necker had become Baronne de Staël. As Ambassadrice de Suède, she now presided in a *salon* of her own, where *les idées philosophiques* and *les idées révolutionnaires* were at that period more openly professed than elsewhere. There Madame de Staël, freed from the restraint which her mother's dislike to political discussion in the *salon* had long imposed on her, and arrayed in a hideous turban and dress of her own invention, that not only defied Fashion's decrees, but sinned against every principle of good taste, threw her plump white arms aloft, and declaimed on the politics of the day with all the energy of a tribune.

Among the *beaux esprits* of her literary and revolutionary circle, of whom many were men of great talent and brilliant intellect, she particularly distinguished the Bishop of Autun. He had then so entirely thrown off the clerical character in society, that he had even secularized his dress to harmonize with his habits of gay Lothario and man of the world.

Intrigante herself, the eloquent ambassadress believed she had found a congenial soul in this intriguing priest. His cool, keen, sarcastic remarks and sparkling *bons mots*, which belong, as Sir H. Bulwer truly observes, "as much to the conversational epoch as to himself," delighted her, and a great intimacy sprang up between them. A further bond of union was the circumstance of Talleyrand—just elected deputy of the clergy of his diocese of Autun—being then engaged with Necker in preparing for the convocation of the Etats généraux (the measure urged on the King by that unstatesmanlike minister as the only means of saving the monarchy, but which doubtless precipitated its overthrow).

"The religion of the Necker dynasty was the worship of each other." To be a political disciple of the head of that dynasty was, therefore, in the eyes of his daughter, no slight proof of merit. But when to that was added the bishop's high birth and great reputation for *esprit*, he became, in her estimation, a still more exalted character. "Charles Maurice," said his uncle, the Comte de Perigord, "loves politics, but it is for the sake of what he gains by them; which is something he loves much more."

Madame de Staël also loved politics, but from a different motive. She had from childhood been both politician and philosopher, as well as an ardent student of Rousseau. Her

XUM

mind had become inflamed with that same pure and heaven-inspired love of freedom—as she believed it to be—that had animated the "divine philosopher," "the child of nature." France was to be regenerated by the spread of his principles, and the recall of her father to power the means of effecting this happy result.

In her enthusiasm she thus apostrophized the shade of Jean Jacques: "Rise from thy ashes, O Rousseau, and encourage in his career the man who, having to contend with extremity of misery, aims at securing the perfection of good!" Freedom à la Rousseau! Yet she had but caught the pervading spirit of the time, and given expression to it. For throughout France every heart then throbbed with the same fever of excitement, and it would be difficult to believe that Talleyrand—calm and calculating as he may have been from temperament—was not in some degree influenced by the agitated state of the world about him.

He had, however, no sort of sympathy with Madame de Staël's romantic and sentimental view of the claims of friendship. It suited him at that time to stand well with Necker, therefore to figure as a *bel esprit* in the *salon* of Madame l'Ambassadrice de Suède; at the same time to pay homage, duly mingled with delicate flattery, to her great oratorical powers, and to address a few civil words to that insignificant personage, the husband of the ambassadress. But Madame de Staël was not satisfied that her chosen friends, or "*amis du cœur*" should acknowledge and appreciate only her talents and intellect. For while claiming equality with them in the masculine powers of her mind, she expected to command admiration as a woman—the admiration she was mortified to see spontaneously bestowed on those whom she deemed the "pretty simpletons" of her *salon*, and whose society she contemned, though she so desperately coveted their attractions. But, as far as words went, Talleyrand paid his court for a while to Madame de Staël, putting into practice his favorite axiom (derived, probably, from Voltaire, or Swift, or one of the many writers, both English and French, who used it before him), that "Speech was given to conceal thought." His thoughts at that time, it may be conjectured, if given to womankind at all, dwelt far less on Madame de Staël, when she posed as a Grace for admiration, than on the beautiful simpleton who, under his fostering care, was some years later known as Madame Grant, and who eventually became Madame de Talleyrand.

The time and manner of their first acquaintance have been variously stated; but he is supposed to have first seen her by mere chance, when walking with a friend one day in the streets of Paris, and to have remarked, on noticing her extraordinary beauty, that "the husband of so lovely a woman was an enviable man." So deep was the impression on his mind that it still was unobliterated when some few years after he again met her in England. Such is one version of the origin of his connection with this remarkably silly, if beautiful, woman. Her *mots*, if not *bons mots*, were piquant from their extreme absurdity, and afforded much amusement to Parisian society for several years.

Who has not heard of her mistaking Sir George Robinson—though some say it was Dénon, the traveler—for Robinson Crusoe, whose adventures she had recently read! But whichever it was, Talleyrand had invited him to dinner, and, mentioning that their guest was a great traveler, desired madame to pay him much attention, and to speak to him of his travels. This she did by informing him how concerned she had felt when reading of the privations he had undergone, and the shifts he had been put to during his sojourn on the uninhabited island. Her visitor was greatly puzzled; said nothing, but bowed his acknowledgments and thought the more. Presently she asked, with much apparent interest, for news of "*cher Vendredi*"—that dear faithful man Friday, who had been such a comfort to him. The truth then dawned upon him, and madame was informed that a less celebrated personage than the hero she was interested in had the honor of being her guest.

This, however, is mentioned *en passant;* it occurred under the Consulate, and Talleyrand had not yet arrived at that flourishing period of his career. We return, then, to the 5th of May, 1789.

The bishop, in his violet robes, lawn sleeves and grand mantle, was then about to assist at that imposing ceremony, the assembling of the representatives of the three estates of the realm, in the great hall of the Palais de Versailles, and in the presence of the King, Queen and royal family. Now there is dire distress throughout the land. France is on the verge of bankruptcy; to which she has been brought by the reckless expenditure and extravagance in the Court, and ministerial mismanagement of her State's finances. The *noblesse* and the clergy have hitherto refused to share with the people the burden of taxation. But now, at the instance of Necker, they are summoned to concert, together with the people, on the means best adapted for averting a national catastrophe and furnishing supplies for the needs of the country.

From the very outset disunion and tumult prevailed in this mixed assembly, and antagonism toward it in the Court. The Tiers état, with Mirabeau at their head, took the lead, and refused to suspend their sittings at the command of the King. Finding that by his order the doors of the *grande salle* were closed against them, Bailly, the president, exclaimed, "These people know not with whom they have to do!"—then rushed forth to find a convenient locale for the meeting.

A cry then arose, "Au jeu de paume! Au jeu de paume!" and immediately, accompanied by an applauding multitude, the deputies hastened in a body to the tennis-court, where, repeating the oath of their president, each man solemnly swore "never to separate from the 'assemblée nationale' until the constitution of the kingdom should be established on firm and solid foundations."

That same evening the Duc d'Orleans, Lafayette, Lally-Tollendal, the Duc de Montmorency, and others of the *noblesse*, to the number of forty-seven, joined the National Assembly; Cardinal Juigné, Archbishop of Paris, and Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, following their example on the morrow.

Necker then tendered his resignation. The King refused to accept it; but, influenced by a Court intrigue, secretly dismissed him a few days after. Then occurred that exciting scene, of which Camille Desmoulins was the hero, in the gardens of the Palais Royal; the result of which was an insurrection of the people; the attack on the Bastile, its capture and destruction, and the bringing back of Necker in triumph.

The failure of the crops, or neglect to gather them in, added famine to the many miseries that afflicted the frenzied populace; when Talleyrand, who had already advocated the abolition of titles, put forward a proposition for the confiscation and sale of the domains of the Church, for the purpose of defraying the debts of the State and relieving the prevailing distress.

Talleyrand did not shine in debate, and as his "*douce voix*" failed to impress so tumultuous an assembly, his proposal was formally placed before it by Mirabeau in a declaration that "the possessions of the clergy are the property of the nation."

This was vehemently disputed by the Abbé (afterward Cardinal) Maury, with his powerful, Bossuet-like voice and great oratorical ability, which so far prevailed over the eloquence and audacity of Mirabeau, Barnave and others, that Talleyrand's proposition was greatly modified, and the despoiled clergy, in their several degrees, not inadequately provided for before it received the assent of the Assembly.

As his benefices furnished nearly the whole of his income (except what he derived from his Bourse operations), Talleyrand's proposition to renounce them for the benefit of the State has been lauded as a great and noble action, and cited as a proof that his patriotic motto, "La France avant tout," had a real influence on him. But the Abbé Maury, on this same occasion, openly charged him with the intention of serving the stock-jobbing interests, of which he was the head, and of being one of the causes of the financial distress of the country. The sale of the Church lands would also, he argued, afford opportunity for the purchase of valuable estates for an insignificant sum. Talleyrand, as was his custom, replied only by sneers and a few sarcastic phrases.

It might naturally be supposed that his sympathies were on the side of the Court, and that his own and his family's interests would also have led him to reject the Revolution. But he appears to have been indifferent to both, and to have decided for neither until the finger of Fate clearly pointed out "*L'avenir est à celui-ci.*" And Michaud asserts that when the Court, as the surest means of attaching so able an *intrigant* to their cause, offered him the bribe of a large sum of money, he replied coldly to the person deputed to treat with him, "I shall gain more on the other side, and also incur less risk; for the Revolution will prove stronger than you."

Without any hesitation, he submitted to the conditions of the "constitution civile du clergé," took the required oath himself, and administered it to the priests and curés whom he ordained bishops. The last occasion, probably, on which he officiated as a priest was when, at the *fête* of the general federation of the Communes of France, on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile—arrayed in his ecclesiastical vestments, and girdled with a tri-colored scarf—he celebrated High Mass on the grand altar that had been erected for the occasion in the centre of the Champ de Mars, and named "L'autel de la Patrie." The "Fédérés," with their banners, to the number of 100,000, surrounded the altar, and upward of 200,000 spectators were present.

While the bishop (who begged Lafayette, who had some sort of part assigned to him at the altar, "not to make him laugh") was performing the *religious* ceremony, the people expressed their frantic joy in songs and dances, jests and jeers, and peals of laughter. The rain meantime had been descending in torrents. Suddenly a ray of sunshine gleams through a parted cloud. The *oriflamme* of France is lowered, and the unfortunate Louis XVI. meekly swears fealty to the revolutionary constitution, to the accompaniment of a grand fanfare, a discharge of artillery, and the ravings of the assembled multitude. Lafayette, mounted on the altar, draws his sword, and seems to be fighting the air; and with this performance, and the singing of a *Te Deum*, above which rise snatches of military songs, this farcical, national and *religious fête* concludes. The King takes his departure, the constitutional bishop limps down from the altar. His eyelids droop lower than usual, and a smile, more expressive of mockery than pleasure, plays on his fair, effeminate face.

On the 2d of April, 1791, an illness of three days carried off the mighty Mirabeau from the scene of turmoil and strife. The speech he had prepared against the law of primogeniture, at his request was read to the Assembly by Talleyrand (his *exécuteur testamentaire*), and that law, then in force, was abolished. The new church of Ste. Geneviève then became Le Panthéon, and was dedicated "*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante,*" and destined to receive their remains—Mirabeau being the first decreed worthy of that honor.

The flight of the royal family soon followed the death of Mirabeau. Unhappily, the King and Queen were recognized, and brought back captive to Paris. The revolutionary movement proceeded with greater violence than before, and the Assemblée constituante assumed the functions of royalty. The Acte Constitutionnel, which had been prepared and approved by them, they, however, submitted to the King, who, unable to do otherwise, accepted it, and, on the 1st of October, 1791, repaired to the Salle de Séance and solemnly took oath faithfully to observe all its statutes and ordinances. The assembly shouted "*Vive la nation—vive le Roi!*" then announced that their work was finished; and that, leaving France in the hands of a constitutional King and a legislative assembly, the deputies would resign office and retire into private life.

For the Assemblée, collectively, the merit has been claimed of having enacted many useful and excellent laws, of abolishing many unjust ones, and restoring nationality and property to the descendants of those who had lost both by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. One of its last decrees, made at the instance of the Academy of Sciences, and proposed to the Assembly by Talleyrand, was to establish the uniformity of weights and measures throughout France, based on a system which they thought calculated to facilitate its general adoption by the rest of the nations of Europe.

Several of the more moderate members of the Assembly, induced by the ever-increasing lawlessness of the people, emigrated at this period, and Talleyrand also was desirous of leaving France—not as an emigrant, but in some official capacity. The Pope had excommunicated him; his family then, and for some years after, held no intercourse with him, and men of his own social station classed him with the worst section of the revolutionary party. But, though connected with the Jacobin clubs, from the circumstance of his being member of the Département de Paris, participation in their deeds of violence and blood would have been far from congenial to him.

He was indolent from temperament; was a lover of ease, and of the pleasures and elegancies of social life. The part he had hitherto played in public, and to the end continued to play, had always the excuse of expediency to justify it. He himself once said (and it was within a few years of his death): "I have, through life, been invariably consistent, and kept fealty to every one, *so long as common sense was his guide*, but no longer." This explains much that has been thought far from consistent in M. de Talleyrand's political career.

Mirabeau first urged him to turn his attention to diplomacy, for which he had remarked in him some special qualities. But it was not until Chauvelin was about to proceed to London, to endeavor to prevail on the English Government to hold aloof from the coalition of Austria and Prussia, who, with the Duke of Brunswick and Gustavus of Sweden, were preparing to march on Paris to afford protection to the King and Queen and their family—that opportunity offered for employing him diplomatically. He accompanied Chauvelin; but was charged with a secret mission—Chauvelin's ability as a negotiator being little relied upon—and also intrusted by the Palais Royal party with a large sum of money, to be disposed of in

XUM

bribing the press, or in any other way likely to promote the objects the Duc d'Orleans had so much at heart—that is, to overthrow the monarchy and feign a desire to establish a republic, while he was, in fact, busily intriguing to secure for himself the vacant throne, when the fate of Louis XVI. should be sealed by deposition or death.

The revolutionary agents were not favorably received at the Court of St. James. The King was extremely frigid on their presentation to him, and Queen Charlotte is said never to have been known to be so haughty—she averted her face; almost turned her back on M. de Talleyrand-Perigord. But he was all smiles, as though receiving the most gracious reception, and afterward said, "the Queen probably honored them with the sight of her back only to conceal from them her very ugly face."

Sheridan and Fox gave him the cordial welcome due to his reputation of a *bon vivant;* and all were anxious to see this "*diable boiteux*" of the French Revolution. His distinguished birth, high-bred courtesy, and pleasing personal appearance; his perfumes and essences (he delighted in fragrant odors, even as much as did Robespierre); the perfection of taste in his dress (not yet *à l'incroyable*); his witty and agreeable conversation, sprightly *bons mots*, and graceful deference to the wisdom of woman's opinion—though he might be laughing in his sleeve at her weakness, and sometimes was able adroitly to turn it to account—all combined to dissipate prejudice. They even gained him a partisan or two amongst those who had pictured to themselves, in this excommunicated priest, a mere ruffian of the revolutionary assembly; but whom, in diplomatic conference, they found to be no less reasonable than persuasive; while the *haute volée* of society was fain to confess that it had no more accomplished boudoir knight than he.

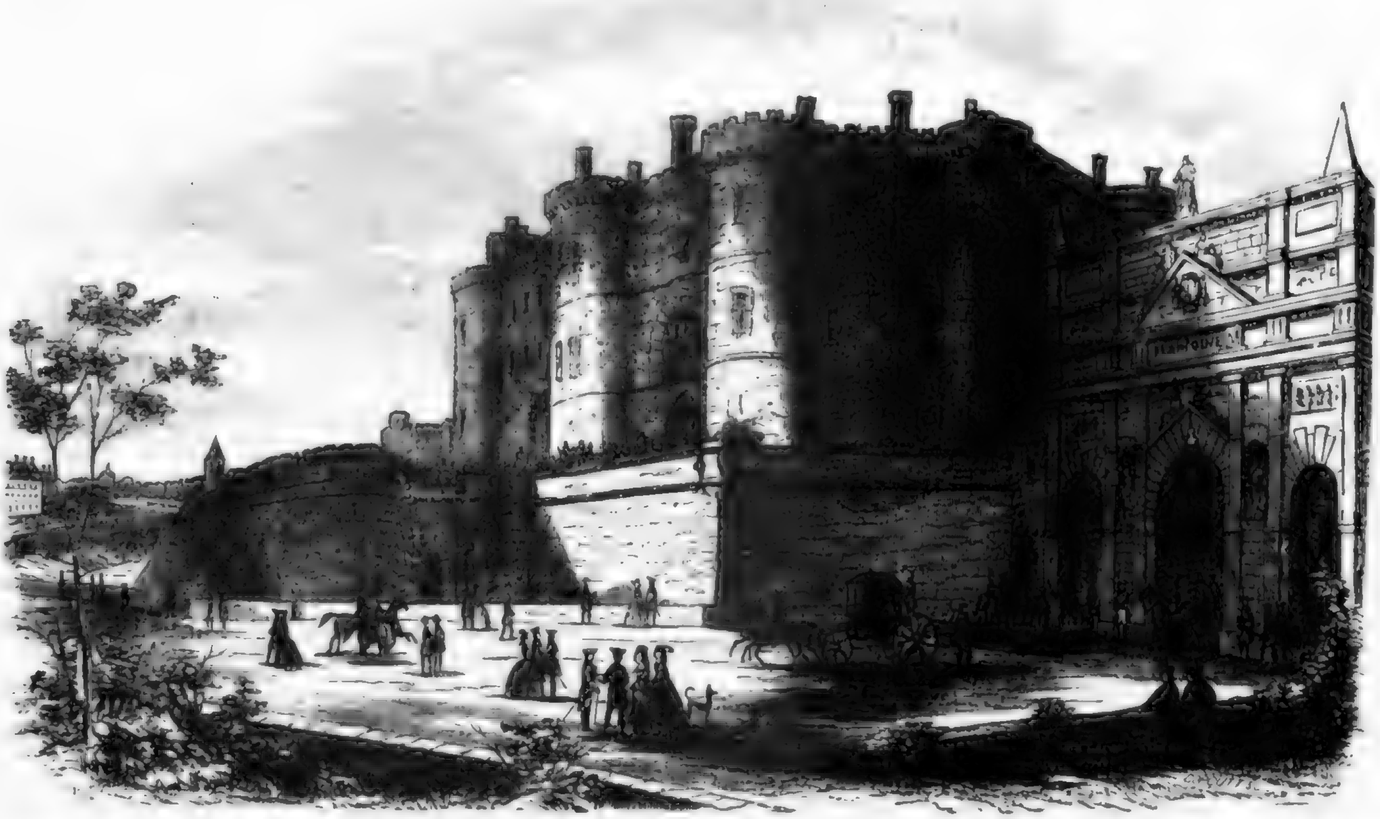
Talleyrand returned to France bearing with him, in the assurance of England's neutrality in the projected continental invasion, the assurance of England's support to the revolutionary faction. Meanwhile, the *civisme* of M. de Talleyrand, and of all who seemed to recoil from these sanguinary proceedings, was called in question.

It did not avail him that by his diplomatic ability he had been the means of imparting new life to the Revolution, and at a moment when it might, it is believed, have been crushed. But he had not looked for results of such startling horror, and as "common sense no longer guided the revolutionary movement," M. de Talleyrand fled—fled, like many others, to England. Then were heaped upon him charges of peculation; of taking bribes from all parties, and betraying them all; of fraudulent stock-jobbing; of being a traitor to the nation, and plotting to overthrow the constitution.

He denied all these charges in a letter addressed to the president of the Assembly, and Danton, a companion in the orgies of his wild youth, had the audacity to defend him.

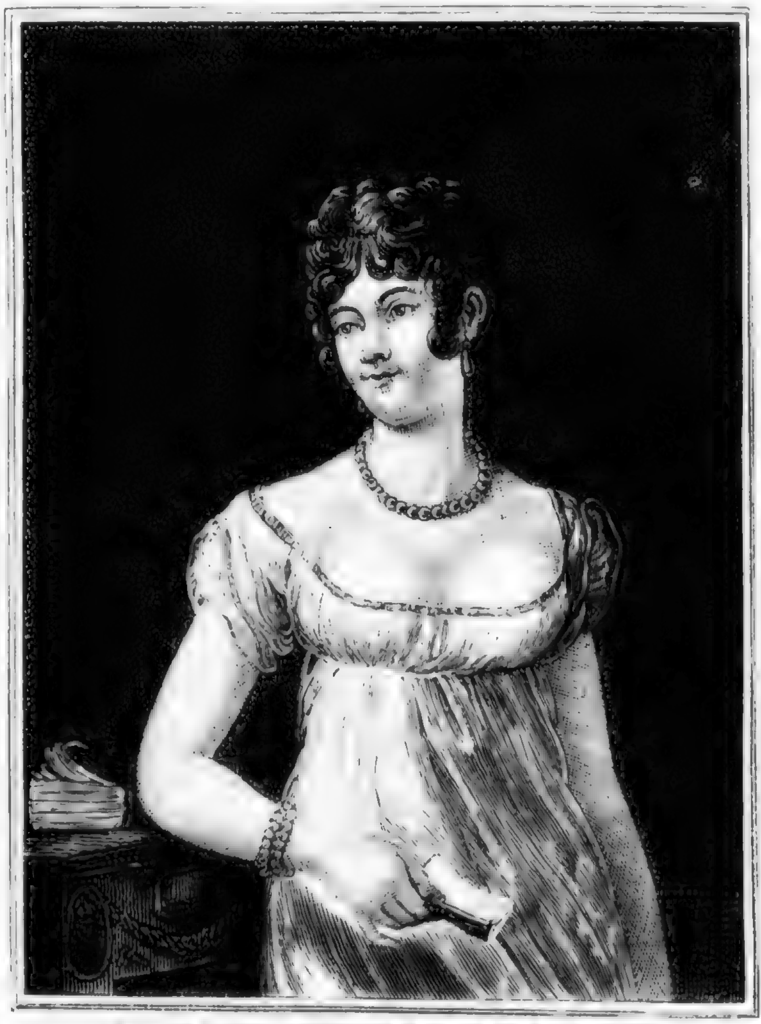
However, the new and more violent school of republicanism rejected him, as did also the royalist emigrants. Yet he continued to reside in England, even long after the execution of Louis XVI., when the British Government expelled all emigrants suspected of having promoted, or voted for, the King's condemnation to death. But the priestly party both in England and Germany pursued him so unrelentingly as *un prêtre excommunié*, that he determined to cross the Atlantic, to seek there the peace denied to him in Europe, for "he was essentially a man of peace." There, for two or three years, he devoted himself to commerce; "*mais commerce si obscur*," says a French writer, "*qu'il n'a jamais osé l'avouer*," which is probably untrue, and he is believed to have been engaged in extensive transactions in cotton-growing and in sugar, as well as in financial speculations.

When tidings reached America of the fall of Robespierre, Talleyrand solicited permission to return to France. Madame de Staël, by whom he was "*fort aimé, encore*," and who then shone in all her oratorical glory in her re-established republican *salon*, added her persuasive


THE BASTILE.

eloquence to that of other fair friends, less influential, but much attached to him, and his name was erased from the list of condemned emigrants.

The attempted descent of the royalists on the coast of Normandy had evoked a decree that henceforth no emigrant could return to France, and that their property was confiscated to the State in perpetuity. Yet some few exceptions were made. Talleyrand was one of them. He was declared to have "powerfully supported the Revolution by his noble conduct, both as citizen and ecclesiastic." And the Directory not only recalled, but employed him on some secret mission to Berlin, and afterward selected him to confer with Lord Malmesbury at Lille. The cloud which for some years had enveloped him now began quickly to disperse. For though disliked by many, and his return even looked upon with suspicion, yet, strangely enough, when arrived he excited great interest, as one who had been far too hardly dealt with; and the women especially adopted this notion. He was then forty-two, but had contrived to preserve his smooth, fresh complexion; his flowing locks unthinned, and much of his youthful Adonis-like appearance. Exile had taken nothing from the courtliness of his address or the poignancy of his wit. He was still, in all respects, a *grand seigneur* of that old *régime* of which expatriation and wholesale murder had left so few specimens in Parisian society—if society it may be called—of that day; for the excesses of the Revolution had, with very rare exceptions, left their brutalizing mark on all.



MADAME GRANT, AFTERWARD MADAME DE TALLEYRAND.

M. de Talleyrand had, however, lost his faith—if one may suppose him ever to have had any—in that grand, wonder-working principle "*la liberté régénératrice*," which was to inaugurate the reign of wisdom, virtue and justice in France, and eventually to regenerate the world. Perhaps, too, he was rather more bitter in his irony than of old, and the mockery of his smile may have had a shade more of cynicism than of levity in it. He returned to France, professedly, as a private citizen, unambitious of holding office, and seeking only retirement and rest after the storms of life he had encountered. General Lamothe introduced him at the Luxembourg, where the five chief Directors had established themselves, and where so much etiquette had begun to be observed that the citizen servant in attendance in the anteroom required Citizen Talleyrand to give up his cane—to him so needful as a support—before entering the august presence of the Citizen President. Talleyrand was therefore obliged to limp in leaning on the arm of Lamothe; to whom, when he accepted his proffered aid, he remarked, "Il parait, mon cher, que votre nouveau Gouvernement a terriblement peur des coups de bâton."

At about this time Madame Grant appeared prominently in society—that is, in the *société intime* of M. de Talleyrand. He had established himself in a rather small but convenient and elegant hotel in the Rue d'Anjou, where Madame Grant, as his *protégée* and friend, did the honors. The ladies of his acquaintance were far more annoyed than shocked. "Monsieur de Talleyrand," says a lady, who was both his admirer and contemporary, "*savait plaire, et il plaisait.*" And the ladies believed they pleased *him*, but were vexed and jealous beyond measure to learn that he professed to find "pleasing repose in the society of so stupid a woman, and much amusement and distraction in the simplicity and *naïveté*, as he termed it, of her conversation."

That she was "*excessivement bête; sotte à s'impatienter*," all were agreed, but that she was "*la plus belle bête*" imaginable, none could deny. She had the most lovely blue eyes, and luxuriant golden hair; fair complexion; beautiful features, and a finely formed figure. She was perfect as a model for painter or sculptor, but without intelligence or culture. Yet Talleyrand not only admired her, he was for years deeply in love with her.

Madame de Staël visited Madame Grant, as did M. de Talleyrand's friends generally, many probably like M. de Montrond, but to laugh at her, and to collect her droll remarks for the amusement of other *salons*. But Madame de Staël looked on her as a rival, though an unworthy one. She could not comprehend how a man so *spirituel* as M. de Talleyrand, so capable of appreciating intellect like hers, should be enslaved by a woman who had no attraction beyond personal beauty. She reproached him, pitied him, lectured him in her grand declamatory style, and came to an open quarrel with him; all which he bore meekly, rarely replying, but, in a half-sleepy way, smilingly listening to her vehement denunciations. Once, however, he was heard to exclaim, "Oh, that she could make up her mind to detest me!"

On one occasion, after having brought all her eloquence to bear upon him in reproaches for neglect, she concluded with, "Enfin, vous ne m'aimez plus."

"Mais, madame," he answered, "je vous aime toujours."

"Non, non," she said. Then, as if to test the truth of his assertion, she suddenly exclaimed, "Vous m'aimez, toujours?—tenez, donc: si Madame Grant et moi nous tombions dans l'eau, laquelle sauveriez-vous?"

"Je crois que vous savez nager, madame," he replied, opening his eyes and looking smilingly at her.

But, notwithstanding these frequent lively quarrels, they remained excellent friends. Talleyrand was one of the most constant frequenters of her *salon*, and few dinners were given in the Rue d'Anjou at which Madame de Staël was not a guest. Her influence was considerable at that time, and she had much ascendency over Barras. It is a period greatly vaunted by Madame de Staël. She and Benjamin Constant were satisfied with the state of public affairs under the Directory, but it could be only because their friends were in power, as at that period of the Revolution the greatest corruption prevailed in the exercise of every branch of authority.

In July, 1797, the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs becoming vacant, the *portefeuille* of that department was conferred on Talleyrand. His nomination took place at a dinner given by Barras at his country villa at Surênes. Madame de Staël was present, and Barras was supposed to have acted a little under pressure from that quarter. But the Directors were flattered by having attracted to their interests a man so distinguished, both for ability and thorough knowledge of the politics and diplomacy of Europe.

Thus Talleyrand, though he had himself escaped the stigma of having voted for the King's condemnation and death, became the minister of three regicides—Barras, Rewbell and Carnot. On the same occasion, the young General Hoche, whose early and mysterious death removed a powerful rival from the path of Bonaparte, was appointed Minister of War, though wanting three years of the required age—thirty.

Talleyrand's influence, hitherto small, now increased apace, and he whose name had so lately been removed from the list of proscribed exiles affected to take the emigrants under his protection. He recalled whom he would, or, rather, those who could most substantially reward his services, for it must be conceded that throughout his career he was venal in all things.

Within two months of his acceptance of the *portefeuille*, the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor (4th of September, 1797) was accomplished. It abolished the legislative assembly, and placed Barras at the head of the Government. Talleyrand's Memoirs may, perhaps, explain whether it was he or Bonaparte who originated this scheme.

It was in the *salon* of Madame de Staël that Benjamin Constant first hinted that there was treason in the air. Talleyrand was present, also Madame—and she was deeply concerned in the plot—for as Bonaparte at a later period remarked, "she was always conspiring, in concert with her lovers; and Talleyrand, in complicity with fortune."

Several executions took place on this occasion; but as M. de Talleyrand was not cruelly disposed, some seventy or more persons, obnoxious to the Government, were by his order (given while his second rubber of whist was being arranged) merely deported to Cayenne. Condemnation to death would have been more merciful, for the greater part, after much suffering and privation on the voyage and on arrival, perished miserably.

Talleyrand was then in active correspondence with Bonaparte, who was in Italy. He had not yet seen him; but from the style of his correspondence, and what he had learned of his character from his friends, he divined "the coming man," and prepared for his advent.

General Kleber had said, publicly, and Bernadotte—then Bonaparte's friend—supported his opinion, that "a military government was the only one suitable for France"—portentous words. Talleyrand smiled, but made no reply.

Society had been so broken up and dispersed by the Revolution that, on Talleyrand's return to Paris, the republican *salon* of the Ambassadrice de Suède, and that of Barras, who, in a rather disorderly way, kept up a sort of state for himself and his colleagues at the Luxembourg and at Grosbois—where Madame Tallien presided—were the only ones at all numerously attended. But the hôtel of the Rue d'Anjou did not readily open its doors to those mixed assemblages, and for a long time it was far from being a *maison sociable*.

As the *corps diplomatique* became more numerous, official dinners were given at the Hôtel Galifet (the Ministère d'Affaires Extérieures), and as M. de Talleyrand recalled, by degrees, his emigrant friends, amongst whom were several *femmes d'esprit*, who had fled France to avoid the fate that had befallen husbands and relatives during the Reign of Terror, he formed for himself a more congenial social circle. The elegant and perfumed *salon* of the Rue d'Anjou was then enlarged, to accommodate the increase of guests, by the addition of a gallery in the form of a conservatory. And there the remnant of the old French society found a refuge and a welcome.

Reclined on a rich velvet *fauteuil*, or on a *chaise longue*, M. de Talleyrand — his flowing curls now powdered and scented—would listen in silence, and in a kind of cat's sleep, to the lively chit-chat of the ladies grouped around him, who cared more to amuse him than to amuse themselves.

It is singular that one known to have been habitually so silent a man should have left a reputation for brilliancy in the social circle. From his habit of nearly closing his eyes—a habit that grew upon him as he advanced in years—he could scarcely have appeared even an attentive or interested listener. His drooped eyelids, and the smile on his face, would rather seemingly have indicated a mind occupied with some dreamy thoughts of its own. Yet when, occasionally, half-rising from his seat, or changing his position, he opened his eyes on the company, with a glance full of *malice*, but not of ill-nature, and uttered some piquant remark or amusing *bon mot* (which he had, doubtless, been meditating), he gave, in a few words, a concentrated reply, as it were, to the whole conversation. And usually it was so appropriate, that it fixed itself in the memory of its hearers; unlike the wordy declamation which, as a noise in the air, floated away from Madame de Staël's admiring audience, without leaving a trace of its meaning in the mind.

How little has been recorded of Talleyrand's conversation that is not in the form of an epigram or *bon mot!* Even in diplomatic conference he spoke very little. His colleagues guessed his opinions, rather than learned them from his words. And he never would argue; but after listening with an approving, almost deferential, air—as though thankfully receiving information — he gave his opinion on the question at issue; always in the fewest words possible, and generally, as was deemed the perfection of cautiousness and *rusé* diplomacy in that day (and the practice may even in these virtuous times be not wholly extinct), in a form that admitted, by a little straining of terms, of some difference in explanation, should he afterward think it expedient to alter his views. Even in his own private circle he would play at whist or billiards—and he was fond of both—for hours, without uttering a word that was not strictly required by the game. He revived at his receptions the old French fashion of suppers — and they were suppers at which Brillat-Savarin often assisted. Talleyrand never partook of them; but it was then he most usually departed from his silent system, and shared in the sprightly *causerie* of his guests. On these occa-

XUM

sions, Madame Grant, who, less strict in her *régime* than Talleyrand, enjoyed the supper immensely, was accustomed to indulge in her most brilliant sallies. Simpleton as she was reputed to be, her remarks were often sufficiently stinging to bring two or three notes to Talleyrand next morning, inquiring whether such and such observations made by Madame Grant had not been made *avec intention.*

It was under the Directory that the "*incroyable*" and "*merveilleuse*" costumes competed for supremacy with Roman togas and Grecian drapery. The beau of the period enveloped his throat in two-and-a-half ells of wide muslin or cambric. This he fenced round with the high standing collar of a short-waisted coat which fell low at the back in two long, narrow tails. It was also much cut away at the hips to give room for the puckerings and plaits of his wide *pantalon.* This ample garment was bunched up at the back in the form of a lady's bustle—its amplitude probably signifying that the wearer no longer gloried in the appellation of *sans culotte.* His hair fell in ringlets around his immense cravat, and he was crowned with a hat so small that with difficulty he kept it on his head. M. de Talleyrand favored the *incroyable* cravat, and by continuing to wear it prolonged its reign in the *beau monde.*

But all Paris was anxiously expecting the arrival of General Bonaparte. The young hero brought with him the treaty of Campo Formio. A brilliant reception awaited him, both from the jealous Directors and enthusiastic people. Talleyrand, usurping the privilege of the Minister of War, presented the "*Vainqueur pacificateur*" to Barras, and, departing from his taciturn habits, pronounced a long eulogistic discourse, in which he hailed Bonaparte as "*l'homme des siècles*"; "who, contemning luxury and splendor, as the ambition of vulgar souls, delighted in poetry, and especially the poems of Ossian, which detach the mind from the things of earth." The general delivered the treaty. His speech was comprised in a few telling sentences, to which Barras made a long and dreary reply, concluding with "take command of the Army of England" (which existed only in name), "and by the conquest of that country, crown an illustrious life."

Fêtes innumerable followed, and on all sides Bonaparte won golden opinions. But his ambition did not yet point toward the conquest of England. Talleyrand, knowing that it inclined to the East, suggested the expedition to Egypt. "C'est le vœu de mon ambition; le rêve de ma vie!" was the reply.

The expedition was secretly and speedily prepared, and his departure was the signal for another ovation. During his absence the extravagance of Barras brought the chiefs of the Directory into contempt, and paved the way for the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire. In the interval Talleyrand resigned. He despised the Directory, but kept on good terms with Barras, while secretly strengthening the hands of the military party. "La France avant tout" was his motto, as we know; and he probably believed that Bonaparte possessed not only the strong, stern will, but also the "common sense" he looked for, as so much needed, to restore order in the State, and to give peace and prosperity to the almost ruined country.

When Bonaparte returned, all was ready for action; and within three weeks after his arrival the *grand coup*, with much skill and audacity, was successfully effected. The Directory was abolished and the Consular Government established. Talleyrand secured for Barras an ample income for life, and thus overcame his opposition, and induced him to give in his vote of adhesion to the new order of things.

The *portefeuille* for Foreign Affairs was again confided to Talleyrand, and the Consulate, on the whole, was the period of his greatest influence. Bonaparte then placed full confidence in him, and no doubt he served his interests well, though without forgetting his own. He realized immense sums from the numerous emigrants who then eagerly petitioned him to obtain leave for their return to France. Foreign powers also bribed him largely to enter into their views, when a general peace seemed probable, and sent him portraits and snuff-boxes enriched with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. At the close of his public career, he possessed the stars, grand crosses, and cordons of every Order that European sovereigns could confer on him.

He lived in princely style. Madame Grant received the *corps diplomatique* at a charming suburban villa at Auteuil, and the *beau monde* flocked to the *fêtes champêtres* he gave there in its gardens and grounds. The First Consul sometimes looked with a jealous eye on this rival court, and on one occasion inquired of his Foreign Minister, with some severity, the origin of a fortune so immense. He replied, very astutely, that "he had speculated largely in the purchase of *rentes* the day before the 18th Brumaire, and on the 20th disposed of them." The flattery so slyly conveyed in this explanation did not fail, as he expected, in its intended effect.

In May, 1802, the peace of Amiens was signed, and at the same time the Concordat was proclaimed. As had been stipulated, the ban of the Church was then withdrawn from the recalcitrant Bishop of Autun, and he was also released from his ecclesiastical vows.

Bonaparte, looking forward to an imperial Court, desired to reform the morals as well as manners of society, and as he urged his officers to marry, so he urged marriage on Talleyrand, and once begged of him to think of it for a week. A few days only had elapsed when the Count de Narbonne announced, in the *salon* of Madame de Staël, that he had just witnessed the marriage of M. de Talleyrand. Great was the consternation. "Talleyrand married!" "And to whom?" "Madame Grant!" What a blow to Madame de Staël—and disappointment to Bonaparte, too. The former would have relented toward *une femme d'esprit;* the latter had looked to welcome to his new imperial Court *une très grande dame.* But to Madame Grant, become Madame de Talleyrand, the right of appearing there was conceded only on condition that she appeared but once. She was presented at St. Cloud.

Joséphine smiled graciously upon her, but Bonaparte, addressing her with knitted brow, said, "Madame, now you are the wife of a distinguished man, I trust you will bear in mind the duties that position imposes on you." Prepared beforehand by her lord for any such emergency, Madame de Talleyrand replied, "Sire, I shall endeavor in all things to imitate her Majesty the Empress." Joséphine blushed; Bonaparte frowned; the lady curtsied low, and withdrew.

Time rolled on. Talleyrand was no longer minister. His influence had declined; for his voice was always for peace, and Bonaparte loved war. But he had been created Prince de Benevento—a title he rather contemned, as he did the titles of the new nobility of the empire generally. Not so, however, Madame la Princesse; she was proud of her newly acquired dignity, and, as an "altesse sérénissime," as she delighted to style herself, exacted an immense deal of homage.

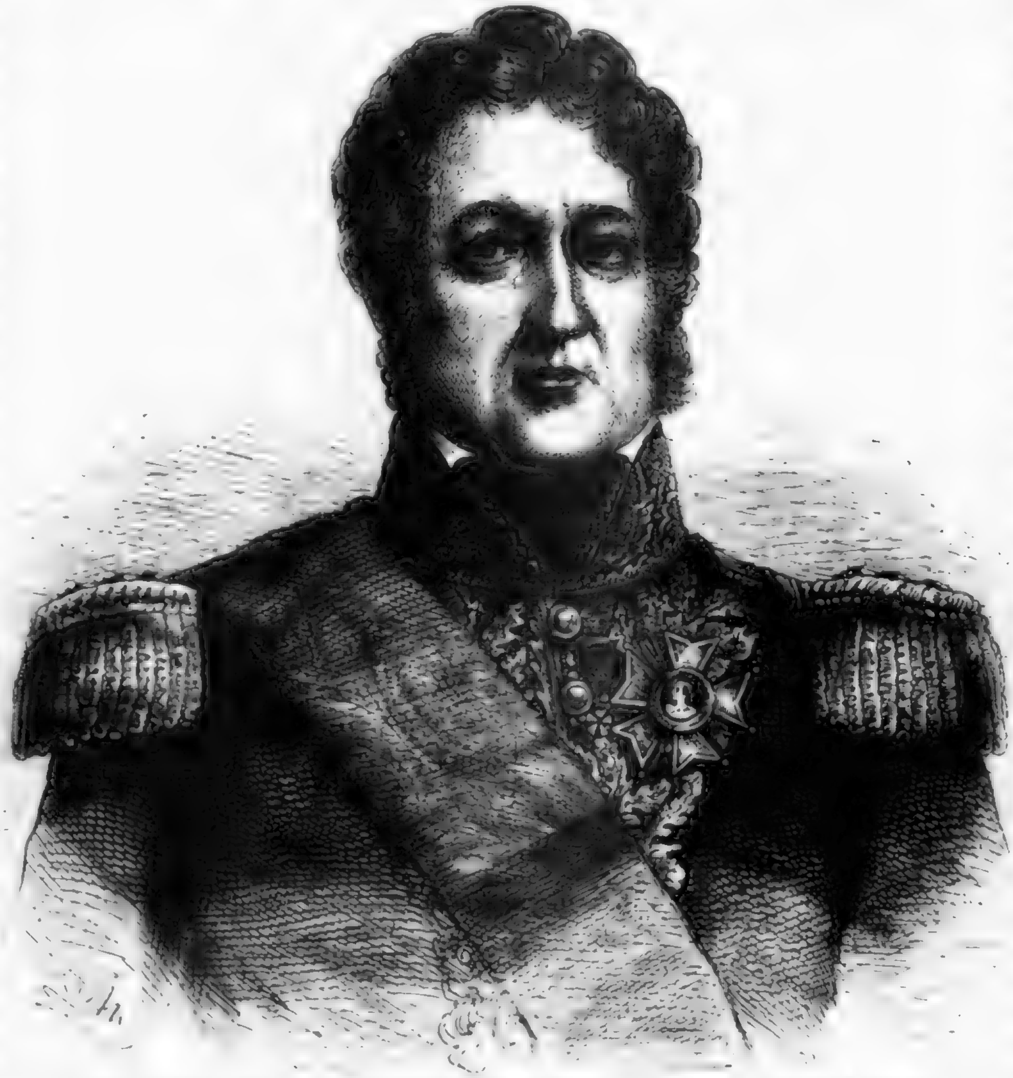
After the fatal Russian campaign ("the beginning of the end"), Bonaparte in 1813, contrary to the advice of Talleyrand and Cambacérés, again prepared for war, and named Marie-Louise regent of the empire.

Before setting out for the army, he has a conference

XUM

with his former minister, brings many charges against him, and becomes so violent that he strikes him on the cheek. It is more than the loss of a battle to him. Talleyrand turns pale, commands his temper, but mentally vows revenge; and the downfall of Bonaparte is the result of his former minister's intrigues, almost as much as of his own rashness and persistence in carrying on the war. But that Talleyrand despatched Montreuil to assassinate Bonaparte, as he has been accused of doing, was never proved, and cannot be credited.

It is the 20th of March, 1815; Louis XVIII. is King of France. Le Prince de Talleyrand is again Ministre d'Affaires Etrangères, and he is at Vienna, where emperors, kings and princes are amusing themselves at the Congress. Suddenly as a thunderclap comes the news, "The exile of Elba has landed in France." The Congress is broken up, and Talleyrand hastens to Belgium, whither Louis XVIII. has already fled. An interview takes place; an unsatisfactory one, it would seem, as Talleyrand assures an inquirer that Louis has only told him that "all kings are ungrateful."



LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH, UNDER WHOM TALLEYRAND LAST HELD OFFICE.

The battle of Waterloo is fought; Bonaparte is on his way to St. Helena, Louis XVIII. is once more King, and Talleyrand — retired from public life, with the title and appointments of Grand Chamberlain — lives *en prince* in his sumptuous hotel in the Rue St. Florentin, or at his châteaux of Valençay and Richecotte. La Princesse, as her charms were on the wane, grew so jealous that Talleyrand thought a separation expedient, and for a few years she resided in England on a yearly allowance of 60,000 francs.

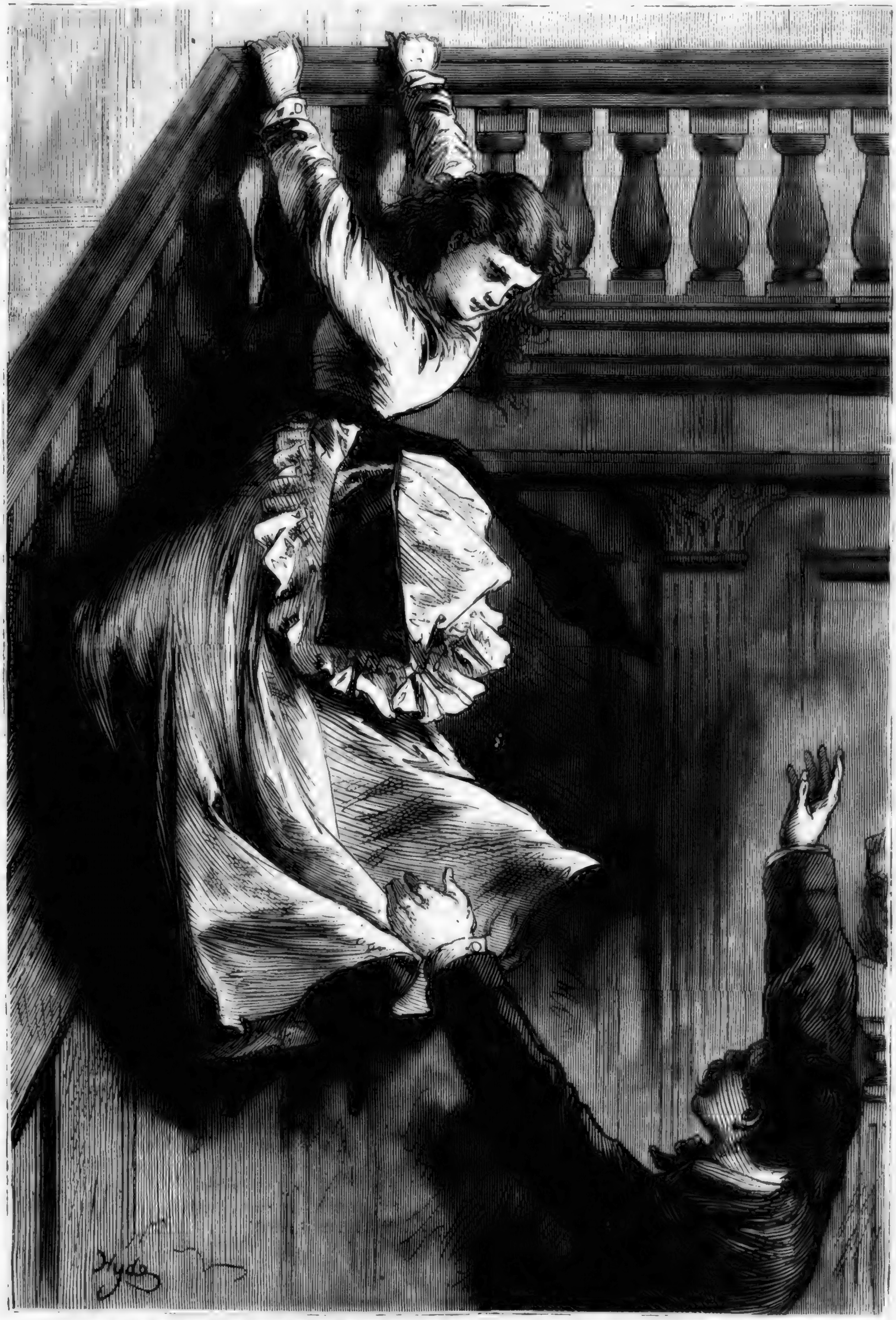
The King, hearing of her return, inquired of Talleyrand if it were true. "Quite true, sire," he replied; "I also was doomed to have my 20th of March." Death, however, soon released him from his once *belle et bien-aimée amie.*"

By the revolution of 1830, Charles X. was driven into exile, Louis Philippe d'Orleans placed on the throne of France, and the aged intriguer of the Rue St. Florentin sent to England as ambassador.

In the Belgian affair, French writers assert that he was entirely dominated by the opinions of Lord Palmerston. The treaty of the Quadruple Alliance being signed, he returned to France, and finally withdrew from public life, though Louis Philippe continued constantly to consult him on foreign political affairs; and once he appeared at the Institute to deliver an address, or *éloge*, on the death of Reinhard. The greatest blot on his political career is thought to be his suggestion, or approval, of the seizure and execution of the Duc d'Enghien; but the infamy of that transaction belongs, probably, more to Bonaparte than to Talleyrand.

He died on the 17th of May, 1838, and it is gratifying to know that the speeches full of levity attributed to him by one set of writers, and the blasphemous ones by another, as witticisms uttered on his deathbed, are alike untrue. He desired, as his end drew near, to seek a milder climate, and was thinking of visiting Italy. But the suffering he underwent during an operation, and the exhaustion that followed, from which he had not the strength to rally, put an end to this anticipated journey, and, gradually sinking, death soon followed.

When Louis Philippe, informed of his dangerous condition, hastened to visit him, he pressed the hand of one who was already unconscious, and too near death even to return the pressure, much less could he exchange unmeaning compliments and talk of "the honor done to his house." The anxiety of the Duchesse de Dino, his niece, and the pious zeal of M. Dupanloup to effect a conversion *in extremis*, may have disturbed his last hours by vain attempts to rouse him to consciousness and induce confessions he had not the power to utter. A recantation of past errors was prepared for his signature in the form of a letter to the Pope, and a pen being placed in the hands of the dying man, by the guidance of another hand a name was traced. Without it, his body would not have been allowed entrance to the Church of the Assumption. It lay there until removed to the family vault at Valençay, together with the remains of the Duc d'Archambault, his brother, who died at the same time, and was buried with him under the same splendid mausoleum.



AUNT KEZIAH.—"THE MAN WHO STOOD IN THE BOOTS HELD UP HIS ARMS, AND TOLD ME TO LET GO, WHICH I DID; AND—I MAY AS WELL TELL THE WHOLE OF IT—THE WRETCH KISSED ME BEFORE HE PUT ME DOWN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

Talleyrand was greatly beloved by the various members of his family, and in his distinguished social circle he had many old and faithful friends who sincerely esteemed and admired him. Most of the servants of his numerous household had lived with him many years, and were all much attached to him. This speaks well for his character in private life.

On his public career it would be unfair to pass judgment without taking into consideration the lawlessness and turbulence, the immorality and corruption, both social and political, which characterized the stormy epoch in which he was called to play a very prominent part. If he did not pass through it blameless, he was less guilty than many others; if his hands were not pure, at least they were not blood-stained, and it is possible that, as Bourrienne, who knew him well, says, "History will speak as favorably of him as his contemporaries have spoken ill."

IRONSIDES.

By the Rev. M. G. Watkins, M. A.

Ask you how we Ironsides mustered,
   How beat down each Gospel foe?
Conscience, when malignants blustered,
   Faith and Conscience laid them low;
I, Habakkuk Grace-abounding,
   Sword and Zion's trump in hand,
Charged at Winceby; they, with sounding
   Of our psalm-tune, made no stand.

Brother, with the Truth unaltered,
   Granting us instrength'ning grace—
With this Life-book ne'er we faltered,
   Held at Marston's Moor our place;
Rode down Satan combat glorious—
   Cleansed a kingdom for the Lord;
'Neath our fig-trees now victorious,
   Gospel-taught, we sheathe the sword.

AUNT KEZIAH.

"GOOD GRACIOUS, Tom!"

"Good gracious, little woman!" echoed Tom. "How you startled me! What is the matter now?" and he set down his cup of coffee, and looked across the breakfast-table at his young wife, who was eagerly reading a letter.

"Matter enough, Tom, as you will find out. Who do you think is coming to-morrow with Amy?"

"Not Beelzebub, I hope?"

"I think I would almost rather see him, Tom; we certainly have more in common," replied his wife, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, as she handed him the letter she had been reading.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "It must be Aunt Keziah!"

"Even so, Thomas; and thee knows I have forgotten how to say 'thee' and 'thou.'"

She was a very pretty picture as she sat there at the head of his table, in her dove-colored morning-dress, her hands folded in her lap, and her beautiful eyes cast down.

"Well, little one," replied her husband, "thee has learned other lessons, and may be forgiven. If she proves very frigid, put baby Harry's rosebud mouth to her reproving lips, and she will forget 'prunes and prisms.'"

"We have been so happy," continued May, "and I meant to have made it so pleasant for Amy. Now I will have to be prim and disagreeable, and—dignified."

The last word was uttered in a doubtful, hesitating way, as if she had not full faith in her own ability to be so, and was rather uncertain as to how her husband might receive it.

Her uncertainty was not of long duration, and she soon joined in the merry laugh which rang out at her expense.

"Truly," said he, "a very kitten for dignity!" and he began to read Amy's letter.

"It is all very well for you to laugh, Tom," continued his wife; "but if you knew how miserable I was those years I lived with Keziah, you would understand how I feel now. My life was all angles; everything was dull and hard and cold; some disagreeable rule was always obtruding itself, and I was always giving the dear old lady such a succession of shocks, that I fear her constitution must be terribly shattered. I made up for it after I went home. I put on a stocking with a hole in it the very first day, and behaved in such an extravagant manner that Deborah thought I was crazy."

Tom took out his pocket diary and wrote, "Engage a woman to darn my socks for three months," and handed her the diary.

"Thank you, dear; that will be delightful, and it will not be any extra expense, for we will not need any starch while Keziah is with us. I must go from garret to cellar to-day, for I would not have her find an atom of scotched drapery, or a speck of dust, in my kingdom, for the world. Do you know, Tom, she used to go round with a black silk handkerchief after I had dusted, and the ash-barrel was scoured twice a week."

"I know that she trained a dear little housekeeper for me, and for that I thank her. Be your own joyous, light-hearted self, and I think Keziah will admit that ours is a happy household. My own experience rather inclines me to pity her. I have no doubt you kept her exercised as to what your next exploit might be. Poor woman! I shall compare notes with her when she comes."

"Do it at your peril, sir! I think, on the whole, I behaved very well. I never came down-stairs head first more than once a week, and I never looked at a boy in meeting. I used to whistle and climb trees; and if I did take a ride on the cow, Tom, dear, it was only gymnastics." And she laughed merrily. "If you could have witnessed that scene, Tom! Strawberry was not what you could call a pacer. Away we went down the road. I had tied my sash round her horns for a bridle. To this day I have never been able to decide which was the harder, the ride or the scolding I had to take after it."

"A difficult question, I should think, my love; but if I may hazard a guess, the ride was not soonest forgotten."

"I will never do it again, Tom," she said, with a penitent air. "Let us go up to Harry. I know he is wondering where I am; and, Tom, dear, if you would like me to be more serious, just say so, and I will take lessons from Miss Simpkins. After a course of about three weeks, I will be able to go about the house like a solemn warning."

For answer, a pair of strong arms lifted her from the floor and carried her up into the nursery. She soon forgot her trouble in a frolic with baby; and when she went down to the street-door with her husband, she thought she would be glad to have Keziah come and see how proud her husband was of her, and how happy she was in her home.

"If it only was my home," she thought, "I would not have anything left to wish for."

She went into the little parlor, where birds, flowers and goldfish were awaiting her—a bright, cozy room, where the sun was not excluded, and the furniture was not too fine for daily use. Here was her dainty work-table, her piano and Tom's flute. Autumn leaves were tastefully arranged on the slab below the mirror, and a few fine engravings adorned the walls.

This room was the delight of May's heart. Here, in the afternoons, she and baby Harry watched from the window for papa's return. Now, as she arranged the curtains and dusted the window-ledge, she thought regretfully of a conversation her husband had held with her the evening before. They had hoped that he would have been able to purchase the house, but business reverses forbade that hope, and would compel them to look in the Spring for another house at a lower rent.

Tom had seen no cloud pass over his young wife's bright face as he told her this unwelcome news; but he knew that it was a great disappointment, so he added:

"Never despair, little one. It may be yours yet, but we must not count on it."

She answered him gayly:

"A broken contract, sir; twenty-five cents fine! You know there is no hope that it will be so, and you promised never to deceive me. Let the house go, Tom; you and I can be happy anywhere."

May and Amy were twin-sisters. Early orphaned, they were left to the guardianship of two maiden aunts, who were as unlike in disposition as the children were themselves.

Both were Friends; but Deborah was much less strict than her sister, and readily made allowances for youthful gayety; while Keziah looked upon every little escapade as a flagrant offense, and thought laughter-loving May was on the high road to perdition.

The morrow came, and brought the expected visitors.

"Remember the promised dignity," said Tom, in a low tone to his wife; then, offering his arm to Keziah, he led the way into the breakfast-room.

"She is not so formidable, after all," thought May, as she seated herself before the urn. "I wonder which is most changed, she or I?"

Keziah looked about her with an approving smile, and as she ate her favorite cakes, and listened to Tom's thanks for the teachings which had given him such an incomparable housekeeper, there was a sad, far-away look in her eyes which troubled her young hostess. But when she spoke, and said that she was an uninvited, and possibly an unwelcome, guest, and for this she prayed their forgiveness, that traitress May, who felt so self-convicted for her foolish speech about Beelzebub, started from her chair, and, winding her arms round Keziah's angular form, kissed her again and again, and assured her she was most sincerely welcome. "Besides," she added, "I am very glad to have you see that Tom thinks there is nobody like me, and that baby thinks the same, and that I am the happiest woman in the world; and if you do not make us a good long visit I shall imagine that I have offended you, or that you have never forgiven some of my mad pranks when I was young and foolish."

"Hear, hear!" cried Tom, and Amy laughed heartily.

"It is well, child," said Keziah. "I am entirely satisfied."

"Keziah," said Tom, "did you ever hear how my wife introduced herself to me in the days when she was young and foolish?"

"Not that I remember, Thomas," was the reply.

"Well, ma'am, she fell into my arms at sight."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed May and Amy in unison.

"I will tell that story to Keziah myself," said May, "and I am not ashamed of my part of it. Thee must know, Keziah, that Deborah was expecting company to tea, and she intrusted me with the making of the cake, and that was a great trust—gold and silver cake. How tempting it looked as I poured it into the pans! It was a very warm day in August, and I could not stay in the hot kitchen, but I gave Maria great charges about the baking, and went up-stairs to dress. Pretty soon I heard a rap at the door, and, soon after, Deborah and Amy were talking with some visitors. They did not stay long, and Deborah and Amy went out to the gate with them, and they all stood there talking. I had taken down my hair, and put on a white wrapper, and was trying to get cool, when I heard a great grunting in the garden. I looked out of the window, and there was Maria chasing the pig up one walk and down another, and over the beds. While I was laughing, and wondering which was doing the most mischief, Maria or piggy, I smelt my cake burning, and started for the stairs. When I reached the turn, I glanced into the parlor, and saw a gentleman's boot. Thee knows I could not go down-stairs without being seen, and the cake was burning; so, I climbed over the baluster, and I was just swinging myself down from the iron rod, when a horrible little dog started from I don't know where, and began barking and leaping up in the most frantic manner. Thee knows that a dog is the only thing I fear. I could not get back, and I dared not drop down, and, as I was terribly frightened, I screamed. Then the boots rushed out of the parlor, and gave the dog a kick, and the man who stood in the boots held up his arms, and told me to let go, which I did, for I could not hold on any longer; and—I may as well tell the whole of it—the wretch kissed me before he put me down."

"I give you my word, Keziah," said Tom, "I thought it was a child. I saw only a cloud of white drapery, and floating hair, and *such* ankles! I never imagined that a young lady would take a flying leap from the top of a staircase. Picture my confusion when an elegantly dressed young woman walked into the room, and took her seat at the tea-table, and I was introduced to Miss May Neilson."

"May kept your secret," said Amy. "Neither Deborah nor I heard the conclusion."

"I knew she would," said Tom; "therefore I will not say how long she was my debtor; but I have had a passion for burnt cake ever since."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Amy. "I have been wondering what Santa Claus would bring you to-morrow night. May wrote that you hang up your stockings."

May glanced at Keziah, who was folding her napkin with the same preoccupied air, and wondered again what the change was, for she was very unlike her former self. Once every motion was brisk and decided; now she was gentle and quiet, and smiled at what she would at one time have stigmatized as folly.

"Will you be company, and sit in the parlor, or shall we all go up and give baby his bath?" asked May, as they rose from the table. The vote was given for the nursery, and when the baby Harry had been caressed and admired enough to satisfy even his mother's heart, May insisted on placing Keziah on a comfortable lounge, while she and Amy talked nonsense together, as she rocked Harry to sleep.

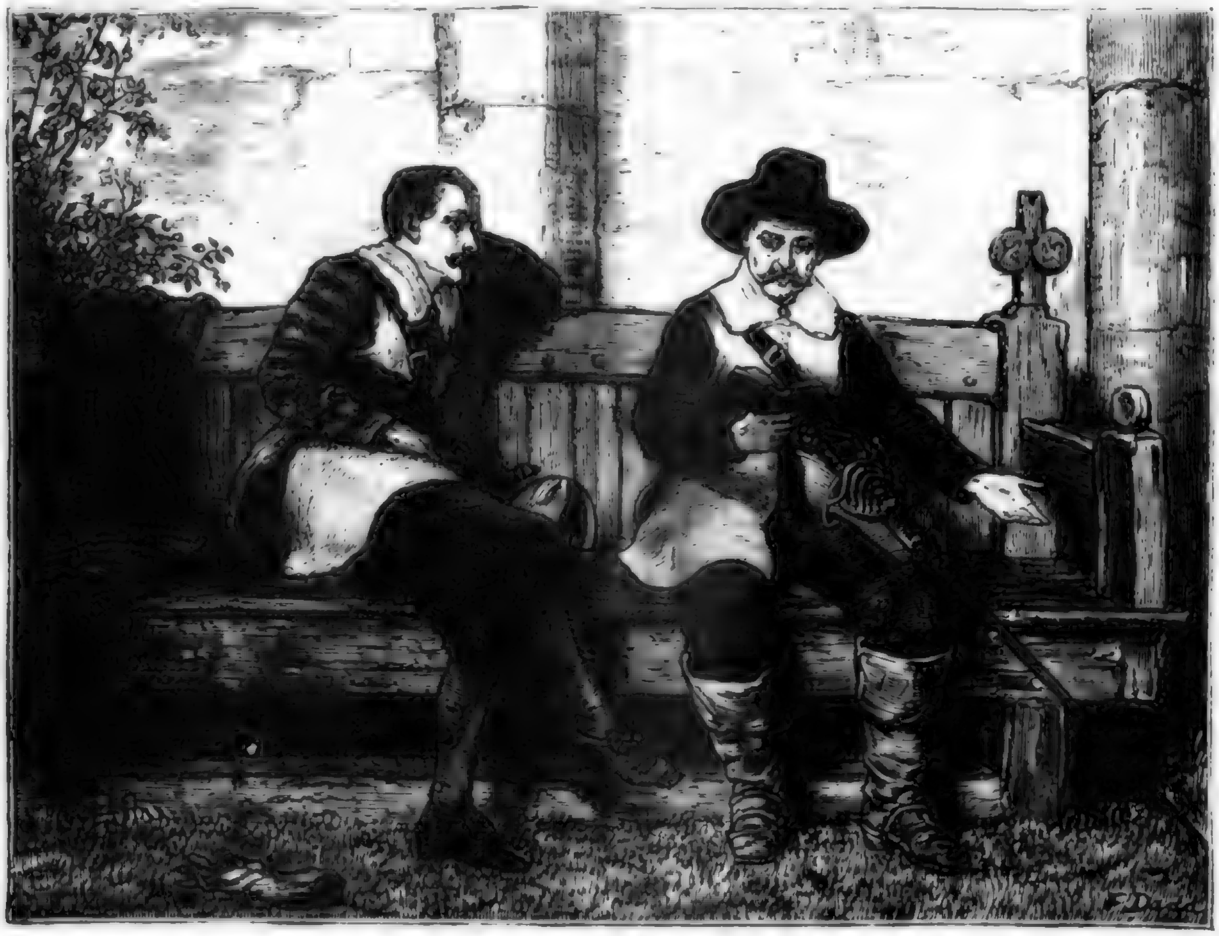
"First, Keziah, tell me, does thee not think the frisky kitten has turned into a most sober cat?" asked May, as she twisted one of Harry's curls around her finger.

Keziah smiled as she answered:

"I think the frisky kitten can say: 'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, and she will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.'"

May looked gratified; but Amy said:

XUM



IRONSIDES.—"GOSPEL-TAUGHT, WE SHEATHE THE SWORD."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 94.

"I am not going to take things for granted. Tom told me this morning that he had had experiences. Let us hear your last piece of mischief, and I will decide."

"I do not know about the last," said May. "Keziah might be shocked."

"Positively she is blushing!" cried Amy. "Come, May, begin! I must hear it!"

"Well, thee must know Florence Dangerfield was sick last October, and I used to go over to Hoboken to see her quite often. One evening when I was there, she fainted, and I could not leave her till it was nearly dark. It never occurred to me that there was anything to fear in being out a little later than usual, as the streets were well lighted and thronged with people. On my way home, I stepped into a confectioner's, to get some caramels for Tom. He is very fond of sweets, and it was to be a sort of peace-offering for being out so late.

"A gentleman entered the store at the same time, and bought some candy, as I was on the point of paying for mine. He laid a banknote on the counter, and said: 'Take out for both.'

"I was very much surprised, and did not know what to do; then I pretended that I had not heard, and laid the money on the counter for the caramels. The stranger laid it on my package, and said: 'I paid for them, Mary.'

"I did not want to attract attention in the store, so I laid it on the counter again, and passed out, and he joined me, and asked if he might not see me home. I declined quite politely, tossed the unfortunate caramels into the gutter, and finally stood still, and said: 'I beg thee will go thy way, and permit me to go mine.' He replied: 'Thy way is mine, fair Friend.'

"There was not a policeman in sight, and if there had been, I was afraid of publicity. I said: 'Thee shall not go home with me.' He replied: 'I swear I will! And, talking of swearing, I trust thee will relent, like a pretty Friend I heard of once, who refused to let a handsome young officer kiss her; but when he said, "I swear I will," she replied: "Friend, since thee has sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."

"Though I was so indignant, I could scarcely repress a smile. He had a very sweet voice, and if I had met him in a friend's drawing-room, I should have thought him quite an interesting person. I asked him: 'What is thy name?' He replied: 'A very euphonious one, John Smith. Has thee relented?' I said: 'Since thee has sworn, John Smith, thee may do it; but thee will not make a practice of it;' and I thought what an atom he would be in Tom's grasp."

Keziah's knitting-needles were slipping rapidly through her fingers, but Amy's work had dropped into her lap forgotten, as she leaned forward, with dilated eyes and glowing cheeks, and exclaimed, in a breathless voice, "Oh, May!"

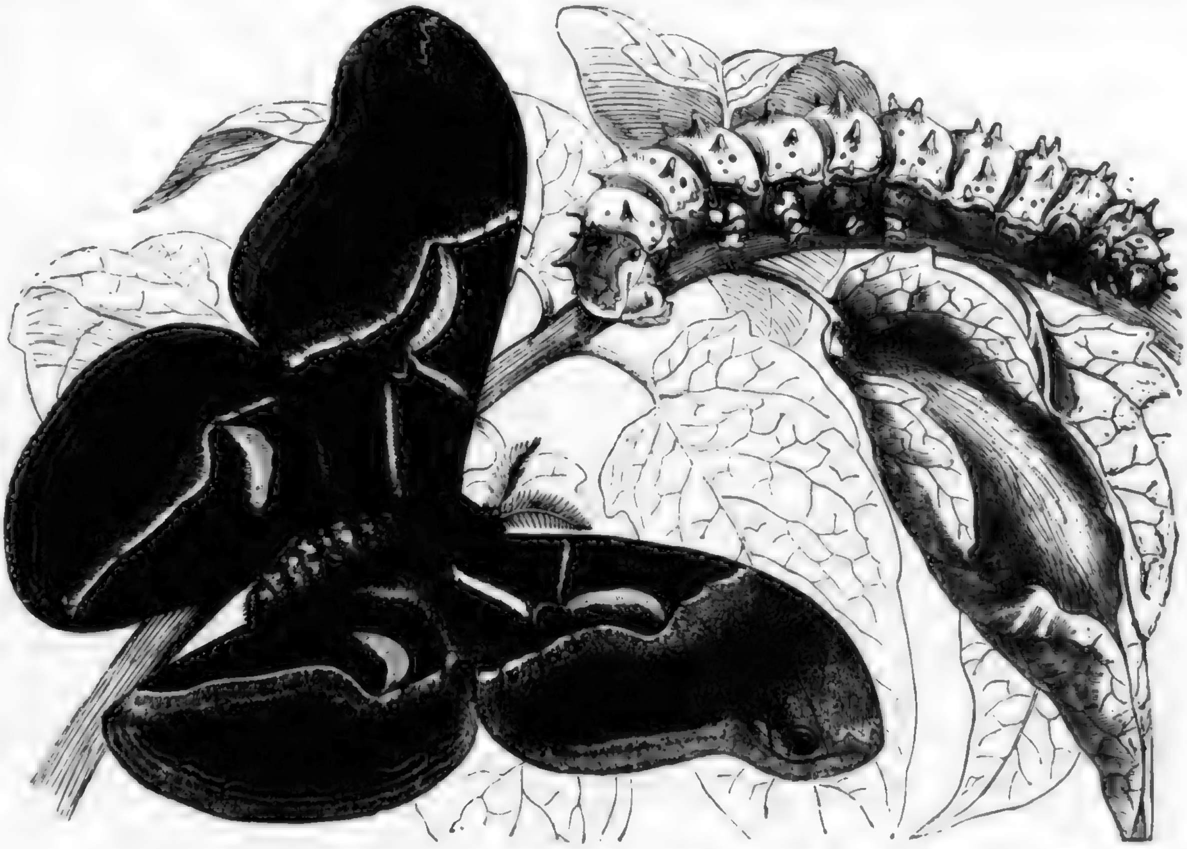
"Well," continued May, "John Smith was very entertaining, and I began to feel quite sorry for him; but I said to myself, 'He is in search of an adventure, and needs a lesson, and my Tom is the right person to give him one.'

"When we reached the house, I put my finger on my lips, and he crept up the steps like a mouse beside me. I took the latch-key out of my pocket, and whispered, 'John Smith, take off thy boots.' He drew them off very quietly, and we passed noiselessly into the hall.

"Then my heart stood still as I thought, 'What if Tom should not be at home! What if he has gone to meet me!'

"We went to the dining-room door; the gas was burning low. I opened it softly, and motioned John Smith to enter. He did so, and I followed. Suddenly the gas was turned on full, and I knew all was right.

"Tom says I looked like a vixen. I think I felt like one as I said, 'Tom, dear, this is John Smith, who would *insist* on coming home with me.'



LITTLE-KNOWN SILKWORMS.—FIG. 1.—AILANTHUS SILKWORM (ATTACUS CYNTHIA).—SEE PAGE 99.

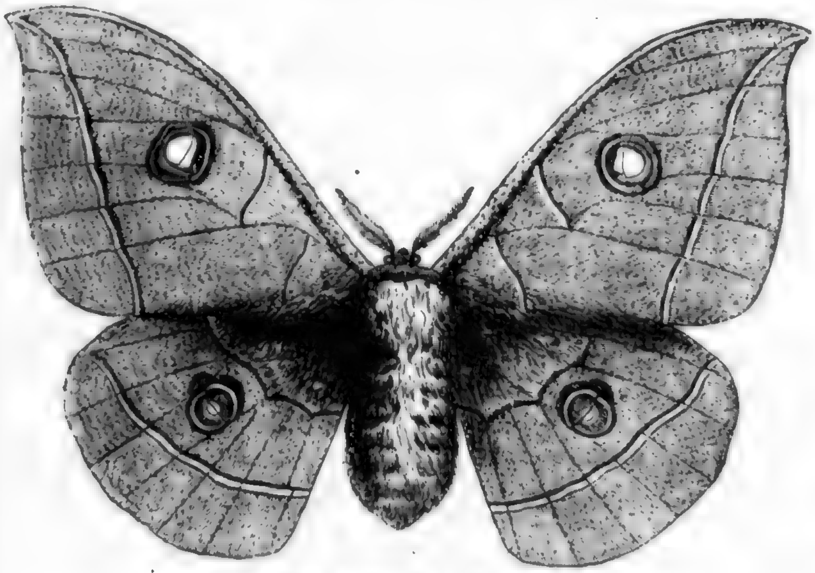


FIG. 2.—ATTACUS YAMA-MAI.

"It did not take long for Tom to see the situation; but John Smith saw it first. I saw a vision of coat-tails at a right angle, and heard the hall-door slammed, to be opened again immediately, and heard two pairs of feet racing down the street; but one pair made more noise than the other.

"I can laugh now, Amy; but I did not feel much like it then; and when Tom came back, looking so pale and stern, I just went into hysterics. Afterward, when I told him all about it, he was not vexed with me, though he said it was very venturesome; and the next night he took me to see 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.'"

"Did you catch John Smith?" asked Amy.

"No; he lost sight of him in the crowd as he turned into Broadway; but it was just as well. I think the fright was punishment enough for him. Now, you have heard my last adventure. I never intend to have another. Sometimes I feel uncomfortable when I think that John Smith knows my name, and where I live, and I don't think that he has forgiven me."

"He may not know your name," said Amy.

"Oh, yes, he does! for the next day a basket of beautiful flowers was sent to Mrs. Thomas R. Lansing. The groundwork was white, and one word was written in crimson flowers, which Tom translated for me."

"What was it, May?"

"*Peccavi*—I have sinned."

"And what did you do with the flowers?"

"I picked out the crimson ones, and tied them together, and Tom gave them all to the old man who sells bunches of flowers on the corner of Broadway. It was a lucky windfall for him, and that was the last of John Smith. What is your verdict, Keziah?"

"As it happened, child, thee did well. People who are plain and old escape impertinences which such as thee are sometimes subjected to, through no fault of their own."

"And yours, Amy?"

"I have not found one yet," said Amy. "I must confer with Tom."

"Then it will be all right, for Tom knows I am the best wife he ever had. Now, I will put baby in his crib, and take you over the house. I thought it would be mine once, as it is to be

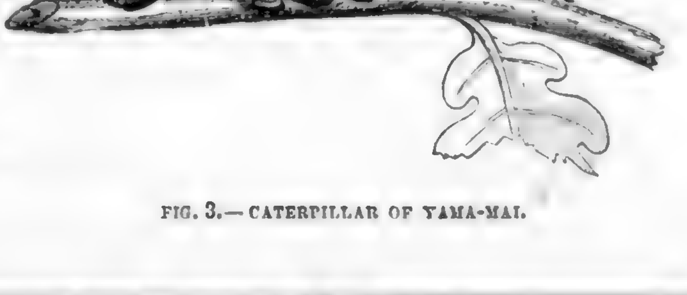


FIG. 3.—CATERPILLAR OF YAMA-MAI.

sold in the Spring; but Tom has not been as successful in his business as he had hoped, and we must give it up."

Keziah seemed quite interested in the survey of the house, and asked many questions as to the desirability of the property. She delighted May by pronouncing it the perfection of neatness, and in every way suited to her needs.

When they were seated in the cozy parlor, awaiting a summons to luncheon, May noticed the same far-away look in Keziah's eyes, and suddenly a mortal paleness overspread her face, till even her lips were white.

The sisters were very much frightened, and when the faintness had passed away, and Keziah admitted that she had come to the city for the purpose of consulting an eminent physician, May thought of the desolate home, and Hannah, the prim and unsympathizing, and her arms were again wound around Keziah, and not withdrawn till she had made her promise to remain and allow her to nurse her back to health again. When the promise was gained, the dancing light in May's eyes attested her sincerity.

The next morning Tom and Keziah went out together on some mysterious errand, and Amy told her sister that Deborah was very uneasy about Keziah's health, and it would be a great comfort to them all if she consented to remain with May for the remainder of the Winter.

"Indeed, she shall stay," said May. "I have an atonement to make, and besides, she has promised. I felt very badly about it first, for I thought her being there might make it dull for you; but I am quite reconciled to it now, and she has changed very much since I used to torment her. She cannot think that I am a baby for hanging up my stocking, because Tom hangs his up, and I knew she would think a great deal of Tom. Come and see my present for him. He must get something for Keziah, too. She shall have a real Christmas once, at any rate."

Christmas morning dawned, bright and glorious; but May did not awaken till baby Harry pulled her eyelids open with his dimpled fingers.

"What were you dreaming of, May?" asked her husband.

"I was talking with angels, Tom; but I could not understand them. Then Keziah came, and the angels vanished."

"Perhaps they hid in your stocking, dearest. Look!" said her husband, and he handed her a well-filled stocking.

One pretty gift after another appeared. The last article was a formidable envelope, and contained Keziah's Christmas offering—a deed of the house.

"Oh, Tom," said May, "did you know it?" and, without waiting for an answer, she threw on her wrapper, thrust her feet into a pair of slippers, and danced out of the room.

"What a little mother it is!" growled Tom to baby Harry. "She will surely catch cold rushing about the house so thinly clad this wintry morning!" and he drew the covering more closely round his child. "Lie still, little one, and I will bring mamma back again."

Before he left the room, he was startled by a wild cry, and May came in so still, so pale, she might have been taken for a spirit. No need to ask what was the matter. He knew that Keziah's fears were realized, and that she was dead. "Vanished with the angels!" said May

"There are people who live behind the hill," is an old German proverb, which means that there are other folks in the world besides yourself, although you may not see them.

THE PRAXINOSCOPE.

Everyone is probably more or less acquainted with the instrument by which the idea of continuous motion is conveyed to the eye from pictures. Two disks are arranged at a suitable distance, in one of which is a narrow slit, and on the other drawings representing the various positions of any action—a horse jumping, etc. The presence of the luminous impressions on the retina produces on the visual organs the sensation of a continuous picture animated by the various phases of the movement intended to be represented. The phenomenon is one of the most curious in the whole range of optical experiments.

But the ingenious instruments hitherto produced, all consist in the employment of narrow openings which, besides reducing the light in considerable proportion, and consequently the clearness and brilliancy of the picture, necessitate the rapid revolution of the latter to a degree which exaggerates the quickness of the movements represented, because, if turned more slowly, the intermittence of vision would not permit the formation of a continuous image on the retina.

In the praxinoscope—a name given to it by its inventor, M. Reynaud, from two Greek words, meaning respectively "action" and "to look at"—the substitution of one picture for another is effected without any interruption of vision or any sensible loss of light.

The apparatus consists of an upright polygonal box, fixed on a stand, the various faces of which are formed of pieces of looking-glass placed side by side so as to constitute a prism of mirrors. Outside that reflecting surface is a movable circular tray, equal in height to the prism, but exactly double in its diameter. On the interior surface of the tray are placed a series of designs on the same subject, in the different phases of an action, and so arranged that each of them corresponds to one face of the prism. A small winch is attached, to give a rotary motion to the circular box, and a very moderate speed suffices to produce the substitution of the pictures, and the animated illusion is apparent on the mirrors very clearly and distinctly, with remarkable regularity of movement.

M. Reynaud states that the instrument is capable of rendering great services to optical science. It will facilitate the study of the contrast of colors, the persistence of impressions, etc., as the changes produced by it can be effected with great rapidity if required.

THE MONK WEATHER-GLASS.

The most simple form of the hygrometer was formerly a very favorite indicator of the state of the weather, and usually consisted of the figure of a monk with his hood, which is attached to a bit of catgut; this covering of paper, painted to represent the hood, falls over the head on the approach of damp weather, and inclines well back during the period that the air is dry or contains less moisture; and, simple as it is, this hygrometer, in conjunction with the reading of the barometer, may assist *paterfamilias* in deciding the fate of a pet bonnet or velvet mantle, which is or is not to be worn on a doubtful day. The hood, A B, covers the head to dotted line C in wet weather, and takes various intermediate positions, being quite back on the shoulders when the air is dry. A thermometer, D, is usually attached.

Courage, the commonest of the virtues, obtains more applause than discretion, the rarest of them.

'TWAS SUMMER'S EVE.

By A. A. Watts.

'Twas Summer's eve—the heavens above,
Earth—ocean—air—were full of love:
Nature around kept jubilee,
When first I breathed that tale to thee.

The crystal clouds that hung on high
Were blue as thy delicious eye;
The stirless shore and sleeping sea
Seem'd emblems of repose and thee!

I spoke of hope—I spoke of fear;
Thy answer was a blush and tear:
But this was eloquence to me,
And more than I had ask'd of thee!

I look'd into thy dewy eye,
And echoed thy half-stifled sigh;
I clasp'd thy hand—and vow'd to be
The soul of love and truth to thee!

The scene and hour have pass'd—yet still
Remains a deep-impassion'd thrill;
A sunset glow on memory,
That kindles at each thought of thee!

We loved—how wildly and how well,
'Twere worse than idle now to tell;
From love and life alike thou'rt free,
And I am left to think of thee!

Though years—long years, have darkly sped,
Since thou wert number'd with the dead,
In fancy oft thy form I see;
In dreams, at least, I'm still with thee!

Thy beauty, helplessness and youth,
Thy hapless fate, untiring truth,
Are spells that often touch the key
Of sweet, harmonious thoughts of thee!

The bitter frown of friends estranged,
The chilling straits of fortunes changed
All this—and more—thou'st borne for me—
Then how can I be false to thee?

I never will: I'll think of thee
Till fades the power of memory;
In weal or woe—in gloom or glee—
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee!

THE FISH-HAWK AND THE BLACKBIRD.

The eagle and the hawk are the terror of the air; most birds fly at their approach, and the whole feathered creation seems in awe of their rapacity. The fish-hawk reverences the eagle, and will drop the fish which he has secured when he sees the greater robber swooping down upon him; and there is no more curious sight than to behold the eagle secure the fish before it reaches the water.

But, strangely enough, in this country the fish-hawk has one who is a sort of dependent, or humble friend. This is the purple grakle, or crow blackbird. This bird, so far from shunning, courts the society of the fish-hawk, and will make his nest in the rude framework of the hawk's nest, or, if the available apertures have been secured, on the nearest branch, as if seeking the sheltering protection of one so much dreaded by others.

That one bird should find a building-spot in another's nest will appear less strange when we know what the nest of the fish-hawk is. Though not evincing remarkable architectural skill or taste, it is a large structure. Sticks as thick as a broomstick, and two or three feet long, are laid down for a foundation, and smaller sticks piled on, till the mass is four or five feet high. Interwoven with these are cornstalks, weeds from earth and sea, grass, leaves and litter of all kinds. The whole mass would make a good cart-load, and its weight eventually kills the tree, and brings it to the ground; the rude but firmly-knit nest resisting the concussion of a fall. The same nest lasts from year to year, and apparently for successive birds, a new structure being built only when actually necessary.

It is easy, therefore, to see that the spaces in this loose structure afford places where the grakle or blackbird may build his nest of mud, roots and grasses, warmly lined with horse-hair. Being only some four inches in depth, it is no great matter in the heap of rubbish. Why some of them so enter into a fellowship with the hawk is not easily explained. Of course, they are few among the many, for these birds are very numerous, and go in immense flocks, their glossy purple coat changing to green, violet and copper, flashing in the sun. Wilson, the ornithologist, says of a flock he saw:

"They rose from the surrounding fields with a noise like thunder, and descending on the length of road before me, covered it and all the fences completely with black; and when they again rose, and after a few evolutions, descended on the skirts of the high-timbered woods, they produced a most singular and striking effect; the whole trees, for a considerable extent, seemed as if hung in mourning; their notes and screaming, meanwhile, resembling the distant sound of a great cataract, but in more musical cadence, swelling and dying away on the ear, according to the fluctuations of the breeze."

LITTLE-KNOWN SILKWORMS.

By A. S. Fuller.

Owing to the diseases that frequently attack the common silkworm, the rearing of it has of late years become a somewhat precarious business, even where it was once the most successful. Anticipating a probable increase and spread of the disease, naturalists have been looking for some other kind which might, in part at least, take the place of the old and long domesticated species in supplying the world with a good and valuable variety of silk. Their efforts, however, have been crowned with only partial success, as no insect has as yet been discovered that produces as fine and lustrous a thread, and in as large quantities, as the old Chinese silkworm, or *Bombyx Mori*. Still, there are several other species that yield a strong, coarse silk admirably adapted to making silken goods of no mean order. These coarse silks are really more serviceable than the lighter and finer kinds, and they only have to be better known to be fully appreciated.

The insects producing these coarse silks are found in various parts of the world, and several are native of the United States; but those which at present are attracting most attention are from China and Japan.

The best-known of these is called the ailanthus silkworm (*Attacus Cynthia*); so named because it feeds upon the leaves of the ailanthus-tree, although it will thrive on other plants, notably on the ricinus or castor-oil bean.

The moths are large, of a buff color, ornamented with white and reddish markings, as shown in Fig. 1, which represents a male moth of about two-thirds natural size. In the upper left-hand corner of the figure is shown one of the caterpillars or worms, and at the right of it a cocoon

XUM

half-enveloped in a leaf, as it is the habit of these caterpillars to draw a leaf partly about themselves before spinning the cocoon.

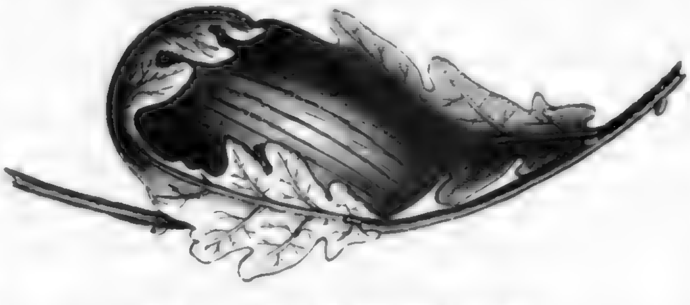


FIG. 4.—COCOON OF ATTACUS YAMA-MAI.

This insect has become thoroughly acclimated in the United States, and for a number of years has been more or less abundant on the ailanthus trees in New York, Philadelphia and Washington. From its first introduction, some eighteen years ago, it has promised well; but, through indifference or ignorance of its value, no attempt has been made to rear it in quantities sufficient to attract the attention of silk manufacturers.

If the cocoons are gathered early, or as soon as completed, and before becoming stained by exposure to the weather and the decay of the vegetable matter surrounding them, the silk is of a clear, glossy white, and both fine and strong. This silk has long been used by the Chinese, who value it highly for its great strength and durability.

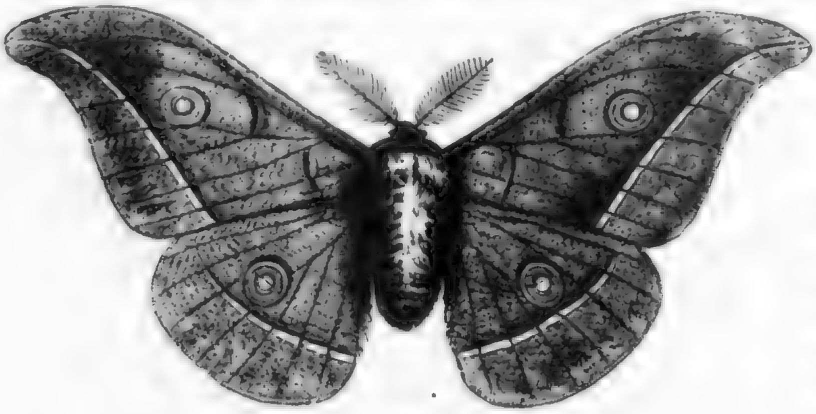


FIG. 5.— ATTACUS PERNYI.

The *Yama-mai* silkworm is supposed to be a native of northern Japan, and of the mountains, as its name, *Yama-mai*, means "worm of the mountains." Its food is the leaves of an oak, the *Quercus serrata* of botanists, but it probably feeds upon other species besides the one named. The moth is shown in Fig. 2, about one-half natural size, and it is truly a magnificent insect, the ground-color being either yellow or brown, handsomely ornamented with broad lines of slate-color, shaded with white and red.

The caterpillar or worm is also of large size, and as represented in Fig. 3. It spins a large oval cocoon, requiring fully a week for its completion. Like the ailanthus silkworm, it spins within a leaf, or two or three brought together with silken threads (Fig. 4). The silk of the *Yama-mai* is strong and valuable. It bleaches readily, after which it may be dyed the same as other kinds.

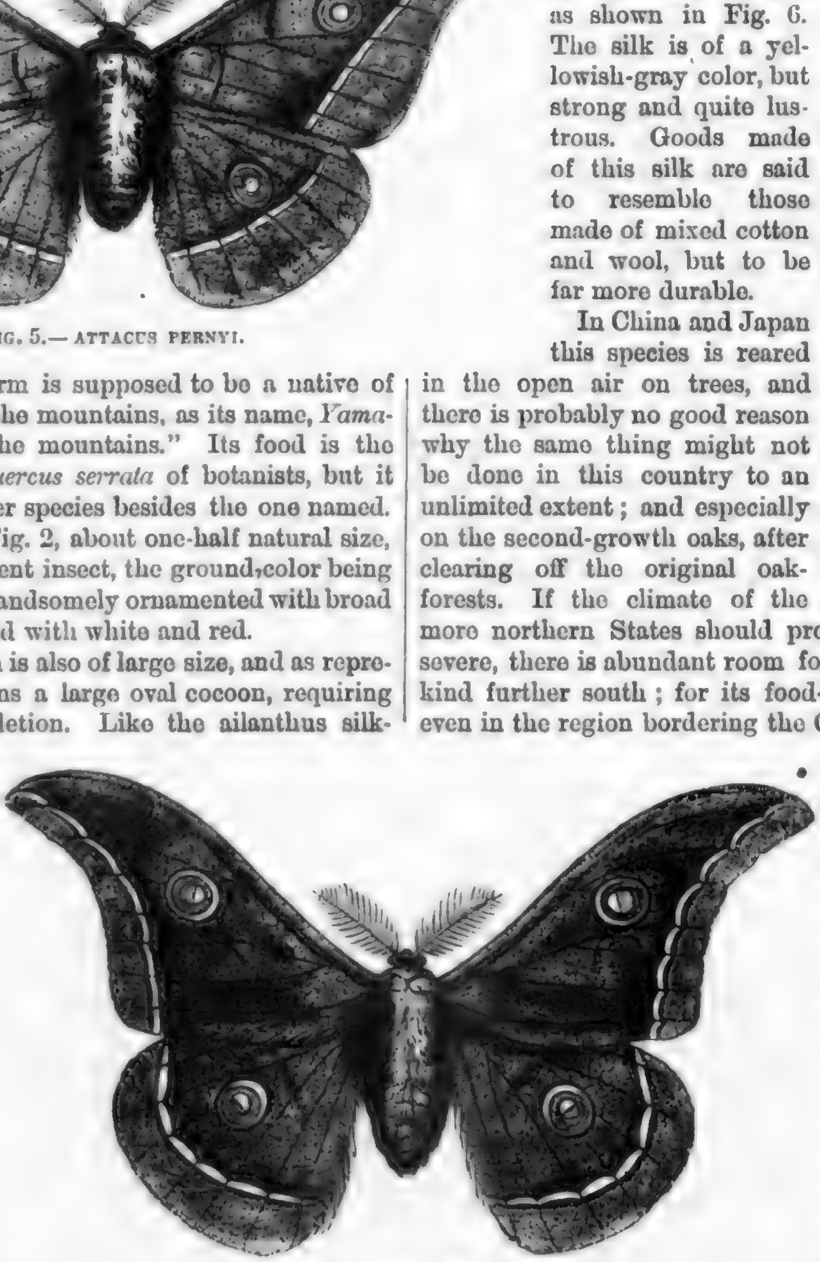


FIG. 7.— ATTACUS MYLITTA.

This oak-eating silkworm will thrive in the United States, as several gentlemen residing in New York and Brooklyn have reared them from imported eggs, and carried the insect safely through its different stages, obtaining the moths in their greatest perfection. While this silkworm will feed on most of our native oaks, it prefers the white oak; and it will also thrive on the beech, apple, quince, thorns, and even chestnut; therefore, there is no lack of food-plants upon which to rear it.

Another oak-feeding silkworm from the same region of country in Japan as the last, is known as *Attacus Pernyi*—named after M. Perny, a missionary, who sent it to France in 1850 from Mantchooria, in China. It closely resembles the *Yama-mai*, as shown in Fig. 5, but it develops more rapidly, and is double-brooded—that is, two broods of worms can be obtained in a season, as with the ailanthus silkworm. The cocoons are also suspended by a cord of silk from the twigs, as shown in Fig. 6. The silk is of a yellowish-gray color, but strong and quite lustrous. Goods made of this silk are said to resemble those made of mixed cotton and wool, but to be far more durable.

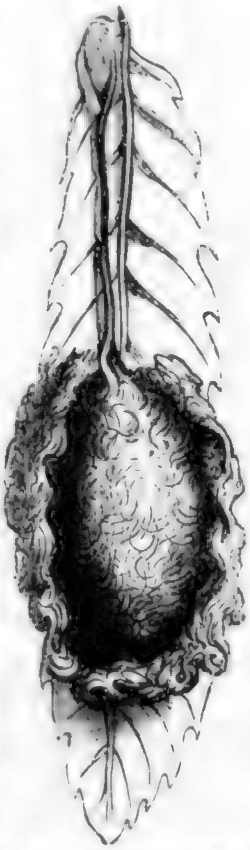
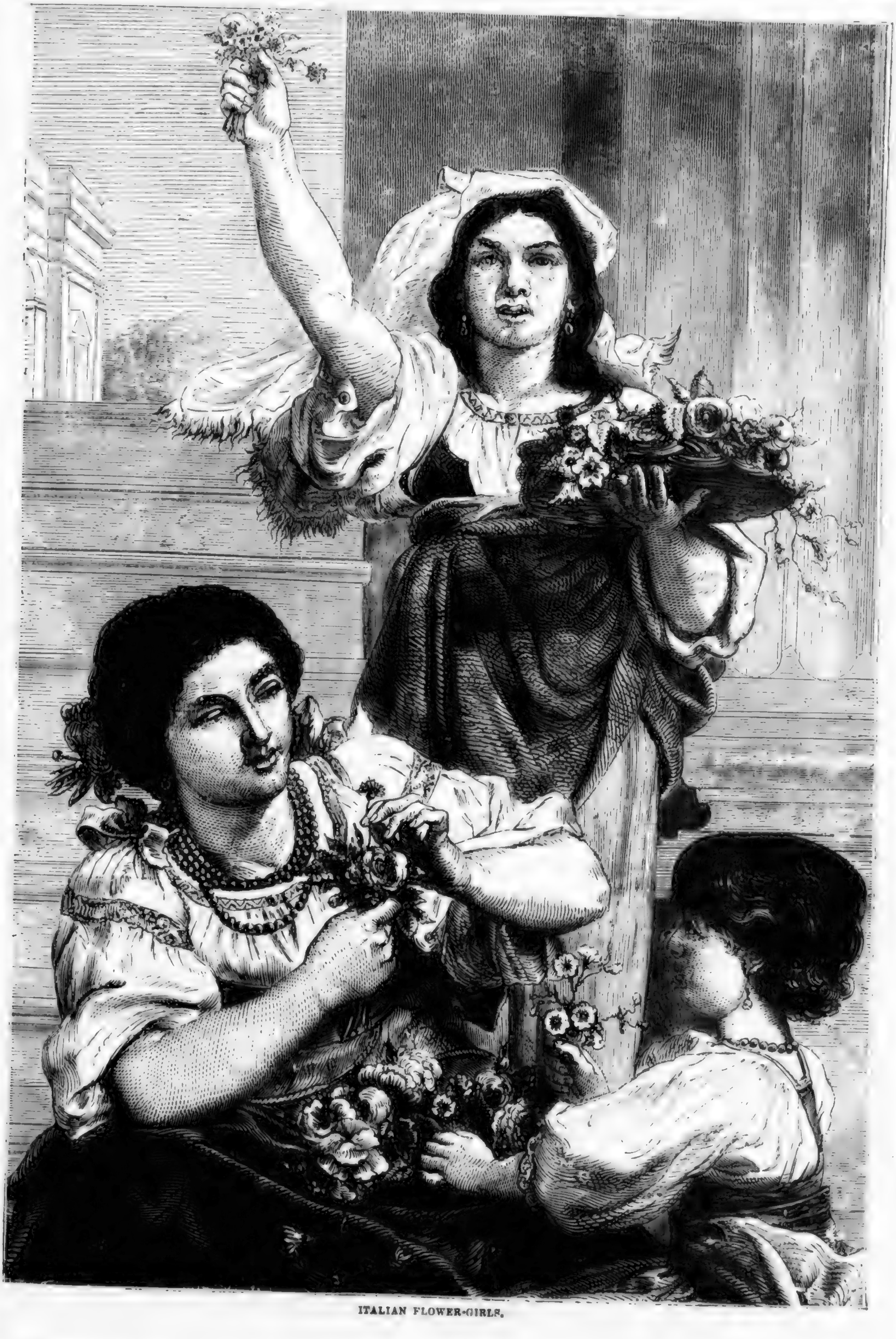


FIG. 6.—COCOON OF ATTACUS PERNYI.

In China and Japan this species is reared in the open air on trees, and there is probably no good reason why the same thing might not be done in this country to an unlimited extent; and especially on the second-growth oaks, after clearing off the original oak-forests. If the climate of the more northern States should prove upon trial to be too severe, there is abundant room for a silk industry of this kind further south; for its food-plants are not wanting even in the region bordering the Gulf of Mexico.

The jusseh silkworm is found in India, and is quite abundant in Assam and Bengal, where it feeds upon the jujube shrub (*Zizyphus Jujuba*). It has been named by entomologists *Attacus Mylitta*, but it is so closely allied to the *Pernyi* that some of our authorities consider it merely a variety of it, and not a distinct species. A male of the jusseh silkworm moth is



ITALIAN FLOWER-GIRLS.

shown in Fig. 7, half natural size. In addition to these foreign silkworms, we have several native species worthy of mention. Prominent among these are the *Attacus Cecropia*, *Attacus Promethea*, *Attacus Polyphemus* and *Attacus Gloveri*—all of which, and others, will be bred and reared for their silk.

DWELLING-HOUSE REFORM.

What Philanthropy, Self-help and Capital have Done and are Doing.

By GEORGE J. HAGAR.

The solution of the problem of rapid transit in New York City has vastly stimulated a number of wants that have been needed for years, and strongly presented for the discussion of the general public a question of very grave importance that already has been practically demonstrated by a distinct class of citizens. It has also created new necessities in neighboring cities, which have much to do with the business of the metropolis. A thousand and one changes, alterations or innovations clustered under the expansive head of "local improvements," claim, in turn and for a moment, a greater or less degree of interest according to the range of their possible influence. But very slight is the attention paid to the wants of the producing element in the community, the actual source of a city's wealth and business eminence. And it is because of this lack of practical consideration that many cities and towns within twenty miles of New York are now in danger of losing large numbers of their skilled workmen.

The first requirement of a man as an integral part of a community is employment; the second, a home; and the third, a means of getting from the place of work to the home in the shortest time possible.

From these requirements are evolved necessities in which not only the workman, but his employer, then the capitalist who invests his money in building to sell or rent, and then the city which derives strength in many ways from the artisan, are interested.

Does it seem right that while a city offers employment to working people, a comfortable habitation should be denied them? Any community is a loser by the residence without its limits of every person who finds daily work within. The cities and towns of New Jersey, within the travel of from an hour to an hour and a half from New York, have for years housed thousands of men and women who earn their living on the other side of the North River. This was simply because rents and property were cheaper beyond the place of their work.

The most significant truth in the principle on which George Peabody and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts acted was, "that the mass or the poorer classes must be provided with habitations near their work."

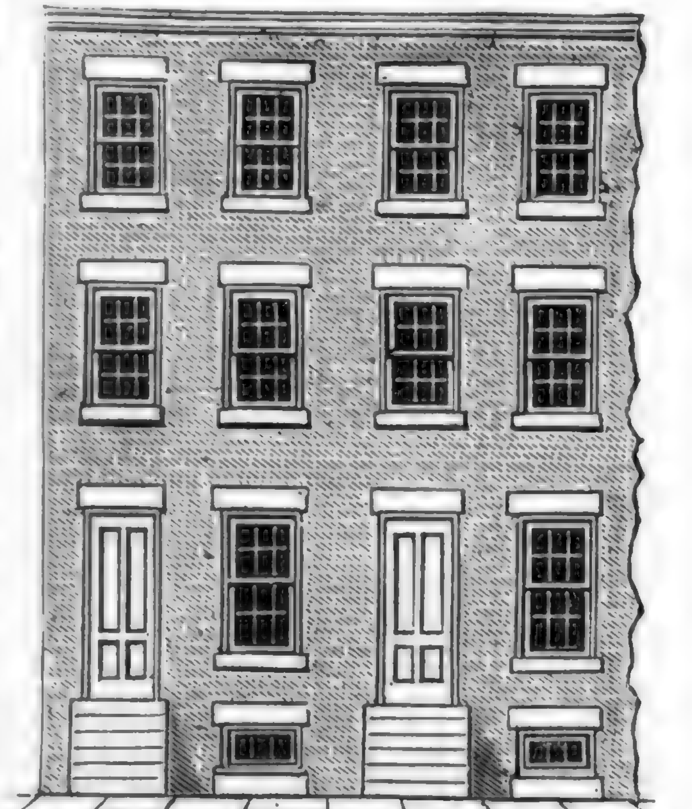
The places that thus gave the working people the shelter of a home were themselves greatly benefited, having the assistance of these people in discharging the obligations of the local governments, in carrying forward their schemes of benevolence and charity, and in maintaining a needful volume of currency.

Now, because rapid transit places the still cheaper dwellings and dwelling-sites of Westchester County within fifty minutes of the City Hall, workmen who have given suburban communities largely of their earnings are going thither, certain of two requirements—cheaper homes, and speedier travel from shop to home.

The discussion now taking place, not only concerning improved dwellings for the working class, but beautiful houses for the more favored, touches a question which personally affects more men, women and children than any other current subject of reform. Unlike others, however, it has this advantage—that the reform may be attained without any unusual effort or the application of any undemonstrated theories.

There are many virtues whose exercise should begin at home. As the home life should be the freest from care, the happiest, brightest and most comfortable, the knack of disposing of that portion of one's income not absolutely required for the growth of the nest-egg has now become a veritable art. The greatest difficulty in the way of desirable domesticity is the cost of the dwellings we occupy. Rents, with tax, water, gas and insurance rates, absorb too large a proportion of income for any class of people; and if, after these expenses have been met, a consideration of "style," in furnishing, decorating and maintaining the home is allowed anything like a free play, there will be little, if any, percentage left for the banker, the doctor, or the undertaker.

But a few years ago the French-flat system was introduced into New York City. It was thought that a provision for those of the mixed population who could pay a little more than common tenement-house rent, but not sufficient for half-houses or floors in better localities, would prove a great blessing. As a direct benefit for the workingman, the innovation was generously received. In a brief time, however, citizens who were pecuniarily above this class began to take marked interest in the plan. Shrewd architects there were who prophesied that there would be a demand for accommodations on the house-on-one-floor plan, possessing comforts and advantages not contemplated in the adopted scheme. Hence, they began elaborating, putting in marble mantels, stationary ranges and tubs, elevators, ash-shoots, plate-glass windows and folding-doors, beautiful frescoes, flooring of fashionable tiles, and officious janitors. And, lo! the flat system, popularly supposed to be in the sole interest of people in



OLD STYLE WORKINGMEN'S DWELLING, PHILADELPHIA.

XUM

moderate circumstances, developed into brown-stone "apartment houses," with single floors commanding a higher rental than entire four-story buildings.

Here certainly is a huge jump from the poor man's blessing to the rich one's delight. But what say you to this? A banker named Hankey has built, in the neighborhood of Queen Anne's Gate, in the West End of London, a number of twelve-story apartment-hotels that overlook St. James's Park, the Surrey Hills and the northern heights. The suites number from two to ten rooms each. There are electric bells and speaking-tubes in every room, an elevator in each house, a wine-cellar for each tenant, and an army of male and female servants provided with special liveries. Each quarterly payment discharges the total indebtedness for servants, taxes, gas, water and every ordinary item of housekeeping, down to insurance on furniture.

Although the flat plan has been thus diverted far beyond the means of the poor and the middle classes, the diversion has wrought a benefit to the latter by opening to them the doors of substantial brick and wooden dwellings deserted by the admirers of the apartment system at lower rents than were previously charged. But this circumstance, favorable as it is to many, cannot properly be regarded as a direct advantage to the masses.

The first practical step toward the mastery of the problem of cheap living is the provision of cheap dwellings, which shall possess at least the accommodations required to maintain a vigorous life.

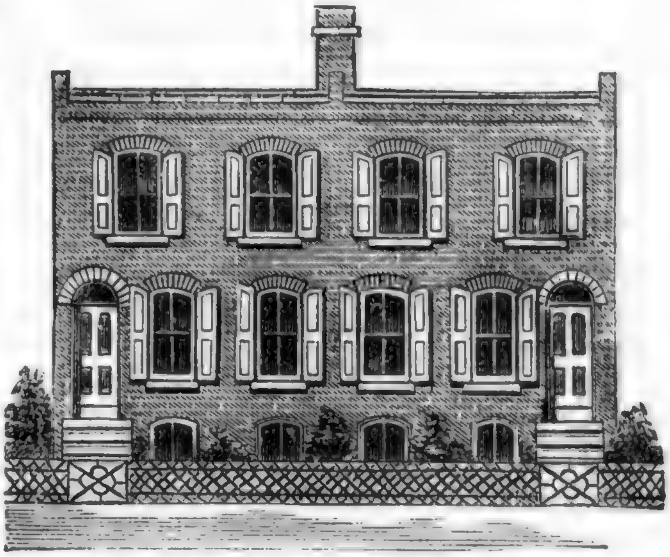
In this great matter, capital has now begun to move. But it should not be forgotten that, while in this country we have been waiting for a Peabody, a Waterlow, a Shaftesbury, a Burdett-Coutts, a Krupp or a Schneider to do something in behalf of the workingman, the workingman himself, co-operating with his fellows, has long ago proved that cheap and wholesome homes can be secured, even by a weekly contribution from meagre wages.

In one of his Monday lectures, the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, treating this subject, said:

> "Every great public evil should be discussed under two heads—the mischief and the remedy. There are three remedies for the overcrowding of the poor in the death-traps and rookeries of great towns:
>
> "1. Action by the city government.
>
> "2. Philanthropic intervention by capitalists.
>
> "3. Self-help by workingmen through building societies and mutual earnings and loan associations, and the personal ownership of moderately expensive houses by men of moderate means."

Having led you to infer that the workingman preceded the capitalist in providing cheap dwellings, let us now see what self-help has done in this direction, first. The origin of the kind of associations among working people that are designed to aid the members in securing homes of their own is of a more remote date than I have the time to seek. Certain it is, however, that they have been known in England and Germany for at least fifty years. In 1872 a Royal Commission estimated the total assets of nearly 6,000 such societies in Great Britain two years previous at $85,000,000, and their annual income at $55,000,000.

For several years these associations were a distinct feature of Philadelphia—a feature which has made that city emphatically a community of house-owners. According to the statement of Mr. Faunce in the Legislature of Pennsylvania last Winter, there were then 560 of these associations in Philadelphia, managed by workingmen and representing an ultimate capital of $100,000,000. Little by little their popularity has extended, accelerated very materially by the failure of public banks and savings institutions, until now one or more will be found in almost all the industrial sections of the Eastern and Middle States, and in California.



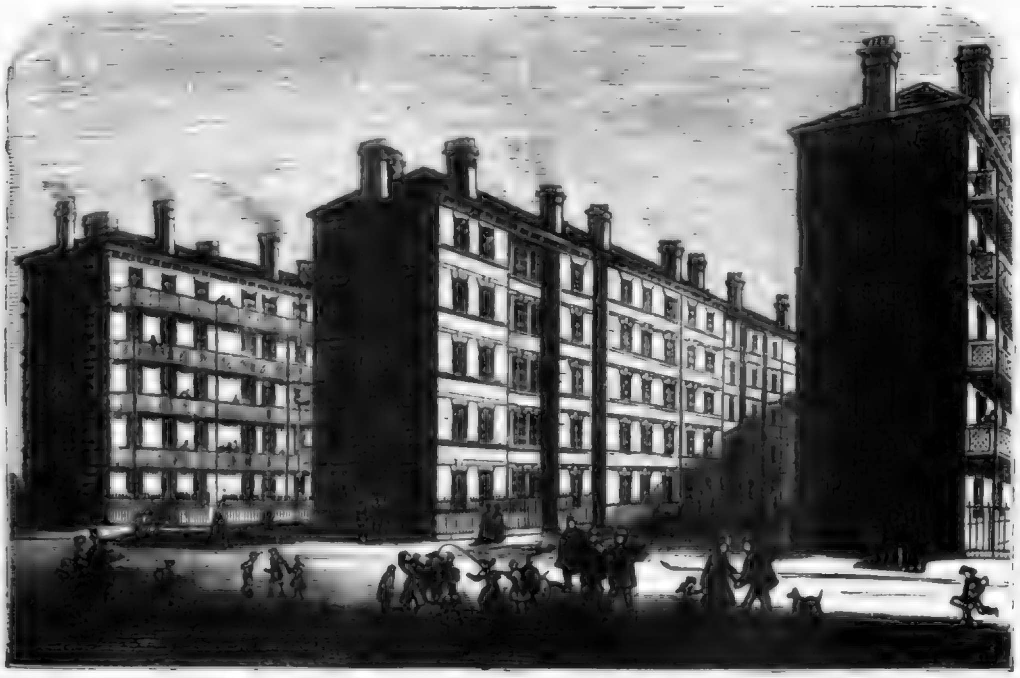
NEW STYLE WORKINGMEN'S DWELLING, PHILADELPHIA.

The principles on which all these societies are formed are similar. Their duration depends upon the prompt payments of the members and their unanimity in calling for appropriations, or, in other words, taking and paying for the monthly accumulations.

In many of the States they are organized and incorporated under the provisions of special enactments by the Legislatures. To illustrate the principle, I will take the case of the Second Section of the First Co-operate Building Society of New York City, because, having been organized in February last by men who had carried one society through with marked success, it is supposed to represent the most careful and minute details of management. At present the membership is 150. Each member must subscribe for at least two shares; none may take over twenty. Each share is valued at $300, and requires a weekly payment of twenty-five cents. When payments are not made at the specified time, a small fine is levied. The average number of shares taken by the members is six; some subscribe for themselves and their wives and children. When the accumulated payments amount to $2,000, the first "auction" is held. Then the members who are eager for the money, either to buy or build a house, offer premiums for the amount their shares entitle them to draw, which is $300 for each share, and the appropriation, as the capital for the month is called, is voted on the best terms offered. The trustees, with the society's lawyer, examine the property on which the money is to be loaned, and if satisfied with the fairness of the price, the money is given the successful bidder, who executes a mortgage to the society for the amount. Henceforth his payments are increased. In addition to the twenty-five cents per share, he now begins to return the appropriation to the society in monthly payments of ten per cent. on the amount borrowed. If the member does not choose to bid in an appropriation for, say, five years, the amount of weekly payments he has made is generally credited when he comes to make his return payments, and the balance is paid back in installments of ten per cent. in five years, or the remainder of the ten required for the operations of the society.

When several appropriations have been taken, the receipts increase largely, and then the entire accumulation is put up once a month for sale. In case a member wishes to build, the money is advanced to him as the work progresses. If, after paying for several years without taking an appropriation, a member wishes to retire, his payments, minus a small proportion used for current expenses, are

XUM

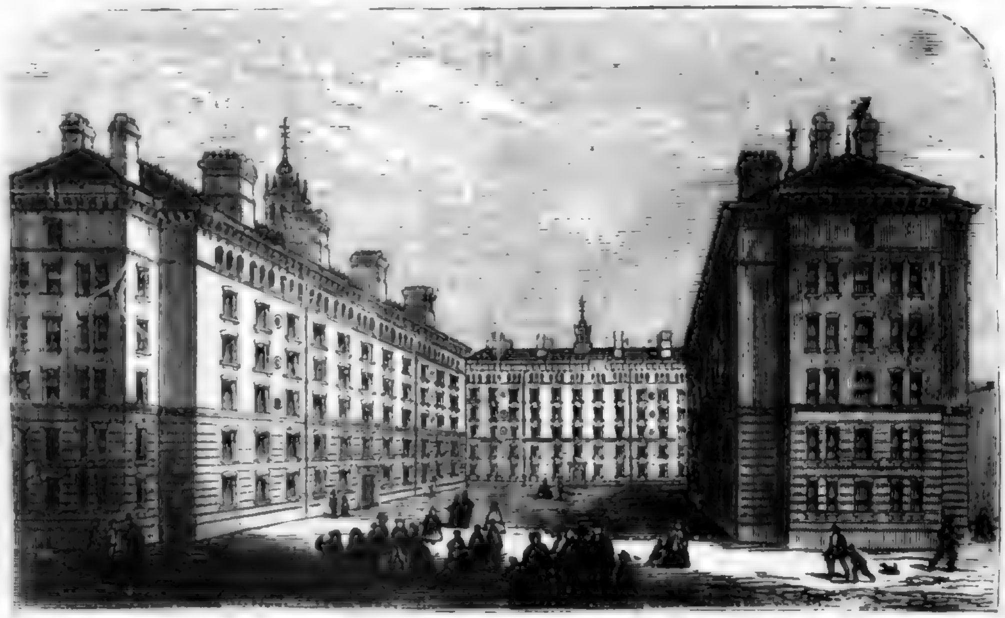


NEW MODEL DWELLINGS AT STROUDVALE, ISLINGTON, LONDON.

returned to him with five per cent. interest.

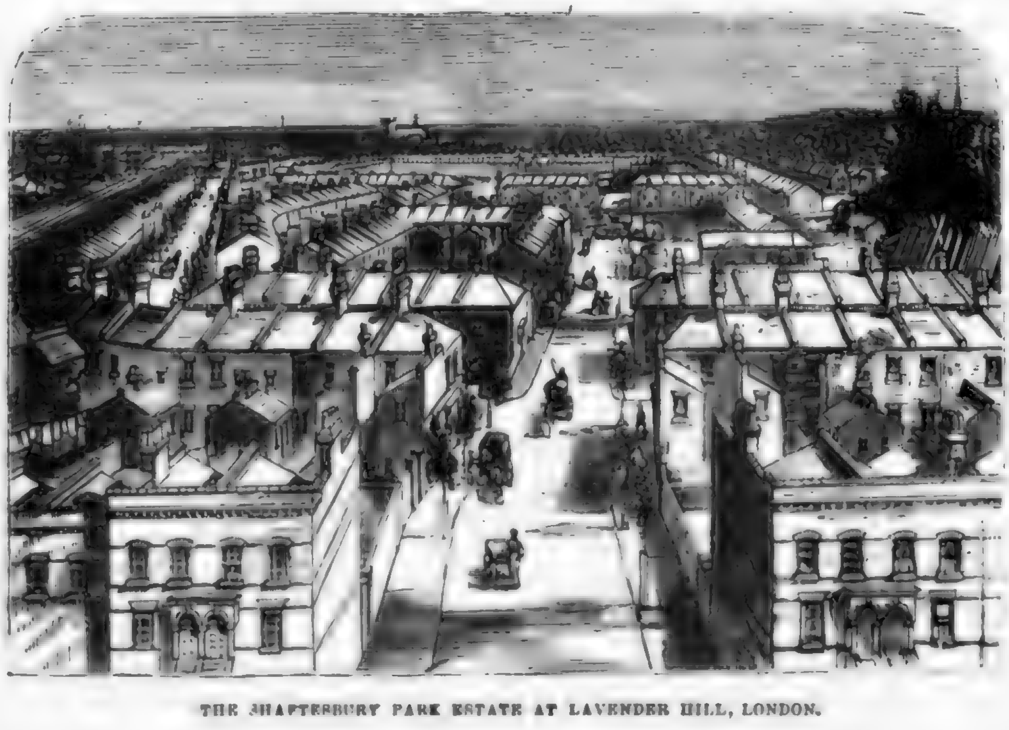
As each member has a like interest in the society, favorable arrangements are readily made where members are legitimately unable for a time to keep up their payments.

With these rates, in ten years enough money will have been paid in to enable every member to draw $300 upon every share he carries. Some prefer to use the society as a savings bank, and keep up their payments to the close, when they are sure to receive their money back, with nearly, if not quite, an equal amount as their share in the profits.



DWELLIN .S FOR THE WORKING CLASSES, PEABODY SQUARE, SHADWELL, LONDON.

Now, to make this a little clearer, let us see some arithmetical comparisons, taking as a basis $1,500—five shares. If this amount is borrowed otherwise the man will pay as interest $90 per year, or, in ten years, $900, and still owe the original. If the mortgage is then paid, the expenditures will have amounted to $2,400. A member of this society borrowing $1,500 will pay per annum, first, the assessments on his five shares, $65, and second, the 10 per cent. on the principal, $150, or a total of $215—a fraction less than $4.15 per week. If this is kept up for ten years, the payments will amount to $2,150, when he will have paid his entire indebtedness and be $250 better off than the other borrower, plus his share in the profits of the society when it is wound up. In this last instance the payments may be either somewhat below or above the totals given, according to the conditions under which the appropriation is secured.



THE SHAFTESBURY PARK ESTATE AT LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

In the first two or three years, the competition for the appropriations is so brisk that premiums are given with the bids, while in the latter years it is so dull that a considerable bonus may be offered to induce members to take the monthly accumulations; the strong business feature of success being the speedy employment at ten per cent. of all the money that is taken in.

How many people, not

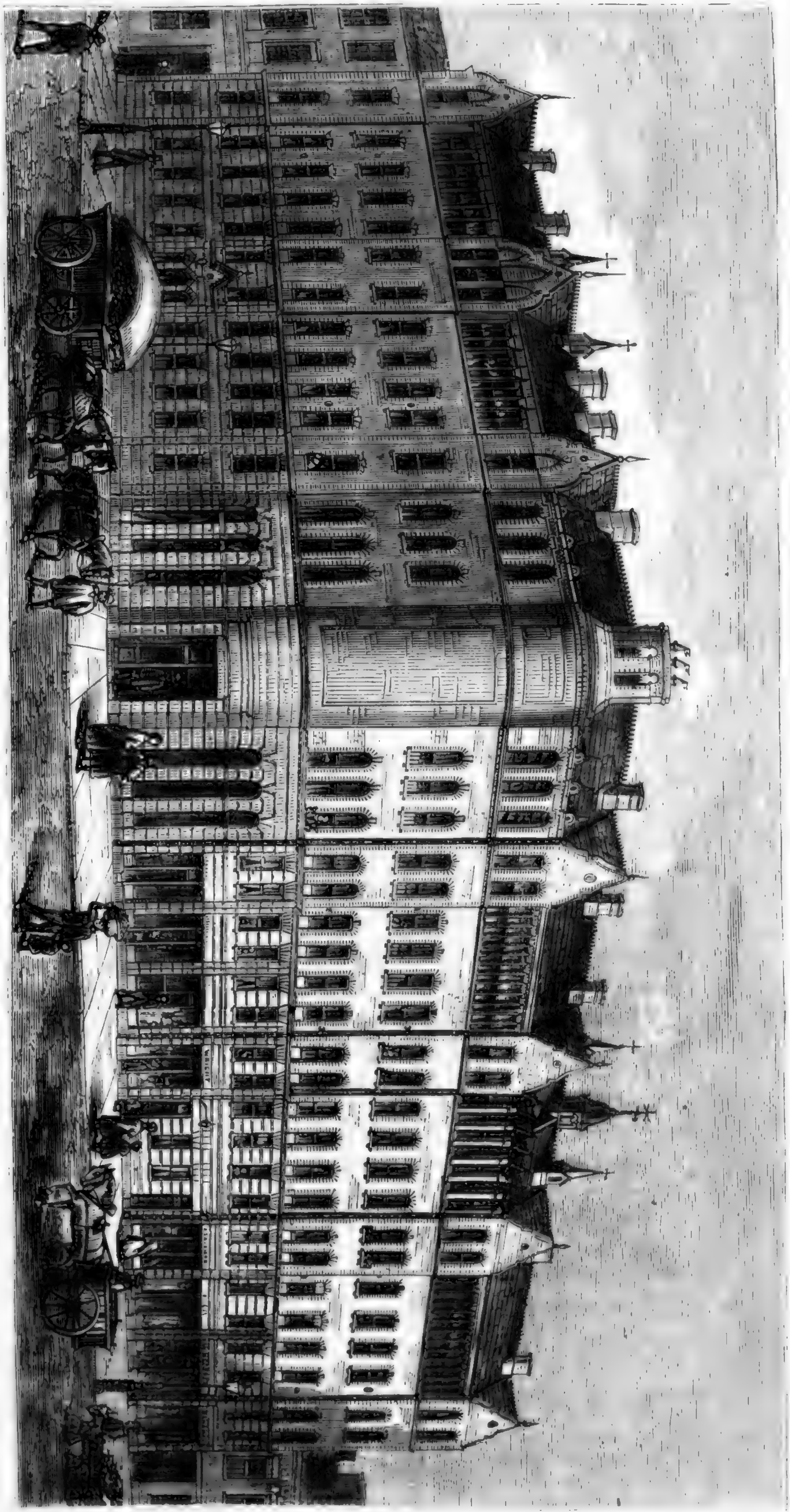
workingmen of small earnings alone, have lived in a house long enough to have paid in rent many times its cost or highest valuation! Is it to be wondered that in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Baltimore, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and other large cities, the working classes should so greatly favor this easy, gradual method of becoming their own landlords? that they should prefer such a society, whether they use an appropriation or not, to a savings bank that will take their earnings up to the moment it is obliged to admit its insolvency?

The First Section of the society spoken of handled in ten years nearly $500,000 of the hard earnings of poor men and women, and returned the total sum paid in nearly doubled. In Philadelphia, to-day, between $17,000,000 and $20,000,000 are thus invested; and in Boston, under the enthusiastic direction of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, these societies will soon have more of the workingmen's savings than all the banks together.

Is not this a grand showing for the self-help of the working-classes?

Now let us take a flying glance at what the capitalist has done in this direction, both here and in Europe.

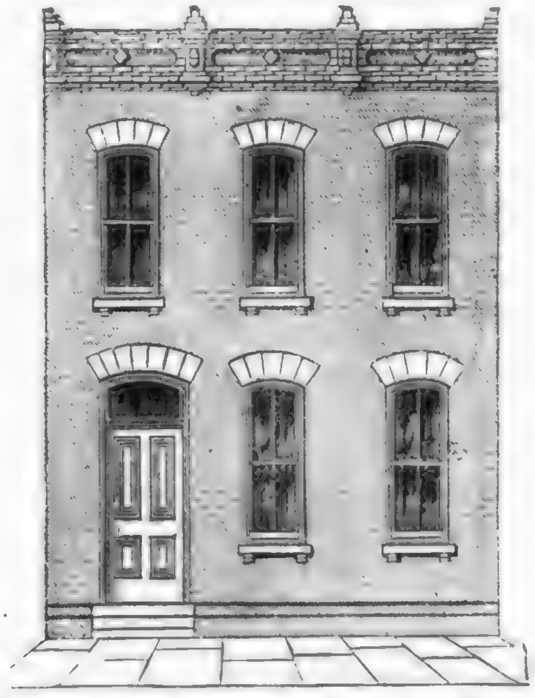
Quite an impetus was given to the reform of cheap and wholesome



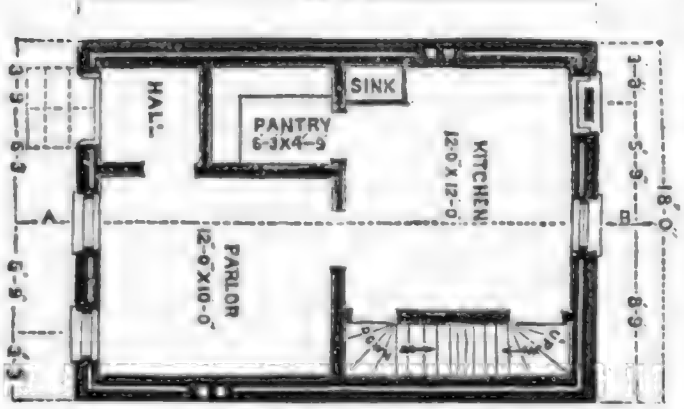
MODEL DWELLINGS FOR THE POOR, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, ERECTED BY THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.

XUM

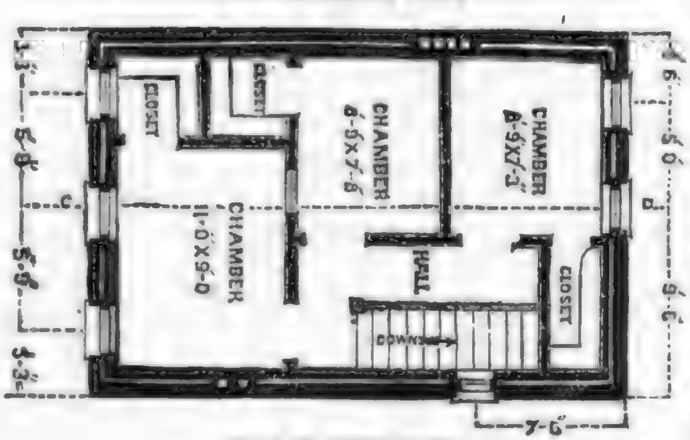
domiciles by the great fire in Chicago. Up to that time there had been no effort in this direction, but immediately after it became necessary to prepare a new plan because of the passage of a law prohibiting the erection of wooden buildings within the limits of the city. This ordinance drawing direct attention to the emergency, the managers of the Merchants', Farmers' and Mechanics' Savings' bank at once took steps to utilize the large patches of ground which had been bought in under foreclosure of mortgage, and cleared of its buildings by the flames. An invitation was extended to architects to submit plans for a dwelling of not less than five rooms and a capacity of not less than 5,500 cubic feet, and of a store and dwelling combined, to contain not less than 30,000 cubic feet of space. It was an indispensable condition that the buildings should be as nearly fire-proof as possible.



TWO-STORY PRIZE DWELLING, CHICAGO, COST $1,700.



PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR



PLAN OF UPPER FLOOR.

A committee was selected consisting of Messrs. Wahl, of the Board of Public Works; Drew, of the Board of Underwriters; Bouten, of the Citizens' Association; Grannis, representing the builders of the city; and Dr. Miller, the Sanitary Superintendent. These gentlemen examined the various plans received, and awarded a prize of $1,000 to A. J. Smith, architect, of Chicago, for his schemes for a one-story house, 20 by 43, to cost $1,200; a two-story, 18 by 26, to cost $1,700; and a two-story dwelling and store combined, 22 by 59, to cost $3,600.

The details, including the fire-proof features, may be stated as follows: The exterior walls are hollow, one being eight inches thick, the other four, with a space of three inches between, wrought-iron bolts being used to tie the shells. All rafters and floor-beams are protected from above and below by artificial stone plastering one-and-a half inches deep. No wooden lathing or furring is permitted. This plastering, which is the fire-proof material, is applied very simply. A twelve-penny nail is driven into the bottom of the joist (less, say, three-quarters of an inch), every three or four inches. An endless strand of wire is then wound once around the head of a nail, and is passed from one to another, a hitch being taken on each. A movable platform, the top surface of which is one-and-a quarter inches from the lower line of the ceiling joist, is brought into use, and the plastering is then deposited upon the platform from the top of the joist to the depth of two inches. As soon as the plaster sets, the platform is lowered, moved along and readjusted for another stretch. By arranging the wires half-an-inch apart, the plaster can can be put on from the under side in the usual manner.

This plastering, which has been known to dry sufficiently in half-an-hour to bear the weight of a heavy man, is composed of one-half cinders, crushed furnace-slag or bricks, one fourth ordinary plastering hair mortar, and one-fourth coarse, strong plaster-of-paris. Where the platform is used, all the plastering required from the under side is the hard-finish.

The other fire-proof requirements are that the partitions shall be of brick; that all beams and rafters be protected by this concrete; that all smoke-flues shall be built in the walls, of burnt earthenware pipe; that all plastering be done directly on brick or stone; that the cornices be of brick; the window-caps and door-sills of stone or marble, and the roofs of slate or tin laid on a bed of concrete. Thorough ventilation is provided by flues adjoining the smoke-flues and topped out in the chimney. There is an air space beneath the ground floor, preventing dampness arising from the cellar or ground, and another between the ceiling and the roof, which guards the rooms from overheating in Summer. Each house is furnished with a bathroom and facilities for thorough drainage.

The one-story buildings contain five rooms each, consisting of a parlor, 13 by 12; a dining-room, 13 feet 6 inches by 10 feet 6 inches; a kitchen, 10 by 10 feet 6 inches, and two bedrooms, 10 by 6 feet 6 inches. The height of each room is ten feet in the clear between the floor and ceiling. In the two-story buildings there are also five rooms—a parlor and kitchen on the first and three bedrooms on the second floor. The first floor is 10 feet high in the clear, the second 9, and the cellar 6. The store and dwelling combined is 25 by 59. In the upper story there are two parlors, a dining-room, a kitchen and three bedrooms; while the ground floor is arranged for business purposes.

This style of building has been severely tested, and is known to have resisted a vast degree of heat and flame.

In ordinary fires, the plastering will prevent the flames spreading from one room or floor to another.

The terms of purchase were that ten per cent. of the appraised value should be paid at the time of purchase, a mortgage for one-half the entire amount given, and the balance could be liquidated in monthly installments, the purchaser also having the privilege of paying off the mortgage whenever convenient to himself.

A large number of buildings, constructed upon these plans, were erected on Sacramento Avenue, near the Central Park; and the leading builders of the city adopted the peculiar features of the plans selected in the erection of more costly dwellings.

In New York City considerable has been done by capitalists toward providing improved dwellings, and very grand schemes are now being prepared for several companies of prominent citizens whose attention was particularly excited by the memorable mass-meeting held in Cooper Institute on the 28th of February last.

Among the successful experiments is the enterprise of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension. When, in 1860, Dr. John Cotton Smith succeeded to the rectorship of Ascension Parish, it had contributed with liberality to mission work in this city, but it did not carry on supported missions of its own. The mission in Abingdon Square, with which 500 families are now connected, was started during the first year of his rectorship; and in 1863 another mission, in West Forty-second Street, was put in working order.

A few years ago the Mission Association purchased five newly-constructed model tenements on West Forty-third Street, near Ninth Avenue, for $34,000, with the understanding that the income should be devoted to the support of the vast mission work of the church. In 1873, the income from rents met the taxes and cost of repairs, the interest on mortgages amounting to $24,000 and on a loan of $2,000, and left a balance of $2,369.14 to be applied to legitimate mission work. Two floors, the rent of which would have been $480 per year, have been used for mission purposes. Counting this in as a part of the rental, the total profit for the first seven years was $9,729.14. During the financial tension of the last four years the block has netted a steady income of $2,000 for the support of the mission associated with it, in addition to improving the social life of the poor; providing decent, wholesome and comfortable homes for thirty families, and establishing a centre of morality in a squalid tenement-house district.

In Brooklyn there have been erected, in the Sixth Ward, within five minutes' walk of the South Ferry, thirty-four small brick houses, on a plan which points a way to utilize the badly-shaped blocks of any city. A plot 112 feet front on Baltic Street, and the same on Warren, and extending through 200 feet deep, situated in the centre of the block between Henry and Hicks Streets, has been laid out with a private way, called "Warren Place," running through from street to street. The eight houses at the ends of the two rows front on Warren and Baltic Streets, and are of three stories and basement each. The houses fronting on Warren Place have six rooms each, with a good-sized closet, and are eleven and one-half feet wide by thirty-two deep; the other houses have nine rooms each.

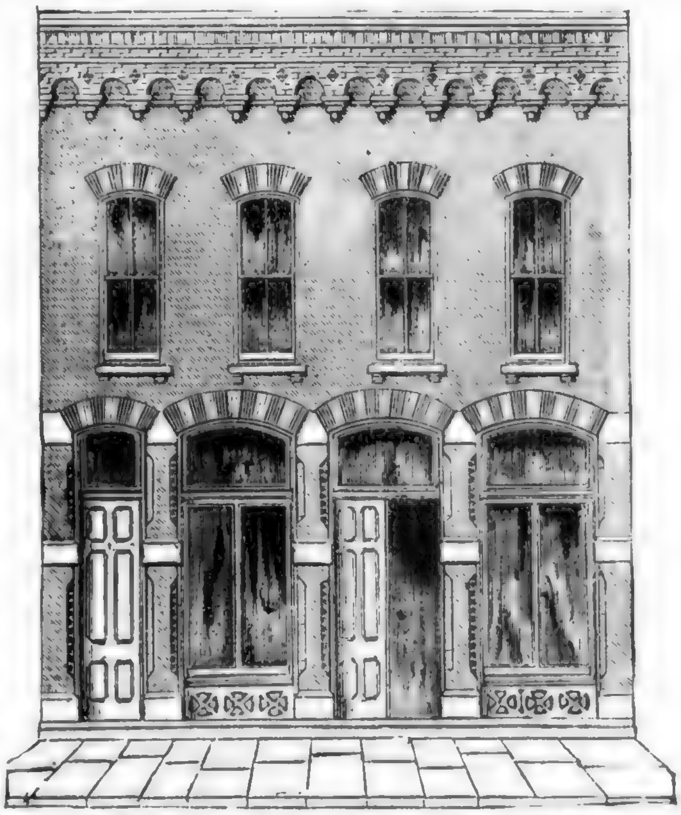
This block was completed in February, 1877; a second one was finished in October following; a third, in the same neighborhood, in July, 1878; and several others are in course of construction.

The four-room flats comprise a living-room, a scullery and two bedrooms; the three-roomed ones, a living-room (with alcove for bed), a scullery and a bedroom. The floors are arranged in exactly the same way, in every respect, from the first story up to the top.

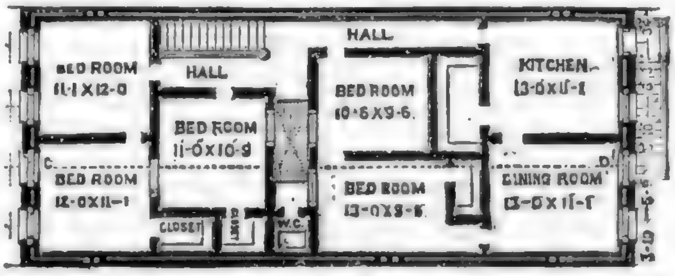
The front of a class called "tower buildings," which are six stories in height, is ornamented by open towers which rise from the ground to and above the roof, to afford better protection to the stairways. A set of tower buildings completed in June, 1878, comprises seventy dwellings and ten spacious, high-ceiling stores. The average rental for apartments is, for a four-roomed suite, $1.93 per week, and a three-roomed, $1.48. On the top floors, four rooms are let for $1.50, and three for $1.30. A discount is made to those who pay for four weeks in advance at once. The houses are as nearly fire-proof as is possible where wood is used. A strict code of sanitary regulations is readily enforced.

In Europe, and particularly in Great Britain, capital diverted to humane uses has done more than co-operation to furnish cheap dwellings, although in Germany the results of combined self-help are admirably shown in the famous savings'-banks founded by Schulze Delitzech, which now do a business of $300,000,000 annually, with capital collected in small sums from working people.

Of those who have given largely of their private means, the late George Peabody stood at the head of the list. At first he gave $750,000, with the understanding that the money was to be laid out in an investment returning a certain moderate but safe interest, which interest, as it accumulated, was to become available for the erection of the model dwellings, and also that the income derived from those buildings in operation, as they were put up one by one, should be placed in this fund.

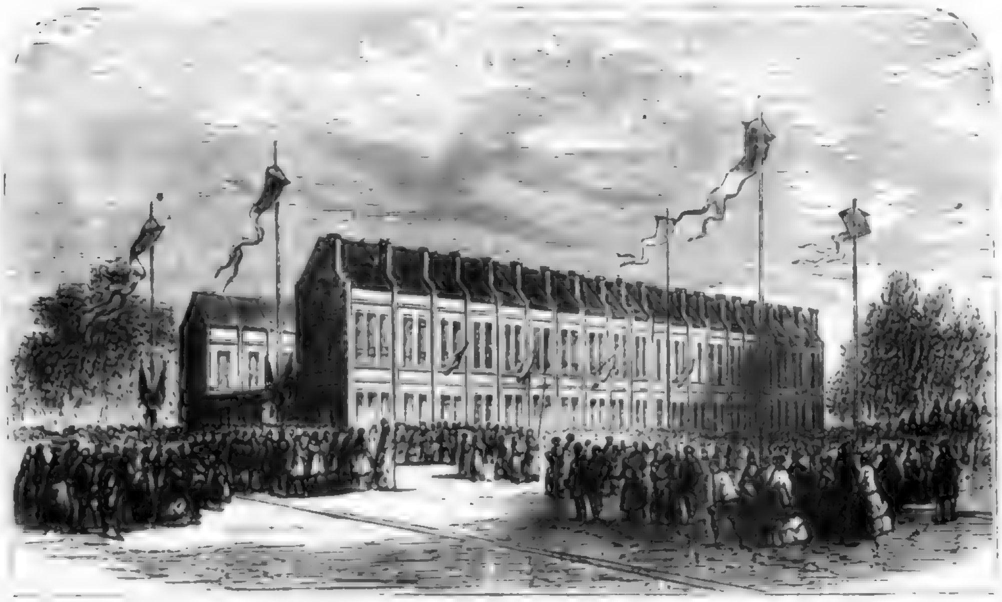


PRIZE DWELLING AND STORE, CHICAGO; COST, $3,600.



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

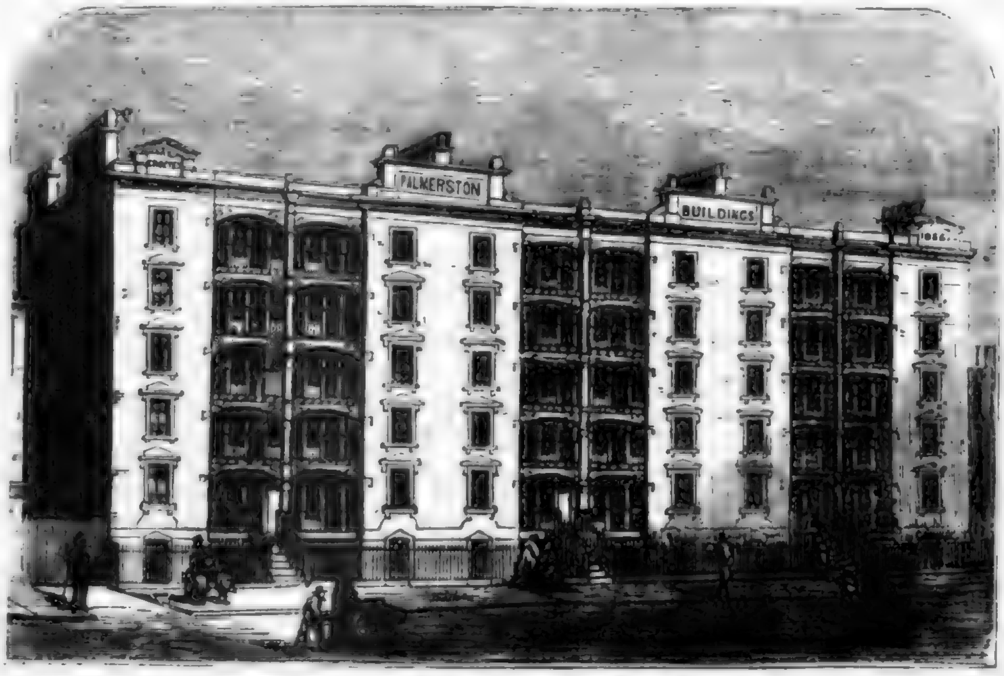
XUM



INAUGURATION OF HOMES FOR WORKING CLASSES, AMIENS, FRANCE, MARCH 7TH, 1869.

He matured his plans in 1862, and in 1864 the first of the cluster of buildings was completed. This is located on the corner of Commercial and White Lion Streets, Bishopsgate, Spitalfields, the great silk-weaving district. The second, situated on the Essex Road, on the ground formerly called Ward's Place, Dover road, consists of four blocks, comprising two hundred and forty separate tenements; is five stories high, and was opened to the public in 1866.

In this cluster there are one, two and three-roomed tenements, with bath-rooms, laundries, ample supplies of water and gas, shoots for the removal of refuse, perfect drainage, and thorough ventilation.

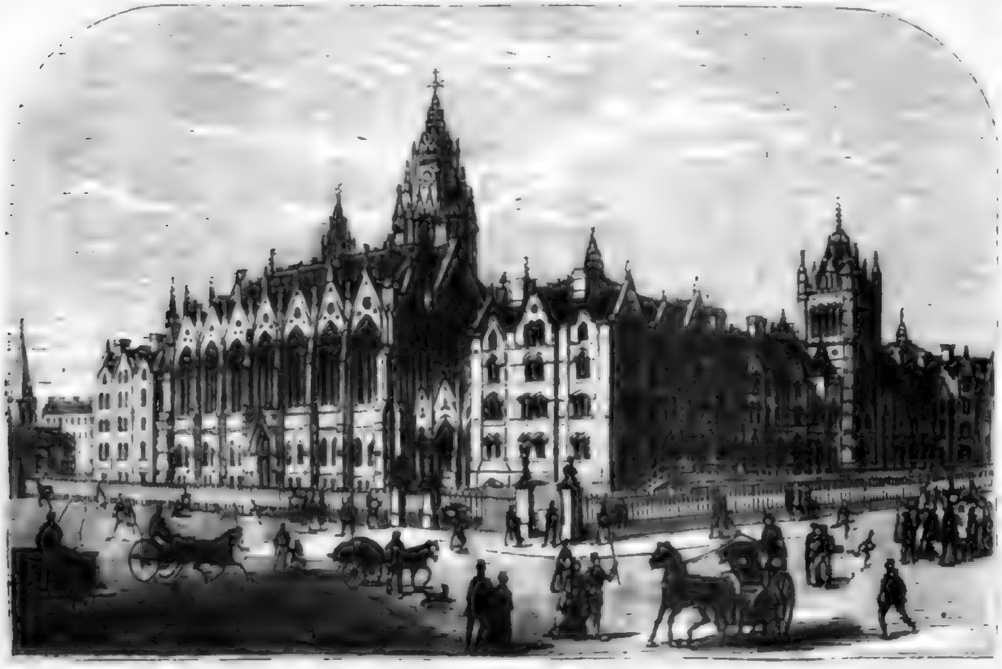


THE "PALMERSTON" TENEMENTS, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

By the time this set was completed and occupied, Mr. Peabody felt such encouragement in his great work, that he made a handsome donation to the building fund, and this he followed with others, until the total of his benefaction amounted to $2,500,000.

A third cluster, known as Peabody Square, is located at the east end of a large plot of ground bounded by Love Lane, High Street, Elm Row and Sun Tavern Gap. It consists of four blocks of five stories and an attic laundry, and contains forty-four tenements of two rooms, and sixteen of one.

A fourth, the Southwark House, contains twelve blocks, in each of which there are twenty-two tenements, a few consisting of one room, some of two, and the majority of three. In the latter there are a kitchen 15 by 12, a bedroom 16 by 14, and a second bedroom 16 by 12. There is a fireplace in each room—that in the kitchen being furnished with an oven and a boiler. All the walls are cemented, and all the floors boarded. On each flat there is a laundry, with copper boiler, a wringing-machine and a mangle, for the use of four families, who have the privilege of occupying it by turns one day in each week. In an underground apartment of each tenement there is a large bath-room. Each floor has a dust and ash shoot. Hot and cold



COLUMBIA MARKET, BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON, OPENED APRIL 27TH, 1869.

XUM

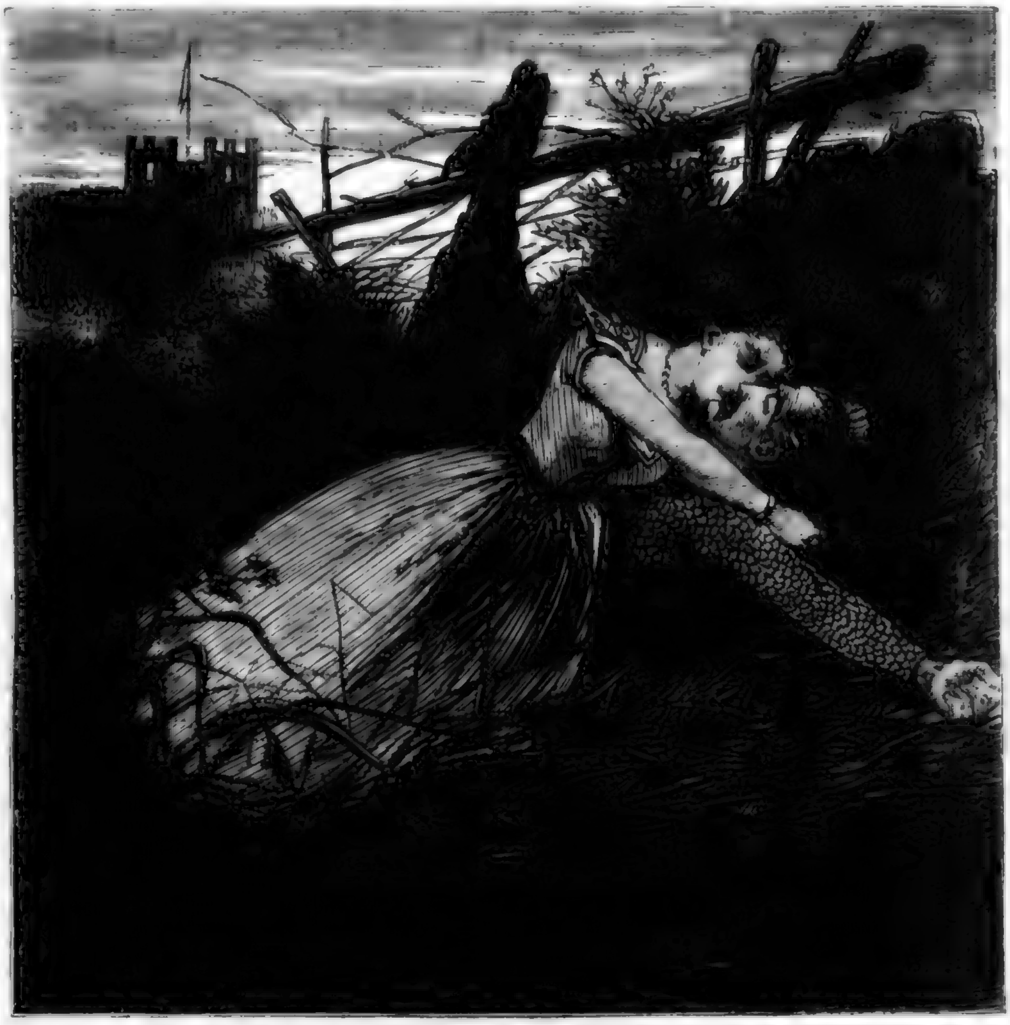
water and gas are provided by the trustees. The schedule rental of a three-roomed tenement is 5s. 9d. a week; of a two-roomed, 4s. 6d., and one of room, 3 shillings.

There have been, altogether, ten such mammoth buildings erected in London by means of the Peabody fund, the locations being Spitalfields, Blackfriars' Road, Stamford Street, Shadwell, Islington, Chelsea, Bermondsey, Westminster, Southwark and Pimlico.

The fourteenth annual report of the trustees of the fund shows that at the end of 1878 it amounted to $3,495,650, of which sum $2,704,735 had been expended. Up to the beginning of this year the trustees have provided for the artisan and laboring poor of London 5,170 rooms, exclusive of bath-rooms, laundries and other non-living apartments. These rooms comprise 2,348 separate dwellings, which are occupied by 9,860 individuals. Here is a suggestive showing: The death-rate in the Peabody buildings for the three years beginning January 1st, 1876, and ending December 31st last, was 20.76 per 1,000, which is about 1.80 in 1,000 below the average of all London for the same period.

While Mr. Peabody's trustees were engaged upon their first building, the distinguished humanitarian, Lady Burdett-Coutts, erected a number of model dwellings on the site of the old Nova Scotia Gardens, one of the blackest spots on the sanitary map of London, and called the group "Columbia Square." They consist of four large blocks of tenements, and upon their completion she built in the vicinity one of the handsomest drinking fountains in Europe, and the most complete market in the world; both of which she presented to the Corporation of the City of London.

Another effort in this line was inaugurated in 1863 by the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company, an association formed by Alderman (afterward Lord Mayor) Waterlow and others, with a share capital of $625,000 fully subscribed, and a borrowed capital of equal amount. This company has erected nearly 3,000 tenements in the most densely populated districts of the city, the principal one being the Palmerston Buildings on City Road. The last report shows that in none of them have there been serious fevers, or deaths from contagious diseases.



A MURDER IN THE TIME OF THE CRUSADES.—"HIS BODY WAS LOCKED FAST IN THE EMBRACE OF LADY ALIANORE; THE DOG STOOD BY, HOWLING PITEOUSLY."—SEE PAGE 111.

Three years later, a movement encouraged by Lord Shaftesbury, than whom Great Britain does not possess a stancher friend of the laboring classes nor a more practical Christian gentleman, resulted in the acquisition of what is known as the Shaftesbury Park estate, comprising forty acres of land in the parish of St. Mary, at Lavender Hill, Battersea. The park was laid out in handsome streets, trees were planted at the edges of the foot-paths, and a small space for a garden was marked out in front of each house. The domiciles are constructed in four classes, containing five, six, seven and eight rooms respectively, the latter class being provided with bath-rooms. A weekly rental of 5s. 6d.; 6s. 9d.; 8s., and 10s., is paid, which sum, in the best houses, includes rates and taxes. If a tenant wishes to purchase a dwelling, the rates and taxes and a ground-rent have to be paid by him, in addition to the purchase money. Values range from $750 to $1,500 on a long lease.

The Victoria Dwellings Association, with limited liability, established to provide healthy and comfortable dwellings for the laboring classes, have recently constructed and let a portion of their new buildings in Stroudvale, Islington, near the Metropolitan Cattle Market. On May 24th last, the Right Hon. R. Assheton Cross, Secretary of State for the Home Department, laid the foundation stone of an additional block of these buildings, which are henceforth named after the Prime Minister, the Earl of Beaconsfield, who in June, 1877, opened those previously completed at Battersea. They have been erected from the designs of the architect to the Victoria Dwellings Association—Mr. Charles Barry, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects; and those already finished and occupied by tenants suffice to accommodate 1,100 persons, while that which is now begun will provide for 900 more.

Hon. Edwin Chadwick, the apostle of sanitary reform in England, said, lately, in an address before the British Social Science Association: "The blocks of model dwellings in London, erected by voluntary associations, present clear instances of the preventive power of sanitation. In these the death-rates range from 14 to 17 per 1,000, while the general death-rate is 23 in 1,000, and amongst the wage

XUM

classes upward of 30 in 1,000; a gain of one-half by the power of sanitation."

The London "Board of Works" had, in November, 1877, twenty-two "schemes" before them, prepared under a Parliamentary Act, for the improvement of "unhealthy areas." Of these the Board selected two for immediate application, involving a cost of £475,000, and the displacement of about 20,000 persons, who will be afforded healthy dwellings in new buildings now being erected on the site of the former fever nests.

The late Sir Titus Salt, deceased about two years, was one of the largest employers of labor in Yorkshire, England. In 1853 he removed his factories to the bank of the river Aire, where he built the town of Saltaire, and erected such a hive of industry as England had never seen. The factories alone cover nearly twenty acres of land. As soon as he had put these into operation, he pushed on the construction of street after street of model dwellings for his army of employés, and at the time of his death these houses numbered 895, accommodating from one to four families each.

Upon a far grander scale is the workingmen's city established by the Messrs. Krupp, the great cannon manufacturers at Essen, Rhenish Prussia. When the first of the family settled there in 1810, he employed a force of ten men. In 1843, 100 were necessary for the work. To-day the details of the business almost stagger one to read. One of the establishments employs 8,500 workmen, and contains 298 boilers and engines, which, combined, have 11,000 horse-power, and operate 77 trip-hammers, varying in weight from 200 to 100,000 pounds each. Since 1877, 15,000 cannon have been turned out; 300 are made on an average every month. Daily 18,000 tons of coal and coke are consumed, and 21,000 gas-jets are in use. A railroad track with 24 locomotives and 700 trucks is in operation within the works, and between them and the nearest railway station. The establishment has 24 telegraph stations, and 8 fire-engines for protection against conflagration. In the mines connected with these works there are 5,300 workmen. Iron ore the company gets from its own lands in the north of Spain to the extent of 200,000 tons annually, which five steamers that it owns convey to the factories. The company has built 3,278 tenements for its employés, in which 16,200 persons live, renting apartments at from $40 to $80 per annum. An association for providing food, clothing and furniture, with twenty-two salesrooms, supplies the operatives with all they desire at a minimum figure.

Next to Krupp's foundry, the iron-works of Schneider, at Creuzot, France, are the most extensive in Europe, occupying a space of nearly fifty acres. Almost constant employment is given to 5,000 men, for whom the proprietor has provided comfortable dwellings, schools, reading-rooms, theatres, churches, etc. All articles of food and clothing are purchased upon the co-operate plan, and a large proportion of the men have bought or built their own houses.

Scotland illustrates two of Mr. Cook's remedies—action by the city government, and self-help by workingmen. In 1862, a number of representative workingmen of Edinburgh formed an association with a capital of $50,000, divided into shares of $5 each. The entire capital was subscribed by 836 members. Within the first seven years 400 buildings, supplying wholesome accommodation for at least 2,000 persons, were constructed, and sold for $350,000. From the very start the enterprise has been successful, yielding an average profit of 15 per cent. per annum upon the investments of the workingmen.

Under the lead of Sir James Watson, Lord Provost, the city of Glasgow in 1873 voted to expend sixpence in every pound of taxes collected to improve the dwellings of its working-classes. Under a special Act authorizing compulsory sale of rookeries, the municipal government bought some $7,000,000 worth of death-traps in pestilent areas, and demolished all the buildings. By 1874 no less than 3,085 such houses had been torn down, displacing a population of 15,000, for whom comfortable and wholesome dwellings had been erected. The policy adopted by the Glasgow authorities was that of Lady Coutts, George Peabody and Lord Mayor Waterlow—erecting their improved dwellings in what were previously the most unhealthy quarters, thus adding greatly to the hygienic character of the respective cities.

In the city of Edinburgh, the reconstruction of 1,400 houses of the poor, and the cleaning out of the worst of the "wynds and closes" of that old city, greatly diminished the prevalence of crime, and vices allied to crimes. In the first five years of these operations, misdemeanors and all crimes cognizable by police magistrates diminished from 11,166 in 1868, down to 8,879 in 1873, or more than 25 per cent.

The dwelling improvements of the poor quarters in Glasgow, where entire districts have been cleared and rebuilt, are shown to have been followed by equally favorable results. Sir James Watson reports among them: Total number of crimes reported to and by the police in 1867, 10,899; in 1873, 7,869.

These are representatives of the reforms that have been accomplished. Do they not suggest that more should be attempted? If they do not, glance for a moment at the official report recently made to the Russian Government respecting the lodgings of the working people of St. Petersburg. There are in that city 17,000 lodging-places of but one room, and the average number of residents of each of these rooms is from four to five persons. Rooms of this class are mostly cellars below the water level, damp and unwholesome. There are about 9,000 lodgings in which each corner of the room is assigned to different occupants, and sometimes a room is divided into six or even eight corners for as many persons. In many of these places whole families, including husbands, wives and children are to be found. In St. Petersburg, also, there are many thousand workingmen who lodge at night on the floors of the factories in which they work by day. The sufferings of the people here referred to during the severe Winters of St. Petersburg are easily seen by studying the official report that contains these statistics.

To show how wide-spread is the interest in this subject, I recall the offer of a gold cup of the value of five thousand francs as a prize to that municipal or local authority or private association which shall, by the improvement of the dwellings of the wage classes, effect the greatest reduction of their death-rates at the lowest cost, to be awarded by the King of Belgium at the next International Sanitary Congress.

At the meeting held in Cooper Institute on Friday, February 28th last, Mayor Cooper appointed the following committee of gentlemen to devise measures to carry tenement house reform into effect: H. E. Pellew, C. Vanderbilt, Jr., W. Bayard Cutting, Wm. W. Astor, R. T. Auchenuty, Chief-Justice C. P. Daly, James Gallatin, D. Willis James, and F. D. Tappan.

On the 22d of March they submitted a lengthy and very comprehensive report, giving both details as to the location and construction of new houses, the management of the enterprise, and the methods of raising the enormous capital necessary for the extensive work.

At the last session of the Legislature of New York, a

XUM

number of exceedingly salutary laws were enacted by which the Board of Health and the Department of Buildings may jointly co-operate in at least preventing in the future the erection of dwellings of the tenement class that are not planned with a view of meeting the requirements of sanitary science.

It has now been shown what has been done by the self-help of the workingman, and how; what has been accomplished by capital under the impulse of a spirit of philanthropy, as well as in a speculative business sense; what municipal legislation has wrought; what large employers have done for their working people; and what has been the result of model, healthful dwellings in the decrease of the death-rates and the arrests for crime.

These statements are full of suggestions. Not the least among them is one peculiarly applicable to New York and other large cities. We have here vast tracts of unimproved and utterly unproductive land. If the city would grant to companies of reputable capitalists these patches of land in consideration of a small ground rent, it would soon be in the possession of a considerable income from taxes on model dwellings erected thereon, to say nothing of the personal taxes of their occupants.

The City of Glasgow, expending $7,000,000 in buying rookeries and the ground on which they stood, has already more than received the amount back from taxes on the improved houses erected in their stead.

By this means, also, the revenues of New York may be largely increased, and much of the unproductive ground of to-day may be made to yield a handsome profit.

A MURDER IN THE TIME OF THE CRUSADES.

Exhilaration and gladness are the marked characteristics of an English Summer morning. So it ever is, and so it was hundreds of years ago, when occurred the events we are about to narrate. How lovely then, on such a morning as we allude to, looked that rich vale in the centre of Gloucestershire, through which the lordly Severn flows!

But the horseman who was passing through this graceful scene scarcely needed the aid of any external object to enhance the pleasure that already filled his breast.

The stranger had, indeed, cause to rejoice, for he was upon the fairest errand. He had wooed and won the gentle heiress of a proud but good-hearted Gloucestershire baron—he had wooed and won her, too, with the full consent of father, kinsmen and friends, and he was now on his way to the baron's castle to arrange with his betrothed the ceremonial of the nuptials.

Ride on, thou gallant knight, ride on, and swifter, too; for though the day will be yet early when thou arrivest, thou wilt find thyself expected within the Gothic *enceinte* of the Baron de Botetourt's dwelling. A banner waves from the topmost tower to do thee honor and welcome; there walks, too, by the battlements one whose night has been sleepless because of thee, whose thoughts and whose whole existence centre in thee, whose look firmly attaches to the road that brings thee to her.

This lover is no ordinary suitor; he is of mingled Saxon and Norman noble blood, the recent companion-in-arms of Richard Cœur de Lion. His name is Ralph de Sudley, and though he has passed his thirtieth year, the effect of long toil and war scarcely appears upon his handsome and still youthful countenance.

Yet the knight has seen and endured much: he has been with Richard at the siege and capture of Acre, and at the battle of Azotus. When Conrad of Montferrat fell by the dagger of the assassins, Sir Ralph took a prominent part in the stormy debates which ensued among the Crusaders. He even proposed with his men-at-arms, and those who would follow him, to invade the territory of the Lord of the Mountain, and to avenge the death which that king of murderers had caused to be done to Conrad.

On his return from the Crusades, Sir Ralph found the daughter of his friend, the Baron de Botetourt, just verging into beauteous womanhood. The glory of his reputation and the graces of his person gained her heart at once; the Lady Alianore, though much his junior in years, loved the knight fondly and devotedly.

Sir Ralph has reached the portcullis of the castle; the warder and men-at-arms are there to receive him with full honors, though he comes privately, without his armor or his followers; he wears the civil but costly dress of the period, with no other weapon than a slight sword at his side. But the baron will have each advent of his future son-in-law welcomed as an approach of state.

"Grammercye, Sir Baron," observed the knight, as, after passing through a crowd of domestics, he grasped his host's hand upon the threshold, "one would imagine me Richard of England himself, or rather, Saladin, that greatest and most gaudy of Oriental Soldans, to see this pompous prelude to my *déjeuner* with your lovely daughter and yourself."

"Nay, Ralph de Sudley," replied the baron, "my castle must needs put on its best looks when it beholds the entry of one who is to be its lord and protector when I shall be no more. But I see you are all impatience to go within; and, in truth, the sooner your first interview be over the better, for the table is prepared, and the pastry awaits us, and the chaplain, too, whose inward man, after the morning's mass, craves some solid refreshment."

"A moment, my worthiest of friends, and I am with you," said the knight, as he hurried by. In another instant the Lady Alianore was in his embrace. Need we repeat the oft-told tale of love? Need we describe the day of delight Sir Ralph passed in the castle, lingering from hour to hour until the dusk?

"This will, indeed, be too much, Ralph," observed the lady; "a monarch, his queen and his court to come to this out-of-the-way castle to honor the wedding of a lone damsel like myself; I can scarcely support the idea of so much splendor."

Thus passed this bright day, until the approach of dusk imperatively compelled the enraptured lovers to separate.

The knight had urgent business to settle early on the morrow at his own castle, before setting out for London to announce to the King the day fixed for the espousal, and to beg from the monarch the fulfillment of the promise he had made, to be present in person with his court, at the wedding of his gallant and faithful vassal. The knight was therefore forced to depart ere the gloom advanced; for though his journey lay in a friendly and peaceful country, it was not the habit in those days to be abroad much after dusk without an efficient escort.

Sir Ralph reluctantly quitted his betrothed; he made his escape, too, from the baron. The horse and dog were at the porch, and in a few minutes the knight had passed the drawbridge and was in the road again.

The baron and his chaplain sat discoursing of Sir Ralph, when they were suddenly interrupted by the loud barking of a dog. The baron and chaplain started up.

"It is Leo, Sir Ralph's dog," exclaimed the former; "what in God's name can be the matter?" and the two rushed out.

The Lady Alianore, at her orisons above, heard the same terrible howl and bark. She instantly descended to the courtyard; and as she came there the outer gate was

XUM

'TWAS SUMMER'S EVE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 99.

opened, and Leo, the knight's dog, flew past the warder and ran to the feet of the lady.

The animal's mouth was blood-stained, and his glaring eyeballs and ruffled crest showed the extent of his fury and despair.

"Something dreadful has happened to Sir Ralph!" she cried; and, urged by the dog, who had seized her robe, she hurried through the gate, and crossed the drawbridge with a rapidity those who followed could not arrest.

When the baron, his chaplain and his domestics had proceeded a little beyond a quarter of a mile upon the road, a fearful sight met their view.

The knight lay dead upon the greensward by the side of the highway; a poniard which had effected the mortal wound still rested fixed in his back. His body was locked fast in the embrace of the Lady Alianore, who lay senseless upon it; the dog stood by howling piteously.

No trace could be discovered of who had done the deed. No proof was there beyond the dagger itself, which was of Oriental fashion, and bore the inscription, *Hoc propter verba tua;* naught beyond that, and another circumstance, which went to show that the knight had been slain by an Eastern enemy.

The dog, as he re-entered the castle, called attention to some pieces of blood-stained rag, which, from their appearance, had dropped from his mouth; one of these, the innermost, was, in its texture and pattern, evidently part of a Syrian garment.

The Lady Alianore did not die under this dreadful calamity; she lived to mourn.

The knight was interred within the precinct of the Abbey Church of Gloucester; his tomb and effigy were in a niche at the angle of the cloisters. Here would Alianore continually come, accompanied by Leo, who, since his master's death, never left her side; here would she stop, gazing upon the monument, the tear in her eye, and the chill of hopeless sorrow in her heart.

About two years after the knight had been dead, the Lady Alianore was one morning departing through the cloisters from a visit to the tomb, when her attention was suddenly arrested by a low growl from the dog who accompanied her. She turned back, and saw two persons in the garb of foreign merchants or traders, the one pointing out to the other the knight's monumental effigy. Scarcely had she made the observation when Leo rushed from her side and flew at the throat of him who was exhibiting the grave. In an instant he brought him to the ground; the other endeavored to escape, but some sacristans who heard the noise hastened to the spot, and the men were arrested.

On examination, the two pretended merchants were found to wear Eastern habiliments beneath their long gowns, and the cloth of the turban was concealed under the broad-brimmed hat of each. They both had daggers, and upon the arm of the one the dog had seized there was a deep scar of what seemed to be the effect of a desperate bite.

Further proof became needless, for when every chance of escape was gone, they made a full confession, and even appeared to glory in it.

They were emissaries from the "Old Man of the Mountain."

The one, on a previous occasion, had journeyed from the far East to do his fearful master's bidding, and had stabbed the knight in the back, on the evening he rode in his gladness from the abode of his affianced bride.

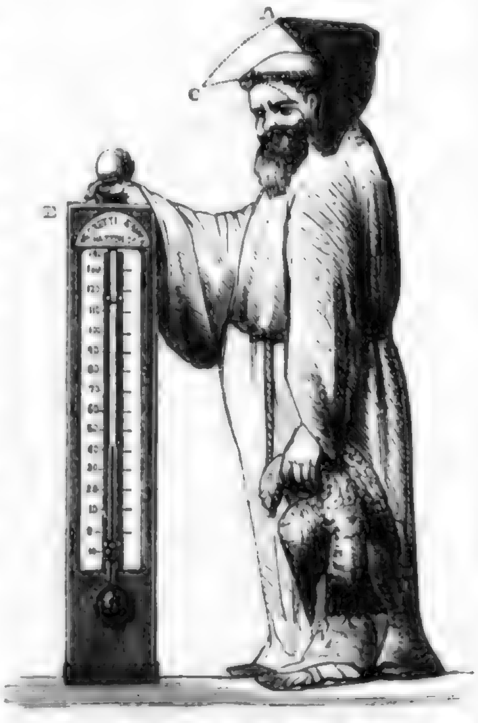
The fanatic himself narrowly escaped destruction at the time; for the dog had fixed his teeth into his arm, and it was only by allowing his flesh to be torn out (his dagger was in his victim), that he contrived to reach a swift Arabian horse, which carried him from the scene.

He had since returned to Phœnicia, and had once more come to England, bringing with him a comrade to remove a doubt expressed by his master, and to testify to the Monarch of the Mountain how effectively his object had been accomplished.

The Baron de Botetourt, with the assent of the Crown, caused the two miscreants to be hanged upon a gibbet on the summit of his castle, their turbans tied to their heels.

Leo, as if he had nothing more to live for, soon after pined and died.

The Lady Alianore retired into a convent, and eventually became its abbess.

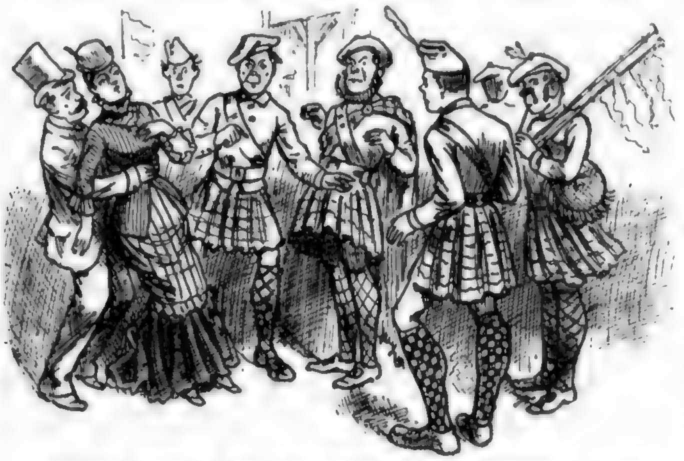


THE MONK WEATHER-GLASS.—SEE PAGE 98.

HOW MR. AUGUSTUS BOBBLES TOOK HIS BRIDE AND HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW TO NIAGARA FALLS.

By N. Robinson.

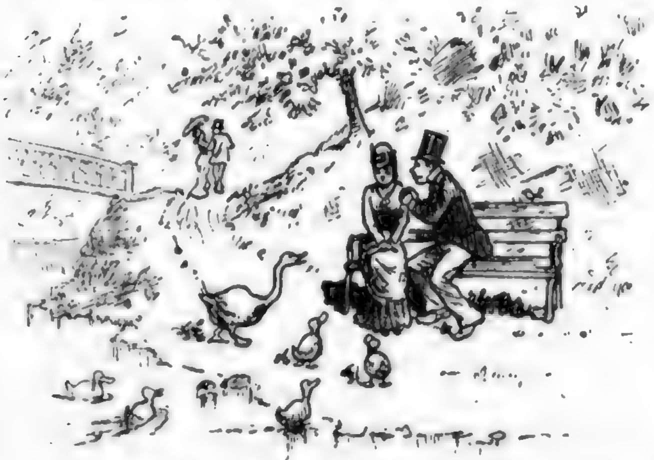
Mr. Augustus Bobbles holds a position in the Freight Department of the Billis and Bunscombe Railway. His stipend, at the opening of this veritable history, was $20 per week, and on $20 per week Augustus resolved to rush into the shoals and quicksands of matrimony. He is a small man, of fierce aspect. His hair grows upon his head after the fashion of the quills upon the fretful porcupine. His eyes are small but black, very black, jetty black, and they bob and twist, and dart and turn in their orbits in a manner at once suggestive of his being done to death by a slow but effective process of strangulation. His mustache is fit for a guardsman—a great huge cushion, upon which his bulbous little nose rests complacently, while his chin comes out so alarmingly beneath the mustache that nervous people are led to imagine that the hirsute appendage is every moment about to drop into his mouth. He affects very high hats—awfully high hats—high shirt-collars almost concealing a pair of very prominent red ears, and heels fit for a *çonçon* of the Pompadour reign. He is strong on blazing plaids, and lets off a good deal of "You know, you know," during his energetic but nevertheless vapid discourse.



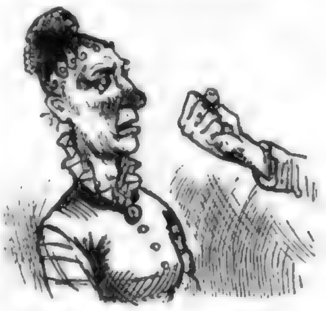
AUGUSTUS BOBBLES MET HIS FATE AT THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.

Augustus Bobbles met his fate at the Caledonian Games in Jones's Wood. It happened this wise: A stalwart Highlander, whose kilts were of the scantiest, whilst engaged in performing the "sword dance," came to grief. His feet slipped, and he came down with a terrific crash on the bare boards.

A young lady, standing in close proximity to the railway clerk, uttered a piercing shriek, and exclaiming, "Oh, my!" immediately proceeded to manifest the preliminary symptoms of that female eccentricity commonly known as fainting. Augustus is gay and gallant. In an instant the tall hat was pressed more firmly on his manly brow; in an instant his chest—there's not much of it—was thrown out in that attitude attributed to Roman wrestlers; in an instant his cane—pug-headed—was flung upon the ground; and in an instant his arm encircled a very tight, round waist, the owner of which, nothing loath, permitted the embrace, and, for a few electric seconds, imparted a sense of astounding beatification to the rapturous Augustus.



IN CENTRAL PARK HE OFFERED HER HIS HAND AND HEART.



"GET OUT OF THIS!"

"He ain't hurt," hoarsely whispered the railway clerk.

"Oh, my!" murmured the young lady, burrowing against her protector's shirt-studs.

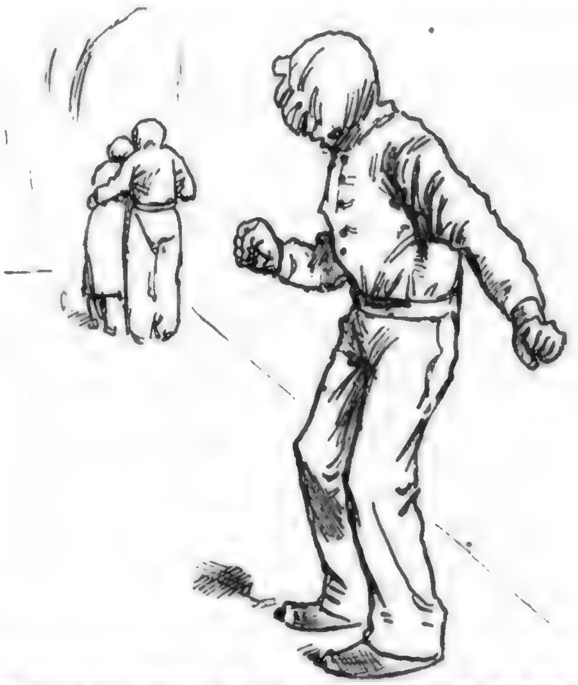
"He fell on his back," said Augustus.

"Oh, my!"

At this stage of the proceedings, an elderly lady, of waspish figure, and angular as the fifth proposition in the first book of Euclid, stepped forward and demanded, in rasping tones, the cause of the young lady's mental and physical prostration.

"It's nothing, momma."

"Then don't you make such a fuss, if it ain't nothing!" retorted the irate elderly person, with considerable asperity.



THE MAN HAD HIS ARM AROUND MAMIE ANGELINA'S WAIST.

This lady was thin to emaciation, singularly tall and straight as a lightning-rod. She wore her richly-pomaded locks in frills all around a forehead as high as Chimborazo, her nose was of a formation similar to that of the late field-marshal, the Duke of Wellington, with nostrils dilated as those of a rocking-horse; her lips were all inside her mouth, and her eyes had a snap in them that boded bitter measure to those who ventured to oppose her mandates. She wore a black barège dress, tight-fitting as the outer cuticle of a Bologna sausage. Showy but inexpensive jewelry adorned her neck and ears, and her hat was of the newest eighteenth century pattern. With the clutch of an octopus she grasped a lanky parasol.

XUM

The younger lady bore a strong yet softened resemblance to her parent. The angles were less defined, it is true, but they were in embryo; the nose was more of a delicate aquiline, and the forehead a trifle less commanding. But in giving Mamie Angelina to the world, Mrs. Brown repeated herself; and, although the friends of the late Mr. Brown used to recount, with that veracity which characterizes the stereotyped laudation of babies, that "The little dear was his born image!" the worthy man shook his head mournfully, refusing to be comforted after so false a fashion.

"Thanks—*very* much!" said Mamie Brown, disengaging herself from the checker-board pattern on the arm of the coat of Augustus Bobbles.

"Don't mention it," observed Augustus, rolling his eyes in amorous glances. "I hope you are 'O. K.' now?"

The young lady not only vouchsafed to reply in the affirmative, but freely entered into a conversation, in which she bore off the palm of victory, giving the railway clerk a thousand words a minute out of hand; and ere the evening had very far progressed, Mrs. and Miss Brown had partaken of ice cream and clams at Mr. Bobbles's expense; Mamie had whirled like a teetotum in the arms of the amorous Augustus; and later on, with the moon bathing their young souls in its pure and silvery beams, lighting the pale yet refulgent torch of Love's young dream, they slowly—ever so slowly—repaired to Seventieth Street, where Mrs. Brown resided in a somewhat moldy flat, but which appeared to the enamored young man a veritable Elysian bower.

"I shall be very pleased if you make a call," said Mrs. Brown.

Make a call! Why, Augustus Bobbles was always calling. He made a call upon the next day, English fashion, and again in the evening. He worried the manager of his office for a 'pass' to some out-of-the-way station on the line in favor of a popular low comedian, who, in return, presented him with tickets for a very questionable *opera bouffe*, then running under the fierce watching of the authorities. Luckily, the company was a French one, and as neither Mrs. Brown nor her daughter understood what the *dramatis personæ* were saying, although they pretended they did, the *chic* expressions passed unheeded.

Seventieth Street is near Central Park, and to Central Park Augustus would take Miss Brown for a stroll, selecting the most secluded and umbrageous seat in the entire pleasance for his *tête-à-têtes* with his beloved.

In Central Park he offered her his hand and heart, and a love such as man never felt for woman before, etc. Augustus was, blushingly, accepted. Mrs. Bobbles, a sturdy New Englander, came to town to have it out with Mrs. Brown for entrapping her son, but emerged from out the encounter a bad second. The day was named, the clergyman "fixed," a young gentleman who did business in Stewart's secured to stand up with the bridegroom, and everything arranged in due course, save the honeymoon trip.

"Where shall we go, dearest?" asked Augustus of Mamie Angelina.

"Oh, I don't know," giving her *fiancé* a giggling push.

"I have settled that point," observed Mrs. Brown. "My child and I have *never* been separated. No man shall come between us—not even a husband!" Here the good lady snorted violently, and glanced at Bobbles. "We are as sisters, and when you come to board with us, dear Gus, you will find how inseparable we are."

This seemed rather irrelevant, and Augustus coughed dubiously.

"We'll go to Niagara," snorted Mrs. Brown.

"*We!*" exclaimed the railway clerk, affrightedly.

"Yes, *we*, Mr. Bobbles!" was the majestic response. "Have *you* any objections, sir?"

"Well—er—you see——"

"Have *you* any objections to *my* accompanying you, sir?" in freezing tones.

"You see, it's not usual, and——"

"Ha, ha! Then you would sacrifice me to *con*ventionality, sir! You would separate me from my ch-e-ild!"

"Momma, momma! You *must* come!" cried Mamie Angelina, hysterically.

"I am not in the—ah—habit of forcing my—ah—company on anybody!" was Mrs. Brown's rejoinder.

"My dear Mrs. Brown," cried the abject Bobbles, "you *must* come! Mamie wishes it—*I* wish it!"

The uttering of this observation ought to have choked him, if the principles of truth are worth a cent.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mrs. Brown carried out her plan, and a week from that day beheld the trio *en route* by the Erie Line for Niagara Falls.

"I'm accustomed to spells," observed Mrs. Brown, as the train emerged from the tunnel through Bergen Heights, producing a case-bottle of portly dimensions from her hand-satchel, "and *nothing* gives me relief but a little drop of Bourbon. Don't mind me, dearies; go on with your billing and cooing. *I'll* look out of the window."

They were in a parlor-car, Augustus and Mamie Angelina very close to one another in a corner. Mrs. Brown rested, erect as a telegraph pole, on a swivel chair. At Turners the worthy lady insisted upon having copious refreshment, and from Port Jervis she slumbered until the train slowed into Narrowsby, when she instinctively awoke for dinner.

She called for everything named by the breathless waitress, and sternly warned the conductor that if he dared to stir until she was "through," she would hold the Company responsible for an attack of congestion of the liver, and all the medical expenses attendant thereon.

Augustus did nothing but gaze idiotically upon Mamie Angelina, his little black eyes bobbing from her plate to her mouth; and a bride in better appetite never traveled that way before. Mrs. Brown, having reduced the conductor to a condition of hard swearing, at length yielded to the entreaties of her daughter—Bobbles was for leaving her behind—and re-entered the car; and, having taken a prolonged pull at the contents of the case-bottle, slept till supper-time, when she again won the scorn of the waitress and the indignation of the conductor.

It was one o'clock A.M. when the train arrived at Niagara Falls. Mrs. Brown was aroused from an apoplectic slumber to fall foul of the conductor, whom she roundly accused of appropriating her umbrella. Nor would she bury the hatchet, or smoke the calumet of peace, although the missing article was discovered in the possession of her son-in-law.

She made things extremely unpleasant in the stage by audible comments on the meanness of a bridegroom who would not hire a carriage for his bride and his bride's mother; and when she arrived at the Spencer House, she refused to retire to bed until she had refreshed the inner woman.

"Mamie Angelina," said Bobbles to his adored one, "does your mother always tear round in this way?"

"She ain't quite herself, I guess," was the bride's reply.

"Ah!" said Augustus, rubbing his chin with his left hand, and clinching his right in a manner suggestive of the clutch of a bird of prey.

Mrs. Brown was up betimes upon the following morning, and as soon as dressed commenced a violent rapping at her daughter's chamber, insisting, by loud outcry, that the newly married pair should arise forthwith, in order to get the full value of their money out of the falls. As Mrs. Brown still continued her assault upon the portal, despite urgent remonstrances on the part of her daughter, and growling anathemas from her son-in-law—the guests were assembling in force upon the corridor in order to participate in the *scena*—Bobbles suddenly flung open the door, and, thrusting his bristly head up as near Mrs. Brown's face as the disparity in their respective heights admitted, exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper:

"Get out of this! Do you want to make a laughing-stock of us? Do you see that you've done so, already? I wish to heaven you had remained at home!" and then he banged the door in the face of his indignant mother-in-law.

Mrs. Brown was for an instant petrified, astounded, horrified. Collecting her scattered senses, she stooped, and, applying her mouth to the keyhole, shrilly shrieked:

"How dare you—you—you—you miserable little apology! Who are you? Mamie Angelina, will you permit your mother to be insulted? Come away from this! I shall leave by the next train!"

It was pretty evident that Mrs. Brown resolved not to travel upon an empty stomach, for she harassed a colored waiter into placing before her chops, beefsteak, ham and eggs, fried fish, stewed kidneys, tripe, scrambled eggs, oatmeal, corn-cakes and fruit, with each and all of which she played havoc, while between every dish she dispatched a message to No. 39.

"Tell Mrs. Augustus Bobbles, my newly-married daughter, that I am waiting breakfast for her."

The bride, in a very tight-fitting—tight almost to bursting—gray costume, followed by her husband, sailed into the breakfast-room, while the creaking of chairs, the dropping of knives and forks, and a "Here she is!" betokened the interest manifested by the guests in her advent. Augustus, looking very sheepish, followed at his wife's heels, as if he would trip over her skirt at every step, and seating himself with a crash, plunged his tufted mustache almost into the tumbler of ice-water he raised to his mouth.

Mrs. Brown did not deign to notice him, but, addressing her daughter, asked at what time the next train left for New York.

"Oh, momma, don't talk nonsense!" ejaculated the bride, with a snap.

"I'm not wanted here, my che-ild," observed the elder lady, cracking an egg with a vicious rap.

"You're wanted if you make yourself agreeable," said her son-in-law; "but it's uncommon rough on a gentleman to be made a waxwork exhibition of. Isn't it, Mamie Angelina?"

"Yes," replied the bride, her mouth full of buttered toast.

"*You* are making an exhibition of yourself, sir," said Mrs. Brown, with extreme severity.

"Well, if I am, I ain't a-goin' to be showed off at nawthin' a head," retorted Bobbles, savagely.

"You're a vulgar wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

"You're a ——"

"Aw-gus-tus!" interposed his wife.

"Well, hang it! there ain't no use in making things unpleasant. As you have come, ma'am, try and be good company. I don't want any unpleasantness, especially on the honeymoon."

A hollow truce was patched up, and the trio started for the falls.

"You ain't goin' to walk?" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, as she perceived decided symptoms on the part of her son-in-law to do the falls on foot.

"Ain't I, though."

"Well, I call that mean!"

"If you like to stand treat, I'll ride," sneered Bobbles, who knew perfectly well that his mother-in-law would see him over the rapids ere she'd spend a dollar upon him.

The indignant lady made no rejoinder, but marched on in front, a small army of hackmen exhorting her to hire a vehicle.

"Ask *him!*" cried Mrs. Brown, flourishing her parasol in the direction of the grinning Augustus. "He's a bridegroom—he's on his wedding-trip! A nice bridegroom! Faugh!"

Having reached Prospect Park, Mrs. Brown was boldly marching in, when the man at the gate demanded twenty-five cents.

"What for?" asked the irate lady.

"For admission to the park."

"Can't I see the falls unless I pay a quarter?"

"Not unless you go over to the Canada side."

"Then I'll go."

"You'll be charged a quarter for crossing the bridge."

"This is a skin, a beat!" cried Mrs. Brown. "I'll write to the *Herald* when I get back to New York!"

Augustus, having paid the required admission-fee for himself and bride, was for leaving his mother-in-law on the wrong side of the gate, but Mamie Angelina interfered, and Mrs. Brown was passed in.

How Augustus and Mamie Angelina gushed as they leaned over the parapet-wall, gazing at the American and Horse-shoe Falls, and at the crested, seething, whirling waters of the terrible rapids, which, within two feet of them, rushed wildly onward to their awful leap!

"What majesty!"

"Titanic strength!"

"What a whirlwind roar of falling floods!"

"See that delicate rainbow shining in the embrace of the King of Cataracts!"

"Look at Bridal Wreath!"

"Oh, momma!" suddenly exclaimed Mamie Angelina, "ain't this quite too lovely for anything?"

"There's too much water, my che-ild;" and, with a view to correcting this chilling impression, Mrs. Brown retired behind the improvised tent of a tintype man, and produced the case-bottle.

At first, the bride could not be induced to venture on the inclined railway; but after considerable coaxing from the chivalrous Bobbles, who was not without secret misgivings, although he played the part of a roaring lion, she consented; and they had both taken their seats in the car, when Mrs. Brown rushed into the building.

"What's all this?" she cried.

"Oh, darn it, stay where you are!" exclaimed her son-in-law; adding, to the engineer, "Let her go!"

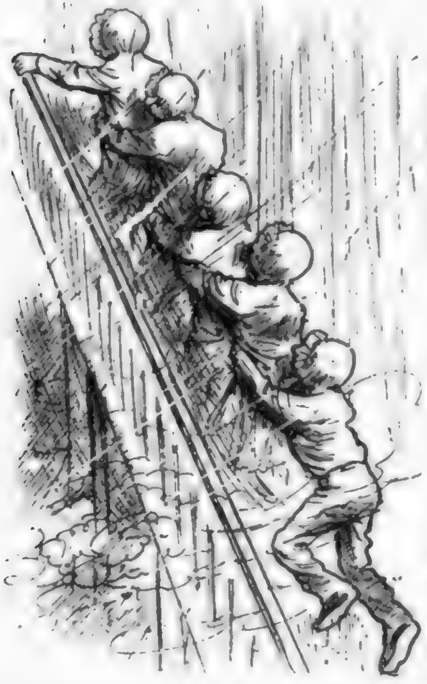
"Not without me! I go where my che-ild goes!" and the intrepid lady bounded into the car.

"Imagine, Augustus, if the chain broke!" and the bride clung to her husband in the most honeymoon manner.

"I wouldn't mind, if one of the party was—well, no matter," he growled.

Now, Mrs. Brown, when she took her seat in the car, was in nowise prepared for what was to follow; and no sooner did she find herself diving rapidly into the bowels of the earth than she set up a dismal screeching which made itself heard above the thunder of the falls and the creaking of the machinery; and, flinging her arms round her son-in-law, to the utter demolition of his very high hat and his high shirt-collar, cried, frantically:

XUM



THEY MOUNTED A WOODEN STAIR, SLIPPERY AS ICE.

"Villain — villain ! you—are—going — to—do—for — my — che-ild ! Where—are —you—bringing —us ?" tugging wildly at his little body at every word, and threatening to roll with him at every tug, from off the flying car.

Bobbles was livid with terror, anger and mortification—for Mr. Stavely, who runs a drygoods store on Broadway, together with his two daughters and son, were in the car, and witnesses to this ridiculous, this exceedingly ridiculous, scene—and no sooner had the irate Augustus arrived at the bottom than, seizing his mother-in-law by the arm, and hurrying her to the very edge of the green-blue water, he hoarsely exclaimed :

"By heaven, woman, for a red cent I'd fling you into the rapids ! See what you've done, with your blamed folly !" raising his crushed and battered hat, which now resembled a concertina, and endeavoring to elevate a shirt-collar that drooped over his coat like a wet rag.

"My che-ild is safe, safe !" cried Mrs. Brown, frantically, folding the bride to her maternal bosom.

"Please, mamma, don't !" scuffled Mamie Angelina. "You've busted two buttons on me !"

At this moment a bearded guide appeared, attired in a Boyton suit of oilskin.

"You'll take your lady under the falls, sir ?" addressing Bobbles.

"I—I think not," replied Augustus, falteringly.

"It's always done by noo married couples—it's considered very lucky, sir."

"Let us go !" pleaded Mamie Angelina.

"Let us go, by all means !" added her mother. "We must see everything !"

"I — I don't think you'd care for it," said the bridegroom, gazing up at the mountain of water.

"I'd love it," said the bride. "And, besides, it will never do to let that nasty vixen, Blossie Smith, have the crow on *me !*"

"It costs money," said Augustus, pointing to a notice, worded :

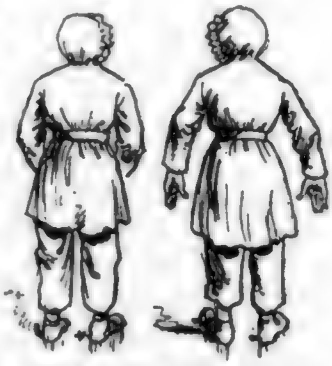
"The Charge for a Dress for each Person going under the Falls is One Dollar."

"Who cares for a dollar ?" cried Mrs. Brown.

"*I* do, ma'am !" snapped her son-in-law.

"So *I* perceive, sir !" tittered the elder lady.

The guide, true to his experiences, and knowing that the man who deliberates is lost, disappeared for a moment, to reappear bringing in his arms a huge bundle of flannel clothing.



WHICH IS MRS. BROWN, WHICH MR. PODSBY?

"Here's yer clothes," he observed ; "and you'd best take rooms apiece. Is the old woman going ?"

"To whom do you refer, fellow ?" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, confronting the abashed guide.

"It was only a joke, lady," he muttered.

"Oh !"

The trio were ushered respectively into three cells, provided with a stool, a mirror mildewed with damp, a box for valuables, and racks for the disposal of the garments about to be dispensed with.

Augustus called the guide, and, slipping fifty cents into his hand, in faltering terms demanded if there was any danger.

"There ain't no danger, so long as I go first," said the man.

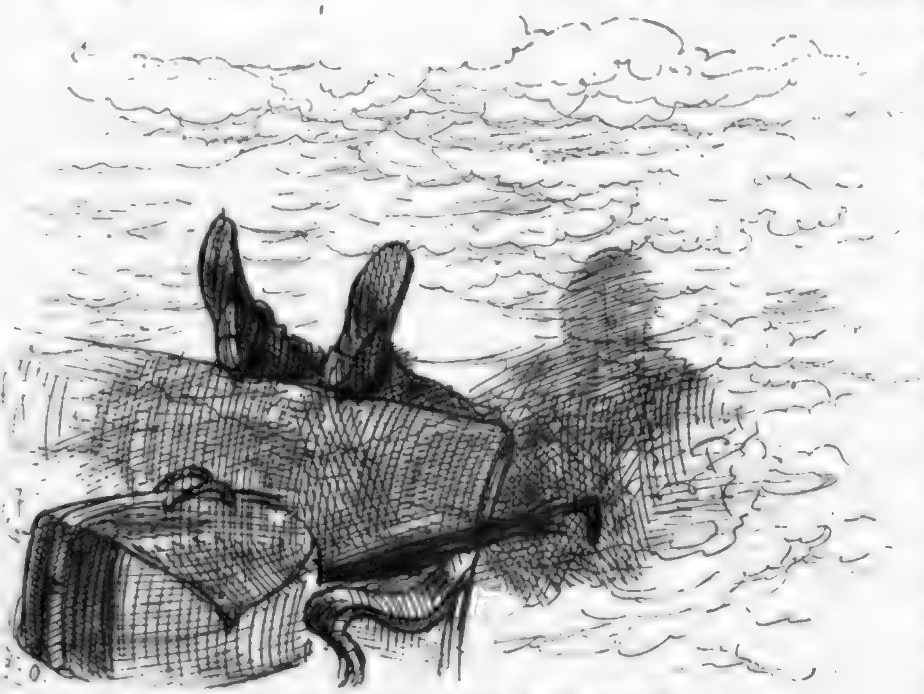
A horrible thought flashed through Augustus Bobbles's mind.

What if his mother-in-law were to precede the guide ?

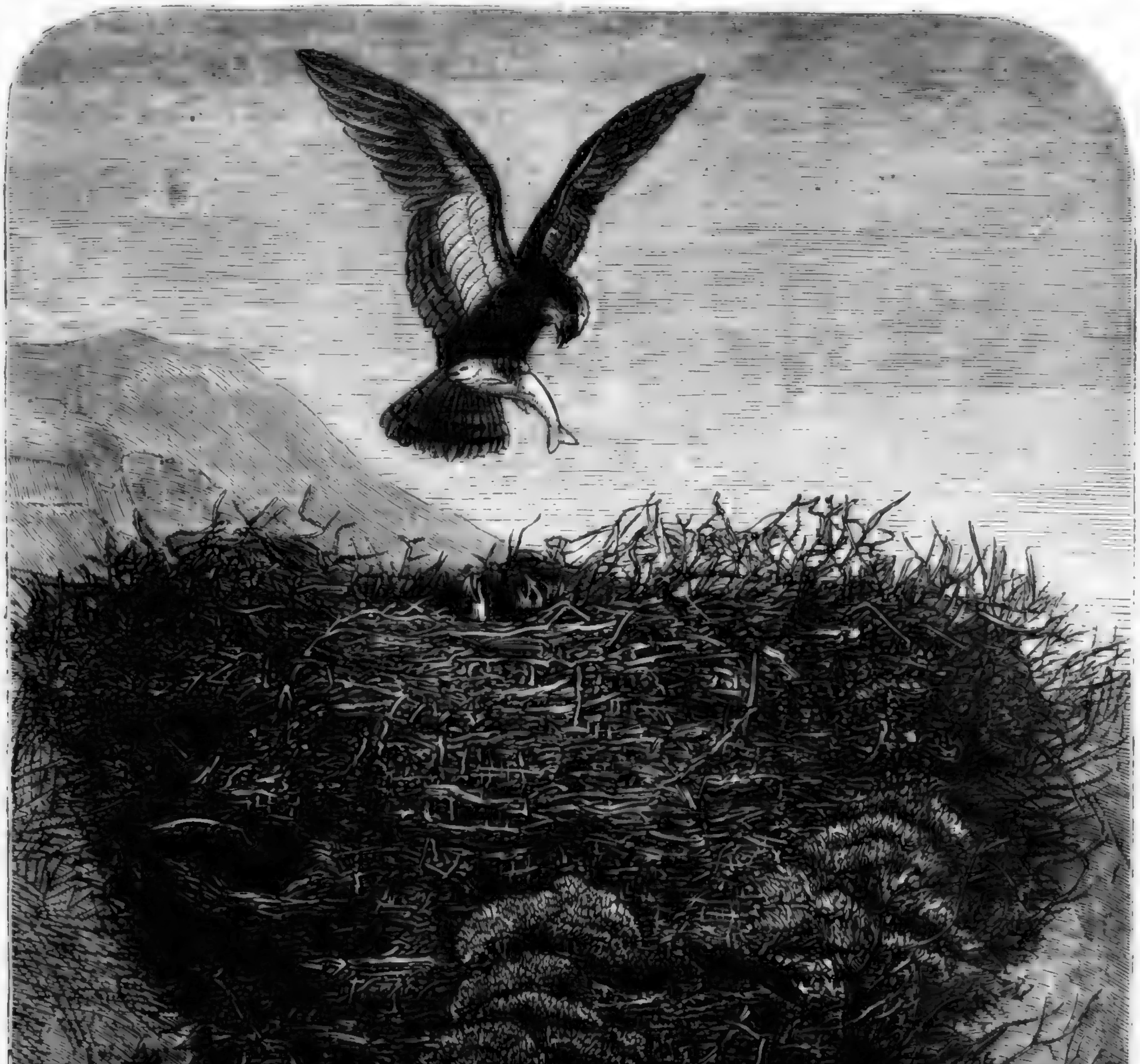
This idea, even while it played luridly upon the horizon of his mind, afforded him a fiendish delight. To get rid of Mrs. Brown *for ever !* He thought of Sinbad and the Old Man of the Sea—he was Sinbad, and his wife's mother the "Old Woman of the Falls."

In addition to the torture inflicted by the presence of his mother-in-law, there was yet another hateful influence at work, and this was nothing less than the green-eyed monster. Yes ; Augustus Bobbles was jealous—rabidly jealous. All women are flirts, and brides are the worst flirts of all.

At the Spencer House was stopping a tall, hook-nosed young man. This young man sat at the same table, and Augustus had caught him on more



AUGUSTUS RODE UNTIL BEDTIME IN THE SMOKING-CAR.



NEST OF FISH-HAWKS WITH BLACKBIRDS' NESTS IN IT.—SEE PAGE 99.

XUM

occasions than one casting amorous and ardent glances at Mrs. Bobbles. Strange to say, Mamie Angelina, instead of cutting down the daring stranger with a frown, actually met his gaze with a half-provoking smile; and, were it not that Augustus had dropped his knife upon the plate with a stunning crash, it is quite possible that the bride might have returned the look with compound interest.

Again, when the ladies retired for a few moments after breakfast to the parlor, this audacious scoundrel also repaired thither; and Augustus, with feelings of unendurable anger, discovered him glaring over the top of the Buffalo *Courier* in the direction of the simpering bride.

"Have you ever—ah—seen that person before?" he hoarsely demanded of Mamie Angelina.

"What person?" she innocently asked.

"That—*thing!*" pointing scornfully at the emaciated young man.

"Why do you ask, darling?"

"Because, I mean to put a head on him if he looks at you again. *That's* why I ask."

Now, it so happened that the skeleton stranger entered Prospect Park at the same moment as did the Bobbles party. And again, by a curious coincidence, he descended into the bowels of the earth in the flying chariot with them.

Mrs. Brown, having applied herself vigorously to the case-bottle, was at length induced to enter her cell and to array herself for the excursion beneath the falls. Her demands for extra flannel accommodation were unceasing.

"I'm darned if she ain't rolled up like an Egyptian mummy," observed the guide, in a confidential tone, to the superintendent. "She's the contrariest old 'ooman I ever come across."

"Are you sure that my valuables will be safe?" screamed Mrs. Brown, through the keyhole.

"Quite safe, mum."

"Will *you* be responsible?"

"You can take the key, mum."

"But somebody might run away with the box."

"Nobody'll do that, mum."

Mamie Angelina was the first to emerge from her dressing-room; and in her oilskin cap, tunic, trousers and flannel shoes—well, no matter. A bride is always interesting-looking, I suppose.

Augustus, who wished Niagara in Jericho, and who experienced pangs of the most secret misgivings as to the result of the expedition, slowly divested himself of his usual apparel, and, with teeth chattering and limbs trembling from cold, proceeded to encase himself in damp flannel, "top-dressed" by still damper oilskin; and when he came to putting on the wet flannel shoes, he would have given the best five-hundred-dollar bill ever turned out of the U. S. Treasury to be within range of the stove at the Spencer House once more.

"Are you r-r-ready, Mamie?" he chattered.

"Yes, dearest," was the reply of the bride.

Carefully locking up his watch, money, trip tickets and cigars, Bobbles emerged from his cell on to the long vaulted passage leading to the Falls. He stopped as if suddenly struck by a bullet in the brain! He passed his right hand over his eyes as if to rub away some ghastly vision. He reeled like a man who had had too many three-finger drinks. Then he uttered a yell, such as the lion roars when his keeper toys with his expected meal.

There, within three paces of him, stood his wife. There, within three paces of him, attired for the excursion beneath the falls, stood the man who had dared to make ocular love to Mamie Angelina!

The man had his arm around Mamie Angelina's waist. Mamie Angelina's arm encircled the shoulder of the man. The man stooped—their backs were turned—and Augustus beheld the sharp red nose dive beneath his wife's hood. A chirruping sound ensued, and then he waited for no more.

With the spring of a jungle tiger, Augustus Bobbles darted upon the villain who would rob him of his treasure. In an instant he caught him by the throat, and, whilst administering a violent kick *a tergo*, hurled him into the arms of the guide. Then, flinging back his hood and placing himself in a paralytic attitude, supposed to be that of defense, hoarsely cried, as he flourished his clinched fists rapidly through the air:

"Come on, you ruffian! I'll teach you to respect my wife, you blackguard! Come on! Come on! I'll put a head on you!"

A series of dismal shrieks came from the oilskinned form reclining in the stalwart arms of the guide—shrieks that threatened to lift a roof that had withstood the weight of 750 tons of ice during the previous Winter.

"Oh, Augustus! you've killed momma!" cried Mamie Angelina.

"Wh-a-a-a-t?" gasped the affrighted Bobbles. "I—I thought it was—was that ——"

But further sign of speech was denied him. He had incautiously approached within range of his mother-in-law, and in a second was in her octopus-like clutch.

"You nasty!"—buffet—"mean!"—scratch—"low!"—buffet, buffet—"wretch!"—scratch, scratch—"to strike"—buffet—"a woman!"—scratch, scratch, scratch—"but I'll be even with you. I'll put a head"—buffet, buffet—"on *you! I'll* ——"

Then the guide, a man of herculean strength, flung himself between Mrs. Brown and her son-in-law, and by dint of sheer force compelled the lady to relax her hold, but not until she had scratched a war-map on his face, and deprived him of more than one lock of his hair.

"You horrible old hag!" he yelled. "I mistook you for the man that has been shadowing us all the time."

At this moment the individual in question appeared upon the scene, and the reader will be good enough to determine which is Mrs. Brown, which Mr. Podsby!

It took a good deal of coaxing out of Mamie Angelina to reduce the swollen condition of her husband's feelings, and when she at length brought him within an easy approach of himself he refused stoutly to go under the Falls.

"Then *we'll* go, my che-ild," said Mrs. Brown.

"You can go if you like, madam, and break your blessed neck; but my wife shall not go."

"She'll come with me, sir. Mamie, you ain't a-going to be sat upon in this way, and before a strange gentleman, are you?" adding, in a whisper, to her daughter: "If you give in now, he'll always be ahead of you."

"Augustus, I think that I'll go with my momma," said the bride.

"I'll be happy to take care you," observed Podsby.

"I'll be —— if you'll take care of *my* wife," said Bobbles. "Come, if you *are* bent on this thing, and I'll see you through."

The instant they emerged into the open air, the spray leaped upon them, covering them in a boiling, seething mist. Up to the sky-line were the glittering, foaming, majestic waters; close to their foot, the deadly, smooth green current; over against them, the Canadian shore, dotted with hotels and villas, and tree-crowned lawns. Out beyond the mist, the great Horseshoe Falls, with their emerald portals seemingly opening to a great water world of which man knoweth as little as of the starry firmament.

XUM

In single file they picked their way along the steep, wet stones, and if anything yielded balm to the exhausted feelings of the railway clerk, it was the groans of his mother-in-law as her singularly well-developed bunions came into violent and rasping contact with the angular flints that formed the treacherous path.

They mounted a wooden stair, slippery as ice, and went on to a railed balcony.

"Hold up, mum!" growled the guide, chucking Mrs. Brown to her feet in no very tender or respectful way.

"I'll give that man a dollar for himself," thought Augustus.

The view from this coigne of vantage was magnificently grand, and the tribute of silence was instinctively paid to it. Mamie Angelina slipped as she turned to leave the gangway, and was promptly caught up by Mr. Podsby.

"Thanks," murmured the bride, dealing him a death-glance from behind the brim of her oilskin helmet.

They now wobbled over flinty pebbles until they arrived at a wooden gallery, the spray washing over them in fleecy clouds.

"Ye'll have for to descend the stair backward!" yelled the guide; "and let each ketch a-hold of the other, this way;" suiting the action to the words by clasping Mrs. Brown's waist.

"How dare you!" screamed the indignant lady, turning fiercely upon the dripping-faced guide.

The man grinned as he motioned the bride to approach him. This Mamie Angelina did without the slightest hesitation.

"Follow in order!" howled the guide.

In an instant Mr. Podsby skipped next to Mamie Angelina, and in the confusion consequent upon the thunder of the falling waters, the blinding spray and the general apprehension, Augustus came last; preceding, and clinging to him with the tenacity of a cupping-glass, his mother-in-law. Imagining that it was his bride, Bobbles made no objection to the vise-like grip in which he was held; and as the deafening noise of the cataract prevented the intercommunication of vocal sounds, he shuffled after her, the breath nearly squeezed out of his body.

The spray became more blinding and more dense, while great gouts of water dashed in douches over the entire party. The plank upon which they shuffled backward was only protected by a light wooden guard-rail, and was as though greased for sliding purposes. Mrs. Brown slipped and slid and skated, always holding on to her son-in-law; her embrace, as the gloom deepened—for they were now between the ribbed rock and the fall—tightening like that of a boa constrictor. In vain the railway clerk remonstrated with his supposed bride, firstly by gentle nudgings, then by frantic endeavors to make himself heard, and lastly by violent efforts to disengage himself from her clutch. All in vain; and were it not that they arrived at a niche in the rock where they were allowed to breathe, it would have fared pretty hard with poor Augustus Bobbles.

Huddled together in a close, compact mass, the guide protecting them on the outside, Bobbles endeavored by pantomime—for the thunder of the waters prevented his making himself heard—to inform his wife that another bear's-hug would be more than he could possibly stand.

Mamie Angelina shook her dripping head, and as Augustus was about to snatch a Niagaric kiss, the guide suddenly wheeled the bride into line, and ere the astonished railway clerk could take up his position, he was again in the grasp of his terror-stricken mother-in-law.

He struggled manfully to emancipate himself. He writhed and squirmed and tugged and buffeted and kicked, even with the fear of rolling off the gangway before his eyes; but terror lent additional stimulus to the biceps of Mrs. Brown, and she handled Augustus Bobbles with as much ease as though he were a recalcitrant ten-year-old.

A few backward steps in the hideous, howling darkness, and they reached the end of their *pleasurable* excursion. Then came the return. On this occasion Bobbles led, and the pace at which he commenced to traverse the precarious planking so terrified his mother-in-law that she fairly lifted him in her arms, barely allowing his toes to touch the slippery boards. In this ignominious position she bore him until they reached the stair, when she let him go, in order to seat herself upon the bottom step to take breath, the water dashing over her in pailfuls.

"I've got my d-d-death!" she groaned. "Th-th-the vi-vi-villain has been my death! Oh, Lord, why did I ever allow my che-ild to m-m-marry such a m-m-monster—an inhuman wretch!"

"You can't stop here, mum!" yelled the guide. "We'll all take the chills if you block the way."

"I'll stop as long as *I* please. Oh! I can't go on—I am on my death-bed!" and Mrs. Brown frantically wrung her watery hands.

By the united endeavors of the guide, Mr. Podsby and Mamie Angelina—her son-in-law having refused point blank to come to the rescue—Mrs. Brown was assisted up the steps, and back over the shingle to the bath-house.

She darted into the dressing-room with the agility of an acrobat, and as the clasp of a cork being withdrawn from a bottle made itself heard almost as soon as she had bolted the door, it may be safely affirmed that the wary lady was indulging in spiritual comfort.

"Look at me, madame!" exclaimed Augustus, sternly, to his bride, when he got dressed. "This eye will be as black as my hat in the morning; and my face is a cobweb of scratches."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the bride.

"And let me tell you, madame!" continued Bobbles, in a sterner key, "that with your mother I will not travel another step. Here's her ticket. She has money—I saw a 'V' in her purse—so she's safe. I'll pay her board-bill at the Spencer House, and skip by the 2:35."

"Leave my mamma alone?"

"Most decidedly!" folding his arms melodramatically across his bosom.

"Augustus, you—you are a—a brute!" sobbed the bride.

"Come, come, my lady!" hoarsely exclaimed the irate railway clerk. "I don't want no more Niagara, either out of your eyes or off the rocks. I've had enough of it—too much, by jingo! and let me tell you, my lady," he added, with fierce energy, "that your conduct toward this chap that has been sneaking around wasn't all that I could like. Come, now, no sniggering. Dry up your eyes, and get out of this cursed place! I've got the chills, already!"

"I'll never leave my mamma for such a—a——"

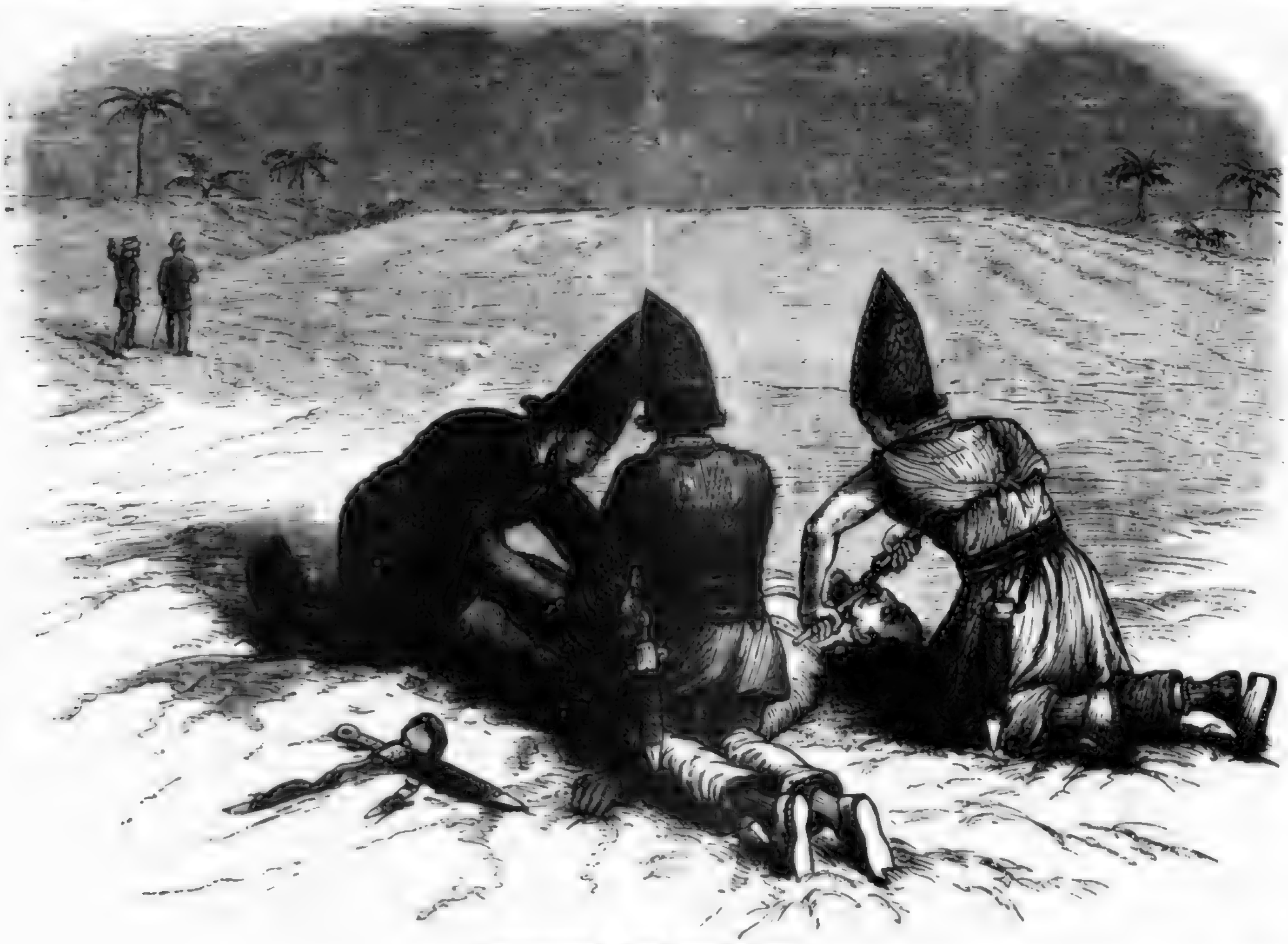
"Don't trouble yourself, then," cried Augustus, shivering with cold and anger. "I leave by the two-thirty-five. Meet me at the depot, if you change your mind." And ere Mamie Angelina could interpose by so much as a word, he had disappeared.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Bobbles, having thought better of it, joined her husband at the depot. She endeavored to coax him into remaining at Niagara another day, but he was adamant. As Mrs. Brown insisted upon accompanying them on the homeward journey, Augustus rode until bedtime in the smoking-car.

He does *not* board with his mother-in-law, and the very mention of Niagara gives him a chill.

XUM



DENTISTRY ON THE PERSIAN GULF.

TEETH

By Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E.

No structures of the human body are more familiar to ordinary observation than the teeth. In lower life, the teeth are equally well known and readily distinguished, even amidst variations in form, size and appearance—variations that are often of considerable extent. Common as these organs are, however, their structure is a matter concerning which only students of natural science possess definite information; and the true nature of teeth, and their relationship to the other tissues by which they are surrounded, form subjects all unknown save to the learned few. Nor may the teeth interest us in their natural history alone. Among the many misfortunes to which humanity is liable, not the least serious and annoying are those evils which beset our teeth. And if the metaphysical doctrine that an analysis and understanding of our pains and sorrows be a proceeding tantamount to their mitigation and relief, a study of the natural history of the teeth may prove, perchance, to ameliorate, in a philosophical sense, some of the pains of man's estate.

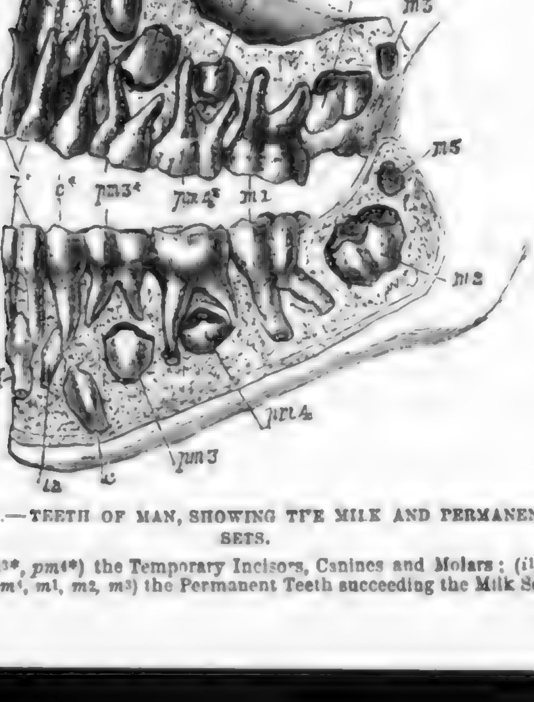


FIG. 1.—TEETH OF MAN, SHOWING THE MILK AND PERMANENT SETS.

(i^*, c^*, pm^{3*}, pm^{4*}) the Temporary Incisors, Canines and Molars; (i^1, i^2, c, pm^3, pm^4, m^1, m^2, m^3) the Permanent Teeth succeeding the Milk Set.

The true nature of the teeth may form a fit subject for preliminary remark. Were the ordinary reader asked amidst which structures of the body he would classify the teeth, his natural reply would likely be that the teeth be-

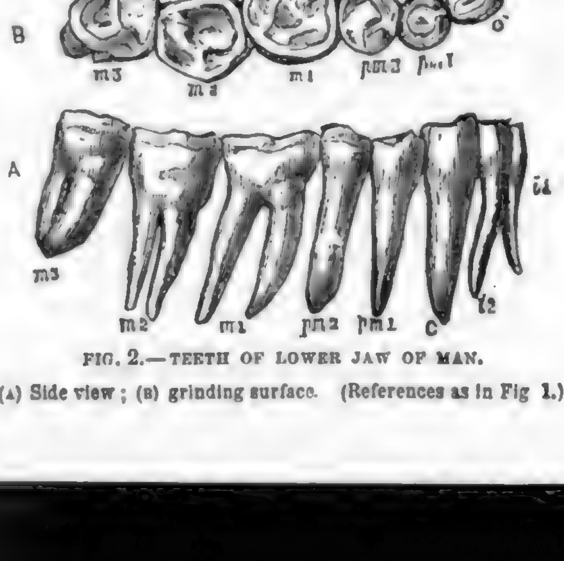


FIG. 2.—TEETH OF LOWER JAW OF MAN.

(A) Side view; (B) grinding surface. (References as in Fig 1.)

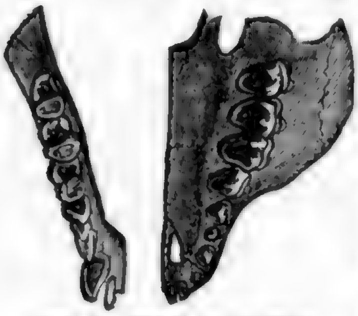


FIG. 3.—TEETH OF TARSIUS.

long to the skeletal portion of the body, and are allied to the bones in their nature. Such a remark would further seem to be fully borne out and supported by the superficial consideration of the teeth themselves. They are hard, dense, bony structures, bearing outwardly the closest possible resemblance to bones. They are, moreover, firmly fixed, in man and his nearest relations, in cavities or sockets excavated in the jaw-bones, and are thus placed in very intimate connection with bony structures.

Plain as would seem the inference to be deduced from the foregoing fact—namely, that teeth are simply modified bones — the physiologist finds good and sufficient reasons for fully denying the apparent connection which might be regarded as existing between the skeleton and the teeth. The latter, he maintains, are not parts of the bony framework. In a true or natural classification of the bodily belongings, the teeth would be placed in quite a different section from the bones; and it is doubtful if any relationship, other than a superficial resemblance in chemical composition, can be shown to exist between bones and teeth.

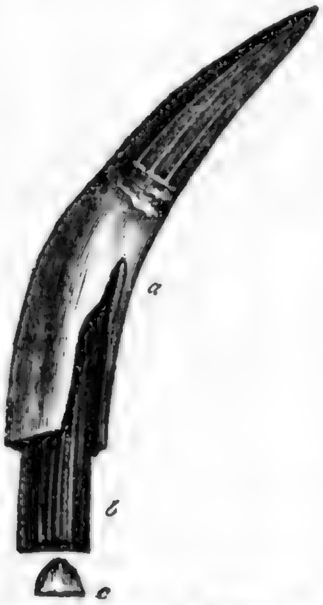


FIG. 5.—GROWTH OF TOOTH OF CROCODILE.

(*a*) Tooth fully developed; (*b*) tooth nearly developed to succeed *a*; (*c*) germ of the third tooth which in due time will succeed and displace *b*.

Let us try to ascertain the grounds for the physiologist's separation of these two structures; and in so doing we may glean some important information concerning the manner in which the true relationships of the structures of living beings are discovered.

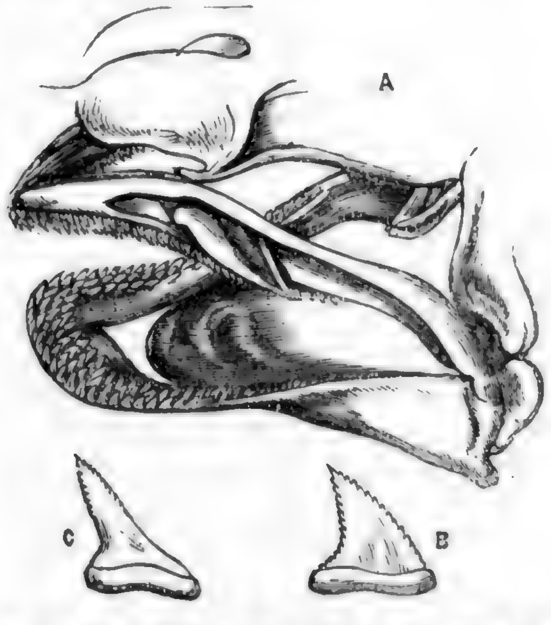


FIG. 7.—JAWS (*a*) OF SHARK; (*b*) TOOTH OF UPPER JAW; (*c*) TOOTH OF LOWER JAW.

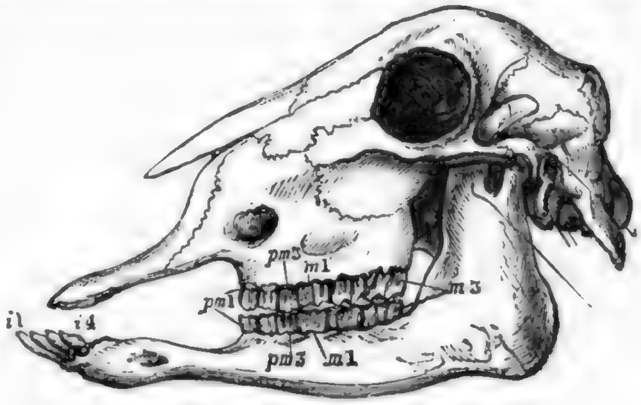


FIG. 4.—SKULL OF SHEEP, SHOWING DENTITION.

In the endeavor to trace the nature of some of the existing features of society, such as its marriage customs, or any of the institutions which mark the social life of our age, the investigator has recourse to antiquarian lore, and to the primitive history of our race. Therein he tries to discover the first beginnings of the habit in question, and, if his search is successful, he will be able to trace the growth of the custom, and the history of the innovations which have suited or adapted it to the gradual advance of mankind.

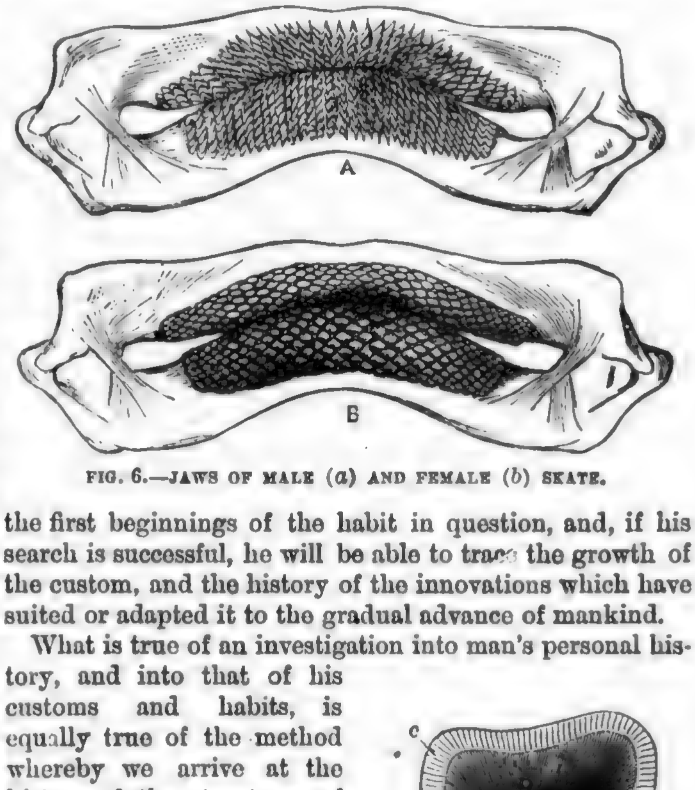


FIG. 6.—JAWS OF MALE (*a*) AND FEMALE (*b*) SKATE.

What is true of an investigation into man's personal history, and into that of his customs and habits, is equally true of the method whereby we arrive at the history of the structures of which his frame is built up. In either case, the subject under our investigation does not explain itself by its present aspect. We must travel back, in either case, to the beginning, and try to trace through *development* the true nature of the subject or structure under consideration.

Apply these remarks to the investigation of the teeth and their nature, and we shall speedily find reasons for the separation of the teeth and bones. Suppose we watch the development of a tooth, we may find that its lines are laid down, so to speak, in a very different manner from that in

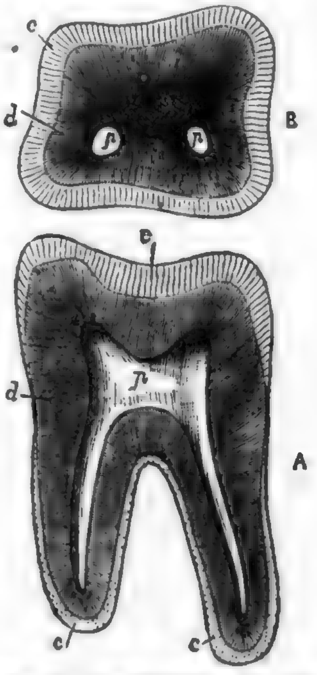


FIG. 8.—LONGITUDINAL (*a*) AND TRANSVERSE (*b*) SECTION OF MOLAR TOOTH OF MAN.

(c) Cement; (d) dentine; (e) enamel; (p) pulp-cavity.

which the bones are fashioned. Man and higher animals, as most readers are aware, possess two layers in the skin. The outer layer, as we know from our experience of ordinary life, is devoid of blood vessels, and destitute of nerves. This outside layer is the *epidermis.*[*] Beneath the *epidermis* we find the under skin, well supplied with nerves and blood-vessels, and known as the *dermis.*[†] This under layer of the skin is the more important of the two, since it is by means of its nerves that we feel, and through its "sweat-glands" that we get rid of a large proportion of the waste matters of our bodies. But these two layers of the skin, viewed altogether apart from these functions, also serve to form and develop certain *hard parts,* which come in due time to assume a permanent place in the structure of the body. Thus, for instance, the nails are formed by the *epidermis;* and hairs as well as feathers are no less typical developments of this outer skin-layer. The *callosities,* or hard patches or knobs, we see on the inner aspect of a horse's leg, or on the camel's breast, and horns themselves, may be also regarded as typical belongings of the outer skin. Indeed, the well-known "horn" borne on the nose of the rhinoceros, in its essential nature, is but a bundle of closely packed and somewhat altered hairs.

The *dermis* or under skin also devotes part of its vital energy toward the formation of hard structures. Thus even within the limits of the great class (*Mammalia*) including man as its highest representative, the under skin presents us with evidences of its power in forming hard structures in the bony plates which, like a veritable coat of flexible armor, invest the armadillos of South America. But the under layer of the skin also possesses a more special interest for us when we discover that it is to this layer that we are indebted for our teeth, and that teeth in reality must be classified with the skin and its products in a true arrangement of the body and its parts. At the margin of the lips, the outer layer of the skin merges into the delicate structure seen in the lips themselves; and this latter layer in its turn merges into the still more delicate layer which we familiarly term the "gum." The "gum" is in truth simply an altered under-skin, and it is to the gum that we must look for the explanation of the formation of a tooth.

The beginnings of tooth-formation take place at a very early period in the life-history of man and his animal neighbors, and the first traces of this work result in the production of a semi-circular groove running round the upper jaw. This is the *primitive dental groove* of physiologists. In the floor of this groove appear a number of little projections or *papillæ,* each of which may be regarded as a veritable mold upon which a tooth is formed. The dental groove next becomes contracted; its edges tend to grow together, so as to inclose the little *papillæ;* and by a further development of the groove, each *papilla* becomes inclosed in a little chamber or compartment of its own, named a *follicle.* It may be well to remark at the present stage of our inquiries, that the *follicles* are simply the representatives of the future "sockets" in which the true teeth will be duly and securely lodged. Inclosed within their compartments or *follicles,* the little *papillæ* begin to grow rapidly, and to assume each the form of a tooth. The upper part of each *papilla* has a little cap, which forms the *enamel* of the future tooth; whilst the substance of the *papilla* itself is devoted to the formation of the *dentine* or ivory, of which the great bulk of a tooth is composed. Ultimately the great bulk of the *papilla* will become the *pulp* of the tooth; and as soon as the proper period arrives, the gum will give way through the pressure of the tooth upon it, and the tooth, making its entrance into its proper sphere of action, is said to be "cut."

Thus the study of the development of a tooth teaches us the following important facts: firstly, that teeth belong to the skin-structures, and are near relations of the hairs and nails; secondly, that each tooth is formed from a little projection called a *papilla,* formed in a groove, which ultimately becomes divided into *follicles* or sacs; thirdly, that the *papilla,* becoming hardened through the formation of limy matter, forms the tooth, the central substance of the *papilla* remaining soft and constituting the tooth-pulp; and fourthly, that when the tooth emerges from its sac it is said to be "cut"—the *follicle* or sac forming the familiar "socket" of the tooth.

Thus much for the development of a tooth and what it teaches. The process just described refers to the *first,* "*milk,*" or *temporary set* of teeth which man and his neighbors are known to possess. A second or *permanent* set appears in due course; the second teeth being developed in little pockets, which are given off from the *follicles* or sacs of the first teeth. In the bottom of each of these secondary sacs a new tooth grows from a *papilla,* as in the previous case, and as the second teeth grow they press like rude neighbors upon the roots of their predecessors. This pressure causes the decay or absorption of the roots of the milk-teeth, which, in the natural order of things, fall out, and are replaced by the second set. Thus we learn something, through these latter facts, about the *succession of the teeth.*

Most quadrupeds resemble man in that they possess two sets of teeth; but those whales which possess teeth, the sloths, and some other quadrupeds, have but one set. Nor must we neglect to remark, in passing on, some rather interesting, not to say strange, peculiarities which mark the succession of the teeth in some animals. Thus, the guinea-pigs actually shed their milk or first teeth before they are born. Still more curious is the case of the whalebone whales. In their adult state these animals have no teeth, but the teeth are actually developed in the gums, and absorbed before birth. So also with the upper front teeth of ruminants, or animals which, like sheep, oxen, etc., "chew the cud." These front teeth are duly formed and developed, but they do not cut the gum, and wholly disappear before the animals are born.

"What," asks Mr. Darwin, in speaking of this subject, "can be more curious than the presence of teeth in fœtal whales, which, when grown up, have not a tooth in their heads; or the teeth which never cut through the gums in the upper jaws of unborn calves?"

The only explanation which has been tendered of such anomalous and apparently useless organs, has been to assume that they are the results of "the law of inheritance," and exist as the modified remnants of teeth which in the "remote ancestors" of the whales and calves attained a large and typical development. But this is a mere hypothesis, and one which we need not discuss here.

Turning to consider man's teeth as to their number, we find him to possess thirty-two teeth in all: the sixteen teeth of the upper jaw presenting a similar form and arrangement to those of the lower jaw. Man's teeth form an unbroken series in each jaw—a character almost peculiarly human, since only one living animal, a little lemur (*Tarsius*), has the teeth so arranged (Fig. 3); an extinct hoofed quadruped, the *Anoplotherium,* also sharing this peculiarity. Man possesses only ten teeth in each jaw in his milk-set; and this remark leads us to ask what becomes of the additional twelve teeth his permanent set contains? To answer this question, we may briefly glance at the varieties of teeth found in the category of human possessions (Figs. 1 and 2). Thus four front teeth exist in each jaw. These are *incisors*, or nippers. Next to those, one on each side, lie the teeth so pointed and prominent in the dog, hence named *canines*, or "dog-teeth." Then succeed two teeth on each side with two *cusps* or points on each crown. These are the *bicuspids*, or premolars. Lastly come the *molars*, "grinders," or back teeth, with broad crowns, and which exist to the number of three on each side of each jaw.

---

[*] Sometimes called the *ecteron.*

[†] Or *enderon.*

We may denote the number of teeth in any animal by a very simple arrangement of letters and figures, named a "dental formula." Thus, we might indicate man's permanent tooth-arrangement or "dentition" by the following symbols, which are by no means so formidable as at first glance they may seem:

$$\begin{array}{cccc|cccc} m. & pm. & c. & i. & i. & c. & pm. & m. \\ 3 & 2 & 1 & 2 & 2 & 1 & 2 & 3 \\ \hline 3 & 2 & 1 & 2 & 2 & 1 & 2 & 3 \end{array} = 32$$

The figures above the horizontal line indicate the teeth in the upper jaw; the figures below the line referring to the teeth of the under jaw. The vertical line divides the jaws into two equal halves—and this for the reason that we might require in some animals to note the occurrence of teeth in one half of the jaw that are absent in the other half. To render the construction of a dental formula clearer, we may select, as an additional example, that of the sheep (Fig. 4). This animal wants upper incisors and canine teeth, but possesses six lower incisors and two lower canines; the premolars and molars each existing to the number of six in each jaw. The arrangement of teeth in the sheep might be thus expressed:

$$\begin{array}{cccc|cccc} m. & pm. & c. & i. & i. & c. & pm. & m. \\ 3 & 3 & 0 & 0 & 0 & 0 & 3 & 3 \\ \hline 3 & 3 & 1 & 3 & 3 & 1 & 3 & 3 \end{array} = 32$$

Returning to the subject of man's dentition, we find that from the twenty teeth he possesses as his milk set, the molars or grinders are excluded. When these latter teeth appear they do so but once in his lifetime, namely, in the permanent set, and are therefore not preceded by milk-teeth. The dental formula for man's milk set therefore runs:

$$\begin{array}{cccc|cccc} m. & pm. & c. & i. & i. & c. & pm. & m. \\ 0 & 2 & 1 & 2 & 2 & 1 & 2 & 0 \\ \hline 0 & 2 & 1 & 2 & 2 & 1 & 2 & 0 \end{array} = 20$$

Man's teeth are by no means numerous when compared with the numbers represented in some of his nearest allies, as well as with those developed in many lower forms of life. Some dolphins exist in which over 200 teeth are developed; whilst some armadillos must certainly be regarded as being well provided in the matter of dental apparatus in the possession of ninety teeth. On the side of limitation in numbers may be mentioned that curious dolphin-like animal, the narwhal, or "sea-unicorn"—of whose dental peculiarities more anon—in which but two teeth are found.

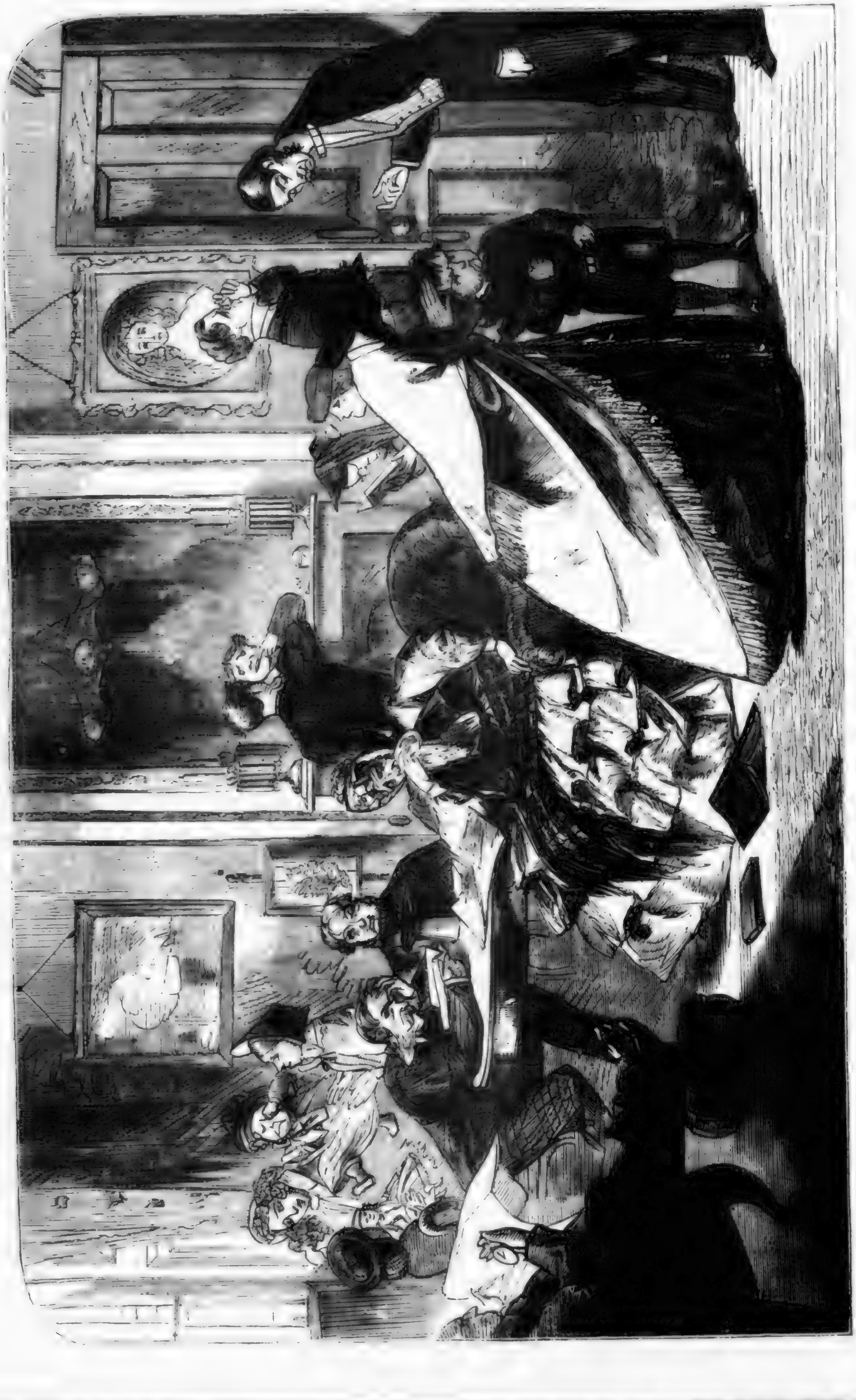
When man loses any of his second teeth, he knows that all hope of replacement of the missing member by nature is useless, and he has therefore to submit himself to the tender mercies of the dentist in order to supply the gaps in the necessary furnishings of his mouth. Infinitely superior, in respect of the arrangements for the renewal of lost teeth, are the faculties of many lower forms of life. Think of the crocodiles (Fig. 5), which are so lavishly provided for by nature in the matter of teeth that whilst one tooth is in use, not one alone, but actually two, new teeth may be in process of formation below the still useful member, the teeth succeeding each other vertically in these animals. Or consider the arrangement of the teeth in many members of the class of fishes. Glance into the mouth of a pike or perch, and you will speedily discover the teeth to be so numerous that nature has crowded them not upon the jaws only, but upon tongue, palate, floor and sides of the mouth, and upon the gill-arches and back of the throat. Or look at the jaws of a shark (Fig. 7), or a skate (Fig. 6), or ray, in which series after series of new teeth is developed, one behind the other, ready to be pushed forward and to occupy the place of the teeth at present in use. An Australian shark (*Cestracion*) presents us with a perfect pavement-like arrangement of teeth in its jaws; and in the rays, the teeth remind one of nothing so much, in their profusion and regularity, as the paving-stones in a street, or in some cases like the arrangement of mosaic-work. In these latter cases, set after set of teeth may be developed, in striking contrast to the meagre provision made by nature in the matter of teeth in her highest flight of development as represented in man's estate.

The chief remaining points in the history of the teeth may be included under the heads *tooth-structure*, and *peculiarities in tooth-development*. When a tooth is cut in two longwise, it is found to be hollow in its interior. This hollow in the living tooth is occupied by the delicate *tooth-pulp* (Fig. 8, A, *p*), which consists, among other things, of blood-vessels and nerves, entering the cavity of the tooth at its roots. The tooth-pulp represents the papilla, upon and from which, as we have already seen, the tooth was at first formed. The great bulk of a tooth consists of *dentine* or *ivory* (Fig. 8, *d*), which, resembling bone in outward appearance, differs markedly therefrom in its essential structure. A transverse microscopic section, or thin slice of bone cut across, shows us that it consists of rings of bony matter surrounding the minute *Haversian canals* (Fig. 9, B, *a a*) in which the blood-vessels of the bone are contained. A section of dentine or ivory (Fig. 9, A, *b*) similarly examined, shows that this substance consists of branching tubes, which, in a living tooth, are filled with delicate extensions of the tooth-pulp.

The *enamel* forms the second of the three elements in a tooth. This latter is the hardest substance of the animal tissues, and forms a delicate investing crust to the tooth as far as the root. The enamel is thickest on the crown, where the tooth is most subject to wear and tear. The *cement* (Fig. 9, A, *b*, *c*) of a tooth exists on the roots, and is thickest at the points of the fangs. This latter substance most nearly, of all the substances found in a tooth, resembles bone.

No better illustration of the importance of correctly distinguishing between teeth and bone could be given than the case of certain fossil birds, which, in contradistinction to their living neighbors, possess teeth-like "processes" on their jaws. Part of the skull of such a bird was discovered in the London Clay of Sheppey, the jaws being provided with tooth-like structures. Under the microscope, however, the "teeth" of *Odontopteryx*—as the Sheppey fossil was named—were seen to be composed of bone, and to be therefore entirely different in nature from true teeth. Later on, and, indeed, quite recently, certain bird-remains, from the cretaceous or chalk rocks of America, have been found to exhibit tooth-like processes of the jaws like *Odontopteryx*. When, however, the question of the true nature of the teeth of these American birds came to be raised, these latter structures were found to be true teeth in every respect. Their structure was that of true teeth, and they sprang, in one form at any rate, from distinct sockets.

XUM



TEETH.—SCENE IN THE WAITING-ROOM OF A FASHIONABLE DENTIST.

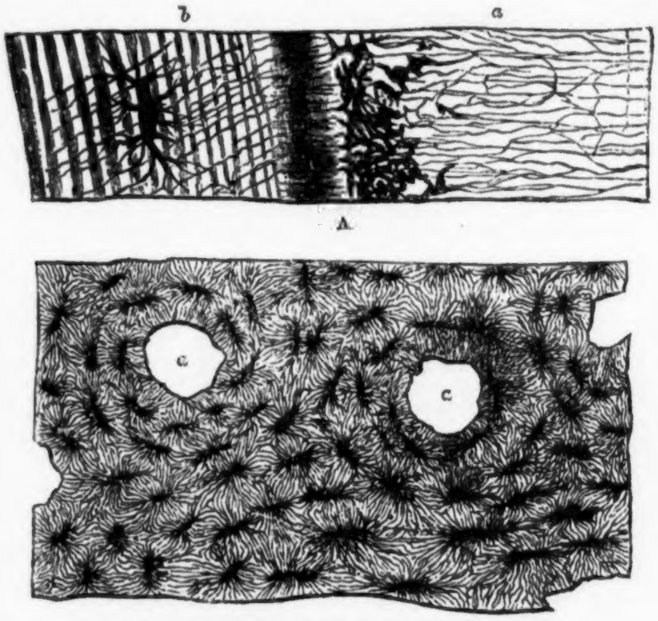


FIG. 9.—DENTINE AND BONE.

(A) Vertical Section of Dentine and Cement from Incisor Tooth of Man ; (a) Dentine ; (b, c) Outer and Inner Layers of Cement ; (B) Transverse Section of Bone from *Humerus* of Man ; (a, a) Haversian Canals.

Thus the exact nature of a tooth, as distinguished from bone, is seen to be a highly important point in settling the status and relationship, not merely of living forms, but of some of the more extraordinary relics of the life which existed in the æons of the past.

Some teeth, such as those of sloths and armadillos, have no enamel. In the molar teeth of the elephants, on the contrary, we meet with a very complicated structure. In these animals a molar tooth exists as an elongated body, composed of plates of dentine capped by enamel, and separated by masses of cement. The patterns assumed by the dentine and enamel plates exhibit variations in the different species of elephants. Thus, in the African species (Fig. 10) the teeth exhibit lozenge-shaped spaces, whilst the molars of the Indian species (Fig. 11) show a simple transverse or cross-barred arrangement, also witnessed in the teeth of the extinct mammoth. In the elephants we note a good example of the immense development of certain teeth — the upper incisors — to form "tusks." Such tusks spring from what are termed *permanent pulps* —that is, the roots of these teeth do not, as in man and most other animals, become sooner or later absorbed, but continue in a soft, living condition, which permits of a continuous increase taking place. In the same way, the incisor teeth of such animals as rats, mice, rabbits, hares, squirrels, porcupines, beavers, etc. (named collectively *Rodents*), continue to grow throughout life, and thus to provide for the constant wear and tear to which these teeth are subjected in the act of gnawing. But in these animals we note another important and equally interesting provision of Nature for preventing too rapid wear of these prominent front teeth. The front part of each incisor tooth in the rodents consists of a thick layer of *enamel;* the hinder part of the tooth being composed of the softer *dentine*, or "ivory." It follows, therefore, from this arrangement of tooth-substance, that the ivory, or hinder part of the tooth, will wear faster than the enamel front, and the constant use of the tooth tends to keep a chisel-like edge thereupon, and thus provides for its continual sharpness.

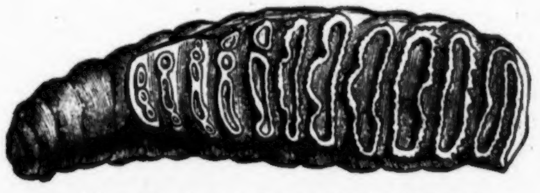


FIG. 11.—MOLAR TOOTH OF INDIAN ELEPHANT.

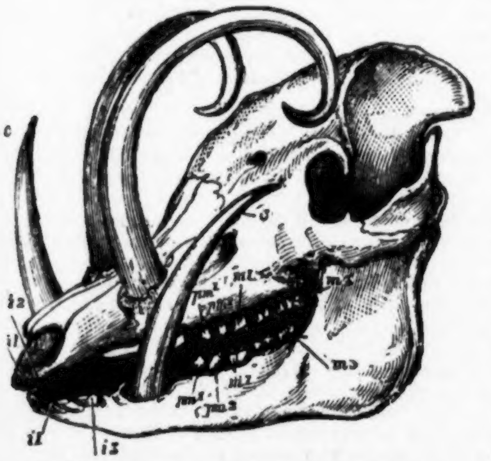


FIG. 12.—SKULL OF THE BABYROUSSA HOG.
(References as in Figs. 1, 2, 4.)

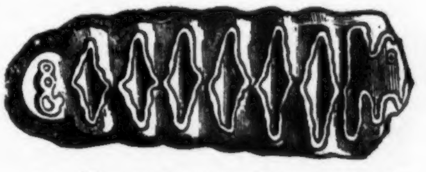


FIG. 10.—MOLAR TOOTH OF AFRICAN ELEPHANT.

Some marked peculiarities of teeth result in rodent animals, from disuse of these long incisors. When the incisors of one jaw in the rabbit, or hare, or other rodent, are accidentally broken, the opposing teeth of the lower jaw, being left unworn for a time, may grow rapidly, and extend well-nigh into a complete circle, preventing the closure of the mouth, and ultimately killing the animal. And an allied but natural state of what we may call tooth-deformity is found in the Babyroussa hogs of the Eastern Archipelago, where the upper canine teeth grow upward and backward so as to resemble horns, the lower canines also attaining a large size (Fig. 12). The longest tooth in the world is that of the male narwhal (Fig. 13), which develops one tooth — the nature of which is doubtful—to a length of ten or more feet ; this great tooth appearing as an ivory pole of twisted conformation. Sometimes two such teeth are developed, and occasionally the female narwhals imitate their lords and masters in the development of a like formidable appendage.

Our space will not permit us to further descant on the peculiarities of tooth-structure. We may, however, mention one remarkable instance of modified teeth found in a class of animals in which certain of the teeth are, as a rule, remarkably constructed to form poison fangs—namely, the serpents. One little African snake, named

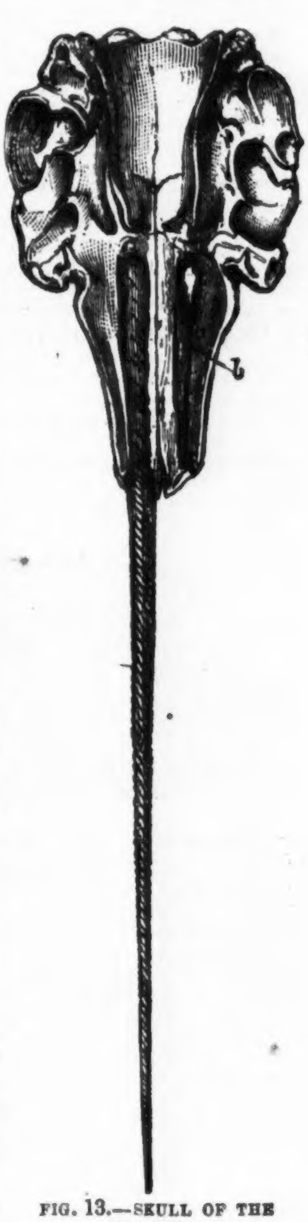
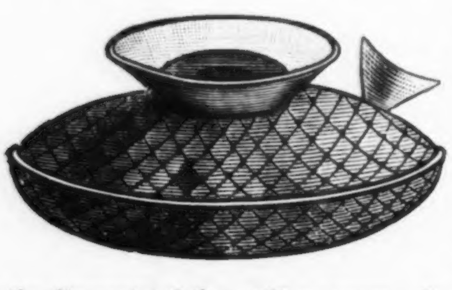


FIG. 13.—SKULL OF THE NARWHAL.
(a) The Developed Tooth ; (b) the Undeveloped Tooth.

Rachiodon, appears to subsist on eggs as its normal dietary. The puzzle of ordinary snake-existence with such epicurean tastes is obvious in the difficulty such an animal would encounter of obtaining the full benefit of its dainty fare. But Nature has overcome this difficulty in a sufficiently remarkable way. Certain processes of bony character project from the front of the spine and protrude into the throat; these processes being tipped with enamel. Although these processes are skin-formations, they seem to lie outside the category of ordinary teeth, from their peculiar position. Their function, however, is no less peculiar than their position. The eggs being swallowed whole, these throat-teeth duly fracture them in the course of their descent to the stomach, so that the snake in this way obtains the full benefit of its food, and contrives to procure the entire amount of its fragile diet.

The subject of the teeth and their modifications may be regarded as carrying its own lessons with it. One consideration, however, may be said to be plainly derivable from such a theme—namely, that the teeth very typically and beautifully illustrate at once the marvelous adaptation of animal forms to varied ways of life, and the wondrous fertility of contrivance which is characteristic of life at large.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.



The Dentaphone.—The dentaphone is a new invention whereby the deaf and the partially deaf are enabled to hear through the medium of the teeth. In the ordinary process of hearing, the sound-vibrations in the atmosphere impinge on the drum of the ear and set it in vibration. This vibration is then conveyed along a chain of bones in the middle ear, and finally communicated to a thin membrane which divides the middle from the internal chambers of the ear. Behind this membrane is the liquid contained in the internal ear, and floating in this liquid are the fine filaments of the auditory nerve. Of course the vibrations communicated to the membrane from the chain of bones in the middle ear are from the membrane imparted to the liquid, and by it to the auditory nerve, thus constituting the sensation of hearing. The dentaphone is a chambered box, in size and shape much like an old-fashioned watch, and weighs about an ounce and a half. In the box is secured a delicate vibrating diaphragm, and the material and mode of securing this diaphragm, together with the size and shape of the chambers, constitute the effectiveness of the instrument, and have been determined by experiment. On the surface of the diaphragm strike the sound-vibrations of the atmosphere and set it in motion, just as they would set in motion the drum of the healthy ear. These vibrations are imparted to the mouthpiece in contact with the teeth of the upper jaw; from the teeth they travel through the bones of the face and head (not through the nerves of the teeth, as some physicians and pseudo-scientists have supposed—for the nerves of the teeth can no more conduct sound-vibrations than the nerves of the hands and arms can conduct light-vibrations), and finally are communicated to the liquid in the internal ear. From this liquid, of course, they are imparted to the filaments of the auditory nerve. In short, then, the success of the dentaphone depends on the fact that by it the sound-vibrations reach the auditory nerve, not through the diseased outer and middle ear, but by another channel through the solid bony framework of the face and skull. It has long been known that certain sounds, such as the ticking of a watch held between the teeth, the beating of a pump-piston in an engine, when a rod of wood extended from the outside of the engine to the teeth of the listener, etc., etc., could be readily heard through the bones of the face and head, but it was not until the invention of the dentaphone that the fact was demonstrated that the delicate modulations of the human voice could be so conveyed. However, the phonograph and the telephone have made it clear to the unscientific that the finest tones and modulations of the voice, and all the varying notes of the opera, are no more nor less than mechanical effects produced in the atmosphere, and capable of being recorded, or transmitted and reproduced. In experiments with the deaf and dumb, it was found that many could hear sounds through the dentaphone, and repeated them with fair success. Many are of opinion, from the experiments made in Cincinnati and elsewhere, that the dentaphone will be used to educate the deaf and dumb to hear and repeat spoken words. *A priori*, we would be induced to say that on congenital mutes, where there is no paralysis of the auditory nerve, the dentaphone will be successfully used in educating the deaf and dumb. In the case of the deaf its efficiency is beyond all question, and it has the unqualified indorsement of leading journals in whose offices experiments and tests were conducted. The mode of action of the dentaphone illustrates the evolution of the special senses from an original simple sense of touch, and the instrument is also considered by physicians as likely to be of service in diagnoses of diseases of the ear. The American Dentaphone Company, of Cincinnati, publish a free pamphlet containing a full description of the dentaphone. The invention is the work of a well-known scientific gentleman of that city.

Silk-dyeing in America.—The art of dyeing silk, as now practiced, requires more actual skill and knowledge of applied chemistry than the dyeing of cotton or woolen goods. The secrets of the art are more carefully guarded in Europe than in America; but here, as well as there, they have been handed down in families or firms as a heritage of value. The recent introduction of new methods and new dyes has interfered with this exclusiveness, and the pathway to a knowledge of dyeing has become free to all. The chief complaint against American sewing-silk was that its dye was inferior to the Italian; and a prejudice in favor of the foreign article, based chiefly on supposed superiority of color, survived long after the American silks surpassed all others in lustre, brilliancy and permanence of hue, as they unquestionably did in strength of material. The prejudice has not wholly died out at the present day, being still unjustly applied to some descriptions of dress-goods, though long ago at an end in respect to sewing-silk. The discovery of the aniline colors produced a notable change in the materials and art of dyeing. The gaudy colors were promptly accepted by fashion, and each new hue has compelled the dyer to make some change in his processes, until at the present day the older colors and methods are, with few exceptions, unknown in the dyehouse. France took the lead in the discovery and use of most of these modern colors, but the science and ingenuity of Americans have not proved wanting in the altered circumstances, and it is now admitted abroad, as well as at home, that the color obtained by our silk-dyers is, in purity, delicacy and permanence, generally equal, and in many respects superior, to the foreign production. The trick of weighting silks by introducing heavy chemicals in the dye, has been carried to a far more injurious extent in Europe than here. France appears to have surpassed all other countries in achieving a bad eminence in this direction. American manufacturers justly pride themselves on having discountenanced this species of fraud; pure-dye silks are with them the rule; weighted goods, the rare exception.

Weaving by Electricity.—An Italian inventor, Sig. Bonelli, proposes to apply electricity in connection with the Jacquard loom, to save the cost of the expensive pattern-cards. In place of the cards, Bonelli employs an endless band of paper, covered on one surface with tin-foil, on which the pattern is drawn exactly as it is designed in the usual way for the reader; only with this difference, that the color used is varnish, which forms a non-conducting substance between the electro-magnets and the metallic surface. This band of paper passes under a series of thin metallic teeth, each in electrical connection with a small electro-magnet, so that, although an electric current would pass through such of the teeth as were in contact with the metallic surface, it would not affect those teeth which rested upon the varnish of the pattern. The currents from the teeth pass through coils surrounding small pieces of soft wire, which thereby become magnetic; opposite to these magnets, horizontally placed, is a movable frame, containing minute pistons, which latter can slide horizontally in the frame, and pass through a plate attached to its front. When, through a motion of the frame, the pistons are brought into contact with the ends of the electro-magnets, they are attracted by those which are in an active state, and retained by them while the frame, in moving back, carries the others away. In front of the frame is a plate, in which the retained pistons are locked, while the others leave holes open, which represent the punched holes in the card, and act in the same way upon the needles of the Jacquard. At each pick the metallic paper moves a short distance forward, and, according to the pattern, presents a different arrangement of varnished and non-conducting places to the needles, so that, instead of a great number of pasteboard cards, there is only one metallic card, the holes in which vary with each pick, according to the pattern. These are the leading features of an ingenious and elegant adaptation of electricity to weaving.

The Optical Characters of Minerals.—A few years ago, when it was first proposed to apply the microscope to the study of minerals, it was thought that it would never be possible to learn much by the use of that instrument. If we merely magnify a portion of a pure, transparent crystal, we do, indeed, learn little or nothing; but if, instead of viewing the crystal itself, we look through it with a suitable magnifying power at some appropriate object, we can learn more facts of interest and importance than by any other single method whatever. The property possessed by the object-glass of collecting divergent rays to form an image, gives rise to an entirely new class of phenomena, and converts the microscope into a most valuable apparatus for optical research. The object examined through the crystal is the image of a small circular hole, or of rectangular lines ruled on a piece of glass, formed at the focal point of a well-corrected achromatic condenser fixed below the stage, and so arranged that the image is placed either just below or just above the lower surface of the crystal. The divergent rays, passing through it to the object-glass, are bent so that the focal length is, as it were, increased by an amount depending on the thickness of the crystal and its refractive power.

XUM

In order to see the lines in focus, it is therefore necessary to move back the body of the microscope. If we know the thickness and the amount of the displacement of the focal length, we can calculate the value of the index of refraction. By cutting minerals into thin plates and examining them optically, we can form a very accurate idea of their chemical composition, and can, in a few minutes, obtain results which were formerly only arrived at after a tedious analysis extending over several weeks. In this way the microscope has become one of the most important adjuncts in the study of mineralogy.

Perspiration and Sunstroke.—Sunstroke is a term conveniently applied to those phenomena so frequently witnessed under the influence of high temperatures. The sun is, however, only indirectly responsible for the deaths from what is called the *coup de soleil.* No doubt the majority of deaths occur amongst those who are exposed to the sun; but death from sunstroke, as it is termed, can easily happen to a man who is not exposed to daylight. Sunstroke arises simply from overheating of the blood. The man who, when the temperature in the shade indicates 90° Fahr., does not perspire, is in imminent danger of a "stroke," and the more one perspires, especially about the head, the better for one's safety, though not, perhaps, for comfort. Perspiration is, in fact, the safety-valve of the human engine. The evaporation of the water exuding from the human body during warm weather absorbs an enormous quantity of heat, and so cools the blood, which would otherwise become overheated, and practically decomposed, by the action of heat on one of its constituents. The man troubled by heat flies to drink, and, unfortunately, he does not choose water, which would promote perspiration, but devotes his attention to beer, which often acts rather as an extra load on his safety-valve. The very best drink that can be devised for men laboring in a hot atmosphere, is a simple infusion of oat-meal, to which a little pure sulphuric acid has been added, for it quenches the thirst, nourishes the body, and at the same time protects the drinker against sunstroke.

Dry Plates in Photography.—Dry sensitive plates have, during the past year or two, been substituted for the cumbersome method of dipping collodion films or a bath of nitrate of silver. The dry plates are quite as sensitive as the wet ones, and incomparably more convenient. For out-door work, it is now no longer necessary to carry a load of chemicals in bottles and glass in plates, but a few strips of sensitized plates and a light camera are all that are required. The development and finishing of pictures can be done at leisure after the traveler arrives at home. The artist, in his gallery, is no longer obliged to spend a long time in preparing wet plates until the patience of the sitter is exhausted, but he can attend to customers at once, and secure that "pleasant expression" which is so rare in pictures. The dry plates may be kept on hand, in the dark, ready for use, for an indefinite period. Instead of being made of collodion, the base used is gelatine. The gelatine is dissolved in warm water, bromide of ammonia is added, and the mixture is digested with heat. A solution of nitrate of silver is then added, and the mass is thoroughly cooked, being kept at a uniform moderate temperature for four or five days continuously. The mixture is then poured on the surface of the glass plates, dried in the dark, and the plates are ready for use. Such plates require an exposure of only two or three seconds in the camera in order to take the picture. If greater sensitiveness is wanted, then the gelatine-silver mixture must be kept under heat for seven or eight days instead of four or five. The development of the picture is effected by the use of a solution of pyrogallic acid, followed by a solution of ammonia and bromide of potassium. The results produced by those who understand the manipulation are entirely satisfactory; so that the wet process, like the original daguerreotype, appears likely to be abandoned altogether.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

The dress circle.—The belt.

A bouncing baby.—A rubber doll.

A ship ruled by women.—Courtship.

Is a man with a wooden leg club-footed?

It's a long-worn dress that has no turning.

The individual who got up a sensation, grew dizzy and tumbled down.

Wrapped Up.—Good doctors are liable to be rapped up in their business.

What flower is esteemed by a gentleman's servant? The lily of the *valet.*

Why must Scotland be a windy place? Because they have Gaels there constantly, year in and year out.

Frightful Atrocity.—A pretty girl, posted in aquatics, wants to know if a smack on the lips is a *beau* trace.

It is said that the pig ran away from the butcher because he had heard that prevention was better than "cure."

Fair Reason.—One man asked another why his beard was so brown and his hair so white. "Because," he replied, "one is twenty years younger than the other."

Man leads woman to the altar; in that act his leadership begins and ends.

If women do the greater part of the talking, they also do the better part of it.

If a young woman's disposition is gunpowder, the spark should be kept away from her.

If you desire to make a friend of her for life, pretend to mistake her for her daughter.

If you have a scolding wife, trust to time; old age may bring you the blessing of deafness.

There's many a slip between the cup and the lip, and not a few between the first kiss and the ring.

Scolding, says a good-for-nothing old bachelor, is the pepper of matrimony, and the ladies are the pepper-boxes.

"How doth the little busy bee?" Very indifferently, we should imagine, seeing how often it is to be found in the *cells.*

The latest case of singularity of conduct reported, is that of a man in Lowell, who "dyed" for the benefit of his "hairs."

LINES TO A DRESSMAKER.

Oh! wherefore bid me leave thy side,
Dear Polly, I would ask?
How can I all my feelings cloak,
When in thy smiles I basque?
Nay, "Polly-nay," I cannot go!
Oh, do not stand aloof,
When of my warm affection
You possess, oh, wat-er proof!

Why will you thus my feelings gore
By sending me away?
You know it's wrong, of corset is,
Thus to forbid my stay;
It seems as though some fell disease
Was gnawing at my heart,
And hem-orrhage would soon ensue
If we perchance should part.

Then waist the precious time no more,
But let the parson tie us
So firmly that the marriage knot
Shall never be cut bias.
In peaceful quietude we'll float
On life's unruffled tide;
Nor let the bustle of the world
"Pull-back" as on we glide.

"Sir, I will make you feel the arrows of my resentment!" "Ah, miss, why should I fear your arrows, when you never had a beau?"

A young lady was asked how she could possibly afford, in hard times, to take music lessons. "Oh, I confine myself to the low notes!"

Highly Pleasing.—Next to a new dress, nothing will please a woman of thirty so much as to be mistaken for her niece of sixteen.

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

There are two periods in a woman's life when she does not like to talk. When one is, we never knew; and the other, we have forgotten.

When the blossoms and leaves of a woman's beauty fall, we may discover her defects, as we behold ravens' nests in the trees in Winter.

Edgar Fawcett wishes that "man could make love like a bird;" and a chorus of bachelors is heard, "He does, Edgar, he does—like a goose!"

A desperate chap recently made the determinate resolution of marrying the girl he was in pursuit of, if he never had another as long as he lived!

An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from a heart which would defy the battle-ax of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire.

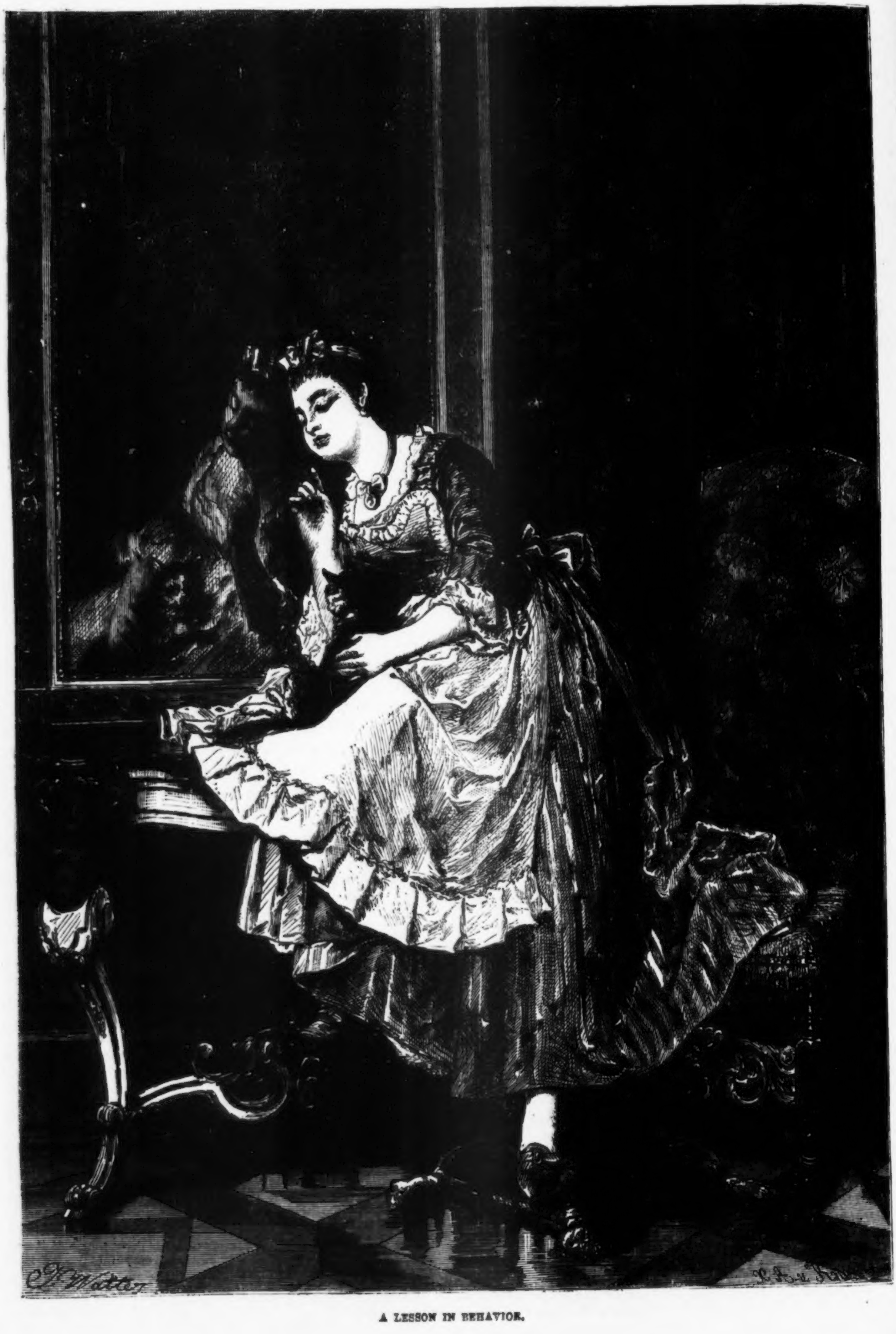
"Don't you understand me, Jim?" exclaimed the old man. "Why, you must be quite a fool!" "True, I am very near one!" meekly replied Jim.

There is a very strong public opinion against preaching by women, but almost every husband knows that women as lecturers are an entire success.

We are acquainted with "a monster in human form" who says that the only time a woman does not exaggerate is when she is talking of her own age.

The woman who put her tongue to a hot iron to see if it was hot, now sits calmly, without a word of dissent, and sees her husband pull off his boots on the parlor carpet.

Joseph once went to call on his girl, when he saw on the front steps a sign which said, "Beware of the paint." He went away, sighing, "I never knew before that she painted."



A LESSON IN BEHAVIOR.